



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE PRAYER FOR BREAD.

THE
NORTH AND SOUTH,
OR,
SLAVERY AND ITS CONTRASTS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
WAY-MARKS IN THE LIFE OF A WANDERER, ETC. ETC. ETC.

“TRUTH IS” STRONGER “THAN FICTION.”

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY CRISSY & MARKLEY,
GOLDSMITHS HALL, LIBRARY STREET.
1852.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by

CRISSY & MARKLEY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and
for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

~~~~~  
CRISSY & MARKLEY, PRINTERS.  
~~~~~

TO

A. M. Bultrunk, Esq.

OF NEW ORLEANS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS HUMBLE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

Go forth, little book, and do your humble work in the world. Teach the rich to be humble; the proud to be abased. Teach the philanthropist the true duties which devolve upon him, and open his eyes to the misery and starvation that surrounds his own home. Teach him love for his brethren of the South, and give him a sacred reverence for the Union of his country. Give him strength to abjure all false doctrines, and stand resolutely forth the champion of his beloved country's best interests. Teach him the blessings, the loveliness, the beauty of Union, and give him a new aim in life, the amelioration of the Slavery of his own colour, in his own enlightened Northern home.

Teach him, oh! little book, to seek in the vile alleys of our cities, for the widows and orphans of bankrupt

merchants, or ruined tradesmen: to draw from their obscurity, souls rich in all the virtues, and bless by his assistance, countenance and protection, the wretched victims of poverty and want. Teach him to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, and to carry comfort to the prisoner in his lonely cell, or the crowded common room of a gaol. Teach him to forget his own righteousness, his own purity, his own innocence of all evil, in the desire to rescue souls from infamy, and win them to God. Teach him the blessings that will be his, if he labors diligently and patiently for the benefit of his fellow man; blessings that will smile upon his pathway through life, shed an immortal halo around his memory when dead, and sparkle in his crown of glory in the world to come.

Teach him, too, the great uniting link that binds together the whole human family: love, boundless illimitable love; born of God, admiration of saints and angels; magical power, that withholds the punishment of evil to guilty man, in all forgiving, all forgetting, all divine affection.

Teach him wisely to regret the necessary evils of the Slavery of the South, without bitter fellings, animosities or dissensions towards those who are born and

reared amid the peculiar rights and duties of the slaveholder. Show him all the noble and generous traits of character of the men and women of the South, and induce him to hold out his hand in brotherly unity of feeling towards them, determined to eradicate other and more terrible evils which your pages, oh! my little book, shall show him.

If you will perform, oh! child of my brain, the duties I require of you, then indeed I shall be blessed and happy, and shall thank God that I have been your

AUTHOR.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH,

OR,

SLAVERY AND ITS CONTRASTS.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

“Magna est veritas et prævalebit.”

I DO not for a moment imagine that any thing I can write can equal in style, logic or depth, that far-famed work of Mrs. Stowe, which has aroused a nation's sympathy. “Uncle Tom's Cabin” is a highly wrought fiction, abounding in touching incidents, and clothed with that dangerous sophistry, that indeed looks so much like truth, that it is often mistaken for it. I know not if Mrs. Stowe actually believes what she asserts: I presume she does, but it is very evident she knows little or nothing of Slavery as it really exists in the South, and still less can she comprehend or sympathise with the Slavery of the North. Perhaps she may go so far as to deny its existence in these,

our glorious Northern States; she may say there are no slaves around her own home; and in all the great cities of the North, who are born and suffer and die; who toil their weary way from the cradle to the grave, and whose worn, emaciated frames, at last give way in the struggle, and sink into that quiet rest never known in life.

I admire the picture of little Eva: indeed who would not! Sweet, lovely child: embodiment of innocence and love and purity; every feeling heart must be drawn towards her; but I too have known my little Evas; have played with the golden tresses of their hair, and kissed their rosy lips. I have looked into those deep mysterious eyes that told me of the heaven which was their home, and have envied the parents who possessed them; but I have seen likewise, the cheek grow paler, and the eye more dim; I have seen the soft curls hang damp and matted around the pure spirit-like brow, and have watched Death, as he bore away the slight fragile forms, so slight, so very fragile, because they had suffered for bread: for even a small portion of that staff of life, of which so much is given to the rich, and so often withheld from the worthy and industrious poor.

It has been my fate, from early childhood, to mingle much with abolitionists. At first I rather disliked them, and had a singular fashion of loving every thing belonging to the Southern country. I read of its genial climate, its hospitable inhabitants, its mountains,

lakes, and rivers; its woods echoing with the song of birds, and variegated with many tinted flowers, so sweet, so fragrant, that one breathed there the very essence of perfume: I loved that beauteous land, living in my imagination so fair, so goodly, with its groves of oranges, its fields of cotton, and its plantations of rice and sugar cane, and I looked towards it as did the poor Israelites who journeyed in the wilderness, looked to their land of promise. But as I said before, I mingled daily with abolitionists; I heard constantly, tales of horrid cruelty that the slaveholder practised upon his victim: I saw many images of kneeling figures, who with chained hands upraised to heaven, and big tears of agony rolling down their cheeks, implored the mercy of God upon their helpless condition. My sympathy became aroused, and my heart bled at the recital of these wrongs. Ah, what would I not have dared, to benefit these unhappy beings who so awoke my childish pity. Since then, however, I have grown older and wiser, and have learned not to believe all I heard. I have spent three winters in the South, and have lived on a plantation seven months at a time. I have been in daily intercourse with negroes from other plantations, and have visited the different quarters at all hours of the day. I have been thrown into intimate intercourse with both master and slave, and have made it my business to enquire into the truth of the statements I had heard. From the facts that I have gleaned, I have drawn inferences,

and these inferences condemn Mrs. Stowe's book as an unjust and unfaithful picture of Southern life and character. I do not deny that some such facts may have occurred, but as to their being matters of common incident, I do most fully, certainly, and unconditionally deny.

Murder is a very terrible thing. Nothing can excuse it. God gives life, and he alone should take it: but is murder never committed saving and only by such savage creatures as had "Uncle Tom" whipped to death. Have we no cases of murder here at the North, in the midst of our enlightened communities, where are so many philanthropists: where are so many persons anxious to do good, and to reform all abuses. Do we have no cruel whippings, no torture, no forcing the poor overburdened frame to labor beyond its capabilities. In a word, oh! free and happy citizens of the North, have you no slaves in your midst. Have you no poor wretched, degraded fellow creatures around you, who drag out a miserable life from day to day: who pine and sicken and starve in loathsome cellars, in filthy courts and vile alleys, and who, work as hard as they may by night as well as day, yet cannot provide themselves with bread. If you will read these pages attentively, I will show you some few pictures of the slavery that exists here. I will try to convince you that man can never find a harder master than poverty: I will show you that children are torn from the bosoms that loved and

nurtured them, and exposed to every species of cruelty by this hard tyrant: that some of these innocents meet an untimely death, while others are cast into a prison, and a third and the most unhappy class of all, live through all the years of childhood; are tortured, goaded, and lashed until every refined sensibility is totally destroyed.

But to return to the point from which I started: murder! I should like to draw upon the memory of the public a little, and see if they can recall the case which a short time ago appeared in most of our Northern papers; where a so-called lady whipped severely a little bound girl she had living with her, and then, after the whipping, shut her up in a room at the top of the house for many days without food, and when at last she was released with life just remaining in her, she died in a few hours of starvation. What was this but murder, and yet the monster who perpetrated it, was never brought to justice. The story was hushed up, and the rich lady is at liberty to commit as many more murders as suits her convenience.

Do you remember, reader, that little Eva overheard the servants talking together about poor old "Prue" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and telling each other that "*the flies had got to her.*" Do you not think the flies might have got to that lonely garret, where, shut out from all the world, with no human creature to shield her from the cruelty of a fine lady, (God save the mark,) that poor little child, born perhaps amid the

sweet breathings of hope, nurtured by a tender mother, passed the long long hours of the day and night, sore and bruised, and turning uneasily on her bed of straw, and suffering at the same time the pangs of an insatiate hunger? Impress this picture on your mind, oh! reader. Compare it with the highly wrought scenes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Remember that "Uncle Tom" was a hardy, strong, and powerful negro, while this poor victim was a helpless, defenceless child; of the same colour as yourself, and surely not the less to be pitied on that account. Do you think I have been telling you an idle tale, or repeating an isolated fact. Let the thousands of slender fragile children, in each of our great cities, children covered with the coarsest garments; their little feet bare; their backs bowed over with the weight of the heavy burthens they have to carry; their features sharp and pinched; let these poor children answer for me: let their sorrows plead for my truth. Let their utter wretchedness convince the wonder-working abolitionists, that justice, as well as charity, begins at home. I would never refuse to do a kind action for a person because that person happened to be black, but I would far rather relieve the suffering of my own colour, because I believe they stand far more in need of relief, and are far less apt to be relieved. I find too, in my own race, more honour, honesty, affection, virtue, every thing in fact, that tends to exalt the mind, and purify the character. I know quite well what my neighbor of the opposition

will say to this. He will tell me to free the blacks : to educate the blacks, to refine the blacks, and I shall find that they are in every respect equal to my own race. Then I would ask, why have we not some proofs of the elegant degree of refinement and cultivation to which my colored brethren can aspire, in the forty thousand and upwards of free blacks, that form part of the population of Philadelphia? They have had schools and ample instruction : friends have been numerous and kind : money has not been wanting, and yet, what are they now, to-day? Do they make any progress in the social scale? Are they not an idle, worthless, and improvident race? Do not our abolitionists as a general thing, keep white servants, declaring that the blacks are so impudent and so lazy, that they can do nothing with them? If any one doubts the truth of these assertions, let them take a walk some day through St. Mary, Baker, or Small streets, and numerous other lanes and by-ways, where they will find mostly colored people, and if they do not see and acknowledge some of the *blessings* of freedom to the colored population, I make a great mistake. The horrors of these abodes of sin and debauchery, would be too shocking for ears polite. I will pass over them, and only hope that the doubter will call and examine for himself.

Let me relate a little instance of the unbounded love the noble-hearted abolitionists have for their “down-

trodden colored brethren." There was a period of my life, when I had the time to do some little good to the poor. I visited in a certain ward, and I heard one day of a poor black woman, who was lying very ill in a garret. She needed fire, food, a doctor, medicine, in short every thing that was necessary to make her comfortable. I went to see her, and found she was indeed in very destitute circumstances. I went to the overseers of the poor and got her some wood. I called upon the physician of the ward, and got him to visit her. He gave an order for her medicine, and her food from day to day I provided from my own purse, which was, to say truth, none of the heaviest.

Under these favorable circumstances, Mary Ann grew better, but her disease was one not easily cured, and she lay for a long time on her bed perfectly helpless. I bethought me one day of a very rich lady who lived in an adjoining street, and who, by sending a servant through the gate-way of her house, could reach Mary Ann in two minutes time, with any little delicacy the poor invalid craved, and the rich lady could so conveniently spare. Now, be it known, this lady was a leading abolitionist, had traveled over the country making speeches in favor of her society, and was emphatically called among her brethren and sisters, a great light. None gave so freely to the cause as she. A thousand dollars a year, at the very lowest calculation, this good creature expended on her favorite

hobby. Her reputation for liberality was unbounded, and to her I resolved to go and plead for poor Mary Ann.

Accordingly with this resolution, I called on the philanthropist. I told her of the distressing poverty and illness of this daughter of her favorite race. I told her the little I had been able to do for her, and hoped that she would now take this case in hand as it was so near her own home. She told me to give myself no further uneasiness upon the subject; assured me she would attend to it immediately, and I left her with great satisfaction of mind.

The next day I went to see Mary Ann. My lady had not been there, nor the next, nor the next. On the fourth day I called: she had been there: complained dreadfully of the steepness of the stairs that led up to Mary Ann's garret: gave her a great deal of good advice about loving God, and obeying his commandments, told her to read her bible, and closed the interview by opening her pocket book, and taking therefrom a quarter of a dollar, which she handed to Mary Ann, telling her at the same time not to be extravagant. She then left her, and from that day to this, Mrs. Makeafuss has never been seen or heard tell of in Mary Ann's garret.

Such is the character of one of the pillars of the Anti-Slavery Society. All of them are not so ungenerous. I met a few days since a gentleman, a merchant in Front street, with a heart so truly liberal,

with a conviction so earnest that he was in the right as regarded his peculiar notions, that I could not but feel sympathy for him. He expressed, too, so much love for the Southern people, and had so much good feeling for all men, that his abolitionism excited my pity rather than anger.

Permit me here to introduce a few remarks by an editor of this city, whose comprehensive view of the matter, has placed the whole case in a nut-shell. I feel that whoever reads them with attention, must admit the truth of all that is contained in them.

STARVATION AND FICTION.

“The extraordinary demand which has prevailed for the Abolition work of Mrs. Stowe, has extended, we perceive, to England, where it is exciting some considerable amount of virtuous indignation. They are, of course, in a condition there to feel a just abhorrence of the inhumanity of their cruel white brethren on this side of the Atlantic. Every thing is correct and delightful there; no misery in the British islands—no brutal task-masters to grind down the miserable white slaves in the mining or manufacturing districts of free, happy old England! Well may they look on our poor ‘Uncle Tom and his Cabin’ with a ravenous sympathy, and possibly an amelioration society for the relief of our suffering slaves may be started in the very heart of the land, among their work-house paupers. Auxiliaries could be formed in the purlieus of London,

amidst the comfortable and happy thousands in the under-ground lodgings, in the damp and suffocating cellars, in the stifled courts and alleys, and fever-fed rookeries, where the pure light of heaven and a fresh gasp of air never enters. The throngs there who linger in sickness and starvation, with no one to care for them—no hand to do a friendly office as the soul is being starved out of its wasted tenement—whose festering misery would make the change from its charnel-house to a negro's cabin, a perfect paradise, they could feel for 'Uncle Tom,' and, poor souls, do all they can for the cause. The 'cabin' of the black man, though a palace, compared with the kennels in which the white paupers herd and sicken and die, we have no doubt will do a great work in England.—There is need of some sort of effort there, judging by the shocking pictures of misery—not merely among the worst of all human slaves, the manufacturer's paupers—but in the very centre of English civilization, London itself. What pictures are presented to us, constantly, of wretchedness and suffering there. Look at a single instance:

“An English paper says, that Coroner G. S. Brent held, lately, an inquest at Gray's-Inn lane, London, upon the body of Jonathan Nichols, who had been a school-master. With all his industry, he could sometimes only earn but a few pence a-week. The wife of the poor man was a paralytic, and on the scanty earnings of the husband they sustained a miserable existence, eked out by *one loaf of bread a week* from the

parish, and buoyed up by the hope of coming into possession of a small estate to which he was entitled.

“For the last twelve months he had been gradually sinking under absolute starvation, and was found at last by his wife one morning in bed, dead by her side. On the day following his decease, the paper states, he became entitled to £120, and £60 a-year thereafter. The foreman of the jury expresses his horror at the supineness of the parochial authorities, and the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts above stated.

“It may seem strange that a teacher could not have awakened some sympathy among his former pupils or their parents. But we suppose, like the crocodile philanthropists in our own country, they were all members of some society for the relief of far-off suffering, which has no existence except in their own distempered imaginations. In England, as here, there are an abundance of Mrs. Jellybys, mock-sympathisers, furious declaimers against imaginary or distorted ills, and occasionally authors, who pervert the genius that might do good into plausible engines of misrepresentation; making even their fine talents a curse rather than a blessing.

“The case of the poor school-master is but a type of a large class of similar sufferers. Nay, his misery was far less, because of so much shorter duration, than the life-long misery of whole families, whose entire existence, from the lisping infant, almost, to the feeble exhaustion of premature old age, is prolonged in the

poisoned atmosphere of pent-up factories. Talk of negro cabins! why what a mockery of human wrong and outrage, to mention the worst ills of negro slavery in contrast with this white bondage—a bondage from which there is no relief but in death. A contrast still more strongly marked from the fact, that in the one case there are always those who have the strongest motive—self-interest—to feed, clothe, nurse and care for the toilers, while in the other, food or clothing, or sickness, suffering, or even death, is a matter of no concern whatever, since even death itself is no loss to the task-master. But while sympathising over the starvation of the poor school-master and his paralytic wife, we see this enquiry made: ‘Could such an instance possibly occur in the United States? We have misery enough, and poverty enough, it is true, especially in our great cities; but a case like this, we are sure, can find no parallel amongst us.’

“Indeed! How little do ‘Uncle Tom’s’ sympathisers know or care about the suffering or the misery that exists among their own colored dupes in all our principal cities. Since the account of the English starvation reached us, we read, in one of the papers of our city, this paragraph:

“DIED OF STARVATION.—The Coroner on Saturday held an inquest on the body of Ann Maria Wilson, a colored woman, aged about thirty-five years, who lived in Baker street, below Seventh. The jury returned a verdict that she died ‘for want of food.’”

“That is exactly to the point, and shows how little our hypocritical fanatics really know or care about the poor slave. What do they care—the notoriety seekers, the convention spouters, or fiction writers—how many slaves may be coaxed or stolen away from kind masters and comfortable homes, to be left in the putrid dens of Baker street, to die of neglect and starvation? Do they know or care how extensive a system of fraud may be practised by noisy fanatics against the ‘fugitive?’—taking advantage of both his ignorance and his gratitude, to make him labor, (as is done to a frightful extent,) until strength fails and health is exhausted, and then turn him off to find his way into some airless, filthy cellar, in the city, to die? There is a fearful amount of such inhumanity heaped up against some of the most rampant of these pretended friends of the slave. There is much misery of a deplorable kind owing its origin, directly or indirectly, to those who picture out imaginary negro horrors at a distance; but have no heart for that infinitely more deplorable cruelty that condemns amiable, respectable white females, to perpetual but unrequited toil. Let the mind that has so much sympathy to pour out on imaginary horrors, dwell for a moment on the condition of the seamstress, who toils for eighteen hours out of twenty-four, dragging out her sad existence on a pittance which barely keeps her alive. There may possibly be some scenes of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ that have really existed, though over-colored and exaggerated by the

same fanatical influence that has been most active in preventing the correction of the very abuses it now portrays. There are slave abuses and slave suffering, but what are they, after all, to the real, bitter, intense oppression that in our own midst sweeps its thousands out of a life of penury into premature graves?

“Fine, profitable speculations may be made from negro fiction. Wrought up into touching pictures, they may, under the spell of genius, look like truth and have the semblance of reality, but where is the genius to paint the scenes that exist in our own cities? —to awaken a sympathy that shall give strength to the white, wearied, worn-out daughters of toil?

“For our own part, we have no liking for slavery of any kind, and hence it is that we deprecate the madness of those reckless intermeddlers in the affairs of others. The last steamer brings us developments, made in the British Parliament, which confirm our apprehensions of the ill-effect of officious and impertinent interference of the fanatics who let their own white brethren starve at home, while their sympathies are worse than wasted abroad. The deplorable effects of ill-timed and ill-advised emancipation in Jamaica, Antigua, and the Mauritius Islands, was such, the Earl of Derby himself declares, that the blacks were rapidly relapsing into a state of barbarism. Were our mock philanthropists here to have their own way, what a wretched condition would they eventually sink our black population to, and in their disunion madness drag down even the high hopes of our own glorious republic.

To pull down and destroy is all they can ever accomplish, and this work of destruction can only be, if ever, accomplished by such specious and plausible deceptions as form the staple of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Its sole tendency, if not its sole aim, is to keep alive the bitter prejudices that unhappily exist, to excite bitter passion and abhorrence, where brotherly regard should alone prevail.

"Heaven knows, we would rejoice to abolish any and every species of slavery, the black as well as the white, in the North as well as the South. We would gladly effect a universal emancipation of all classes could it be done without injustice to any; if in eradicating one evil we should not be overwhelmed with others of ten-fold greater magnitude. Though we know that most of the evils of slavery which fanaticism trumps up, have either no existence in fact, or are the indirect results of disunion, fanaticism itself, we should still rejoice to see the bondsman go free, and every slave walk forth in the light of liberty. Let slavery of every kind be forever abolished. Such, we trust, will be the happy termination of the bitter contentions, the prejudices and discordances that have so fearfully threatened the stability if not the existence of our republic. But falsehood, not misrepresentation, nor detraction, however eloquent or plausible, can have any other possible tendency than to keep back the great work of judicious emancipation, a work that can alone be accomplished by those to whom the whole matter solely, justly and properly belongs."

CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE.

“I leave thee, father! Eve’s bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered flowers and the harp in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o’er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee!—Let me weep!

Mother, I leave thee!—on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go.
Lips that have lulled me with your strain;
Eyes that have watched my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again,
Dear Mother!—Let me weep!

MRS. HEMANS.

There is something of a peculiarly interesting character in that crisis of a woman’s life, when she stands for the last time beneath the paternal roof, before going forth to try what realities the world has in store for her, and for the being she has chosen to be her partner through life; swearing to love, honor and obey him till death parts them. Alas, how many there are who would start with terror and affright if those reali-

ties could be revealed. How many would come back into the parent nest, and be content to become that most dreaded of all feminine characters,—an old maid.

One lovely morning in May, when the birds sang cheerily on every tree, and all nature was beautiful, there assembled a large family on the porch of a handsome country dwelling, the residence of a wealthy New England gentleman, who had earned his fortune as a merchant in the city of New York, but had now retired to the quiet shades of the country, and spent his time in agricultural pursuits. A large family of daughters, beautiful, highly accomplished and amiable, made this house the resort of the very best society of the neighborhood. One after another the fair girls married and left home; and now the loveliest flower of this lovely flock, the pride and joy of the household, the gentle, sweet-tempered Gazella was bidding farewell to father and mother, brother and sisters, ere she departed for another home. She had stood that morning at the altar, and vowed herself away to the tall dark man who stood beside her now, and whom she had chosen to be the arbiter of her fate. So strange, so sudden are those attractions that influence the human heart, that six months before, Gazella and the handsome stranger had never met, and now their fate through life was woven so closely together, that nothing but death could separate them.

The bride wept: all brides do, I imagine, who leave such happy homes, such tender parents, so many dear

friends, who until that moment of separation, have constituted their world. The tears rained from her dark blue eyes, as one after another clasped her in the farewell embrace, but when she stood before her mother, that mother who had been so fond, so indulgent, and yet so judicious, who had watched over her in sickness, and guarded her mental health, guiding her thoughts and feelings, correcting her faults; and forming her character with so firm and yet so loving a hand; what wonder that a tide of sweet remembrances crowded upon her mind and overpowered her; what wonder that she threw herself into those arms, ever so tender and caressing, and sobbed aloud while pressed to that true fond heart, suffering quite as much as her own.

But the bridegroom was becoming impatient at this scene, we must confess not too flattering to his feelings: the horses pawed the ground as if chafing at the delay, while the coachman walked to and fro upon the terrace, casting ever and anon uneasy glances at the assembled party on the porch. There came another hurried kiss, a closer embrace, a whispered word of advice, a promise to write soon, very soon, and the bride was gone, seated in the carriage, driven past the dear familiar objects amid which her innocent life had passed, while he, the chosen one for whom she had given up all, was seated at her side, his arm enfolding her slender waist, his lips breathing sweet vows of love, and his dark eyes beaming upon her with

all the brightness and intensity of man's deepest, holiest affection: how could she dim the lustre of her beauty by those falling tears; how could she help drying them, and turning her eyes full of their soft and hallowed light, upon the noble face and form of him who was her husband. Ah! holy confidence; ah! rare ecstatic joy, that comes but once in a life-time, why, oh why, is your season so fleeting, and why is the heart that has known you, and lived to see your decay, not also gifted with the power to forget you. A beautiful house in New York, furnished with all the adornments of wealth, all the luxurious comforts that make life pass like "a golden holiday," waited to receive the bride. Superb paintings, some by the old masters, others belonging to a newer school, were suspended upon the walls: well selected books graced the shelves, and richly carved furniture filled the rooms. A large garden belonging to the house was beautifully laid out and filled with choice flowers. Well ordered servants attended to the housekeeping, and had every thing in readiness for the reception of the fair young bride and her husband. They came: those two beings, radiant with health and happiness: young, ardent and true, and loving each other so supremely, what could make them unhappy? Frank Harley was a merchant, doing an excellent business in Courtland street, standing high in the commercial world, with a reputation of the most unblemished integrity. From his earliest childhood every body had loved the jovial, free-hearted boy,

and the dark handsome man was not less dear to his friends. He had a kind word for all, alike the rich and the poor. He never closed his heart to the appeal of suffering, but sought instantly it came before him, to relieve it. Frank's superb dinners and *petite soupers* were the delight of his many friends. No gentleman had a finer stocked wine cellar. No wine merchant could boast an array of labels to vie with the antiquity of Frank's. His house became the resort of the gayest and most fashionable New-York society, and the pure, unsophisticated Gazella, until now so complete a novice in the world's ways, became duly initiated into the follies and vanities that constitute the happiness of the gay votaries of fashion. She was a beautiful dancer, and it was Frank's delight to see her airy-like form gliding through the dance, with any and every one of his gay young friends. At such times, dressed in the most perfect taste, and brilliant with a beauty that time and sorrow has even yet failed to obliterate, the fair young bride looked well worthy of her husband's doting pride, and she gave herself up to the bewildering pleasure of the moment, and the feeling of intense delight which bathed her senses in perfect happiness. The soul-inspiring music, the brilliantly lighted rooms, the delicious perfume of flowers, and the crowd of beauty and fashion, blazing in lace and jewels, have sufficed to turn the heads and entrance the hearts of more sedate persons than of an innocent country girl. Do not blame her that she

is happy. So little of happiness was mixed in the cup of that sweet girl's fate, so much of sorrow, that we should rejoice at every moment of her life that was not darkened by those storm-clouds that fell like a pall around her fair young form, and well nigh broke her gentle loving heart.

Years rolled on, and our pretty bride had changed to the blooming matron, the mother of a large, fine family of children: all so near alike in age and size, that one might liken them to a flight of steps. Gazella the eldest, and named after her mother, was one of those mystic children, so full of love and goodness, so free from the infirmities of humanity, that her mother trembled when she looked at her and remembered that "whom the gods love, die young." This fairy child, dear reader, is not a creation of the fancy, but a real true character, taken from life, and vividly recalled to my mind by Mrs. Stowe's picture of "little Eva." I can see at this moment that meek and gentle child, with soft brown hair, and dark blue eyes, filled with such holy light: I can see her as she moved about her father's home, loving her parents as few children love; watching their slightest words, anticipating their requests, and performing every office that the tenderest affection could suggest. What more I learned of her as she grew to womanhood you shall learn presently; but I want you to pay particular attention to the unfolding of her character, as I wish to present her to you as an object worthy to share some of the sym-

pathies you have been giving so lavishly to that abused creature of the imagination, "Uncle Tom." Gazella was one of those White Slaves of the North whose sufferings are unheeded; whose tears and sorrows meet with no sympathy; in whose gentle, uncomplaining life of toil and privation, is crowded more real and degrading slavery, than falls to the lot of any twenty slaves of the South.

We will pass from her to her brother Frank, eleven months her junior. A cripple from his birth, and with extremely delicate health, the puny boy was never so much noticed as his sister; but the mother felt all the slights to her fragile child, and loved him the more dearly that he was ugly and deformed. He was unattractive to his gay father, and still gayer friends, and the mother was often chided for spending so much time in the nursery over that cross, whining thing, but nothing could wean her heart from its devoted tenderness, and the little Frank whined on through the helpless hours of infancy, and unfolded at a very early age, the treasures of a soul lighted with the most divine intellect, and a heart filled with the most gentle affections.

Next in order came Ellen, a fine rosy-cheeked girl, then Harry, a bright high-spirited boy, the exact counterpart of his father. Then Lily and Rose, twin sisters, only distinguishable by the marble-like paleness of the one, and the fresh ruddy bloom of the other. Then Lucien, who bade fair to be a spoiled and naughty boy, till the advent of two sisters at a separate interval of two years, deprived him of the right to make every

body miserable on account of his being the youngest. Talk about spoiling the first born, indeed. Not all the first born children in the world, stand the chance of being even half ruined, when brought into opposition with one of these self-willed, saucy, pert creatures, who are introduced into the parlor as the youngest; who take precedence at the table when company is invited, for the same reason, and who as years roll away, and the doting parents are convinced there will be indeed no more, become by and by, so spoiled, so insufferable, so haughty, that they are a terror to the whole neighborhood. Pray deliver me from a petted youngest child.

I have now introduced to you a family of nine children, but I have been a little too hasty, as two of them were not born at the opening of my story. However, perhaps it is as well you should know what you have to expect. I have selected the history of this one family, feeling that there has been in the changing scenes of their eventful lives, many incidents to show the Contrasts of Slavery, and to prove that it exists at the North as well as the South: the only difference being in the color.

Those who read the pages of this book, may have the satisfaction of knowing that their sympathies are called into action for persons who have lived and suffered all, and more than I can tell. The cry for help has gone up to the Mercy seat. Is God deaf that he has not heard? Is his arm shortened, that he has not saved? No! no, we must wait his time.

CHAPTER III.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

SHAKSPEARE'S *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*.

Frank Harley was living too fast. He drank too much ; so much, indeed, that it had become a fatal necessity to him : and he could not attend to his business without having fortified himself by ample potations. His naturally fine feelings and gentle affections were becoming blunted. He still loved his wife : oh ! yes, he always loved her. The fond affection he had professed for her never knew change or abatement. He joyed in her smile ; was true to her as the needle to the magnet, and surrounded her with all those delicate attentions with which their first acquaintance had begun ; but Gazella felt that all was not right, and a weight rested on her heart. Frank no longer romped and played with the children as was his wont. He no longer filled his pockets with toys and candies, that the little rebels might have the pleasure of climbing upon his knees and finding them. The eye of

love saw the cloud on his brow, and the shadows falling there, and she longed to know, in order to share his disquiet.

What could it be that rested so uneasily on his heart: what made him drink so deeply, and absent himself from home till all the family had retired. Alas for our poor Gazella, and her helpless children: reared in luxury, surrounded with all the delicacies of fashionable life, they were on the brink of ruin. One more step and they arrived at a turning in the road, dark, dreary and terrifying. A thousand paths led through this dreary waste, but all were alike thorny and rugged; all alike were filled with obstacles, and made the trembling soul shrink with horror at the thought of surmounting them. Is it to be wondered at, that the eyes that shone so late with happiness, were now filled with the bitter tears of unavailing regret and hopeless misery?

The New York Journal of Commerce one day announced to the world, that Frank Harley was a bankrupt. He had stood security for a man that he had believed as good as gold: he risked all on the venture, and lost a fortune by it. It galled his proud spirit to owe a dollar, and he got his wife to appeal to her family for the share of her father's property, which would one day be hers. To ask was to obtain it, and the money was used to pay every outstanding debt. But Frank Harley, beggared as he was in purse, and having a large helpless family, felt that it was too late

to retrieve his steps: perhaps his inaction might be attributed in a great measure to the fact, that disease was preying upon his vitals. Be that as it may, he would say—"If I was only young again, then I might commence the world anew, but it is too late, I feel like an old man withered before his time. My spirit is crushed. I cannot rise above this terrible calamity." Poor Frank seemed like one without hope. He moved and talked like one in a dream. The blow had been so sudden and so tremendous, that it had stunned him, and a sort of moral paralysis benumbed his mind. His tender wife, true to the nature of her sex, sought with tears and kisses to soothe his sad heart. She tried to interest him in the children, but the sight of them only served to add fresh poignancy to his misery. With hopeless despondency, the more terrible that it was so unlike his former self, he would ask—"where will they get bread to eat? who will buy them clothes to wear, or educate them, or do what my foolish, nay, my wicked act, has deprived me of the power of doing? Oh! my God, if I could only die; if I could only know that dreamless sleep of the dead; ah! what bliss, what happiness it would be, to forget what I have been, and what I am. I could envy the madman, rattling his chains, for he, blest wretch, has forgotten the blow that broke his heart."

Some wives would have scolded, and told their husbands that all this came of his foolishly trusting his fortune in such a dangerous position; that if he would

have listened to her warning voice, all this evil might have been avoided. But Gazella had been reared in a different school; her mother, who was a tender and dutiful wife, had taught by her example the duties of her position; and her precepts of affection, her devoted love, and above all, the uncomplaining submissiveness of her life, became in turn the heritage of her daughters. No word of reproach ever passed her lips, and she strove even to hide her tears, lest he should blame himself as their cause. She accustomed herself to the absence of all luxury, and tried to condense her duties that she might have the more time to spend with her husband. He drank constantly, seeking, no doubt, in the enchanting delusions of the wine-cup, forgetfulness of the terrible calamity that had swept away his splendid fortune. How many are there in this world of sorrow, who, like him, would wish to forget?

Sometimes, when his strength and the weather permitted, he would walk abroad and enjoy the freshness of the air. Oftentimes he would meet an old friend, who would rejoice to see him once more at his old haunts; but oftener still he met the boon companions of his prosperity, men towards whom he felt a deep and sincere friendship, and just as he was about to stretch out his hand with cordial warmth, he would feel himself restrained by the cold look and the averted head, and the ruined merchant would feel the hot generous blood suffuse his face as the iron entered

his soul. What, then, was left to him but to seek again for that delicious forgetfulness, that flowery cup, within whose precincts lay the charmed essence of oblivion. 'Twas thus he sorrowed and thus he drank, until his wine cellar was empty, his last dollar spent, his cough fearfully increased, and the tender heart of his devoted wife breaking beneath the accumulation of her misery.

Until the last dollar was spent: the last dollar. Think of that, oh! favored sons and daughters of fortune, who have never known want; to whom life has been one long summer's day; for whose comfort all the appliances of wealth have been lavishly afforded, and at whose simple word the vaults of the bank open, and give up their bright treasures of silver and gold. Think of the last dollar spent by one as delicately nurtured as yourselves—the last dollar gone where are a family of seven children, the oldest only eleven. The last dollar where the father, the provider, is stretched on a bed of illness, for poor Frank, in a violent fit of coughing, ruptured a blood vessel on the lungs, and lies prostrate, pale and death-like, while Gazella, sad and broken-hearted, but nerved by the energy of despair to superhuman exertions, watches over him and pays him all those delicate attentions with which a loving wife ever surrounds the couch of her sick husband.

But their last dollar was spent. Should she appeal once more to her family? No; pride, affection, self-

respect forbade it. Had they not blamed her husband? Had they not accused him of cruelty and unkindness?—her Frank, who had so loved her; to whom she had given her young heart with all its rich mine of affection. No, she could starve, she could suffer and die, but appeal to them again, never, never. Something must be done, but what that something was, puzzled Gazella exceedingly. She thought of every means by which she might earn money, and only one available course seemed open to her pursuit, and that was to obtain plain needle-work. She resolved to set forth at once, and seek employment in some of the stores of the great metropolis. She be-thought her of a gentleman's furnishing store, down Broadway, opposite the Park, where for years she had been in the habit of obtaining her husband's linen. She determined to go there and ask the proprietor to give her shirts to make. It was a difficult task for one so beautiful, so gentle, so unused to the world's rough ways; but when necessity compels who can choose? Gazella was nerved with additional power, when she remembered that it was for others and not herself that she was called upon to make this sacrifice of her pride. Who is there that has not felt how much easier it is to make exertions, overcome obstacles, and face the frowns of a cold, unfeeling world, for the beings who look up to us for support and protection, than it would be for ourselves?

Before going out, the mother called her fair young

daughter to her, and gave her charges respecting her father. He was to be nursed—oh, so tenderly—and not to be left alone for a single moment. Above all, if he awoke and asked for her, he must be assured she would be back very speedily. She was going out on a little errand, to attend to some business; it was not necessary to state what. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and sallied forth. Her course lay through the most crowded part of the city, and after traversing nearly a mile of the busy streets, she arrived at the store which she had so often visited before, for far different purposes.

Now, for the first time, the extreme delicacy of her position struck the mind of Mrs. Harley. What an effort must it cost her to enter that store, and enquire for employment, where she had so long been a wealthy customer. Was it a foolish pride, think you, that made the heart-stricken creature nervously pass on, and delay the moment of entering a place now become so formidable to her?

It sometimes happens, that one moment of life is big with fate to the child of misfortune. Just as Mrs. Harley had returned and entered the store, a carriage, drawn by two superb horses, drove up to the door, and a lady, very elegantly attired, alighted from it and followed her. A quick glance of recognition passed from her to the trembling figure that leaned over the counter, talking to the proprietor of the store. The side face was turned towards the stranger lady, and in

its faultless contour she had no difficulty in recognizing the once rich and fashionable Mrs. Harley. At this moment a young man came forward to wait upon the lady, and calling her by name, hoped he found her very well. At the sound of this familiar name Mrs. Harley turned quickly, and was about to give a cordial greeting to this friend, who had so often graced her hospitable board, and shone a bright particular star at her assemblies; but the frail summer-friend inclined her stately head without smiling, and turned at once to enquire for the article she wanted.

Mrs. Harley resolutely commanded her feelings, and went on with the conversation she had commenced with the storekeeper. There is a something in the nature of woman that rises superior to all such petty mortifications. She endeavored to forget, as she stood there pleading for work, that she had ever been other than the poor destitute wife and mother, to whom a husband and seven children looked up for support. The proprietor of the store assured her the times were so dull, it would be impossible for him to employ her now, but if she would wait until the fall, he could promise her any amount of work. With a sad heart she turned away, leaving two persons she had benefited so much in the days of her prosperity, to pass heartless and unfeeling remarks upon her fallen fortunes. She went on to another store, and still another, until, after a hopeless search of hours, she turned her weary steps homeward, feeling that God had hidden from her,

for a time, the light of His blessed countenance. She ran hastily up to her husband's room, and finding he was awake, advanced at once to the bed side: "Frank," said she, "I have a request to make of you; will you grant it?" "Alas! my poor girl, what is there in my power to grant? do you forget that I am ruined?" "No, dearest, no; I do not forget it; I ask nothing that you cannot grant. I only want you, my dear husband, to consent to leave this place; to go where we are unknown, and where we shall be less likely to meet with the cold glances of contempt from those who have been our friends." "With all my heart, dearest; but where is the means to come from? My purse has even parted company with its last dollar." "Your little wife would never have suggested the experiment, had she been in doubt as to the means of putting it into execution. I have in my possession a large number of jewels, which have been accumulating since my girlhood, and which now amount to a considerable item; they have been fondly prized as sweet tokens of the love which prompted the givers, but never can they be used in a better cause." "I cannot endure that you should make this sacrifice, my beloved wife. Ah, what punishment can I have, greater than the knowledge that I have entailed upon you so many privations; that I have brought upon your innocent head the sorrow and anguish from which I should so zealously have guarded it." "Do not reproach yourself, dear Frank. You know I never

cared for them as ornaments, and shall know very well how to be happy without such trifles, while you still are spared to me."

"Poor girl," he exclaimed, with great depth of feeling, as he drew her head down upon his bosom, and gently smoothed her soft dark hair.

Well might he pity thee, oh! troubled heart; well might he enfold thee in the arms of affection, oh! poor Gazella; for thine is a true woman's nature, and dost teach thee to cling all the more closely for the storm, to that poor wreck on which is freighted thine all of love. Though the ocean bears him on its bosom now, canst thou tell, oh! true and tender wife, how soon the waves may roll over his grave? God shield thee, oh! child of sorrow, when that dark hour comes, in which thou shalt float off alone, to meet the waves of adversity, that will at each moment threaten to engulf thee!

CHAPTER IV.

SOME LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
Hath had n'occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.

DANIEL ON THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

In order to place before my readers (if I should happen to find any,) a more faithful picture of what I have to relate, I will offer for their perusal the pages of a journal long since hidden from the world; and I fancy that some of its passages will stir the heart to its secret depths. If they do not, I am but a poor judge of my kind.

Let me first make a few remarks, which are induced by a recollection of that task which I have set myself about accomplishing. I feel that I have right on my side, and that I have only to handle my subject with skill, to turn the tide of sympathy from imaginary evils at the South, to those abuses which exist in our midst. But when I remember how little experience I have had in authorship: how poor my knowledge is to that of others, who have lived longer and seen more of the world, I tremble lest I shall not perform my

duty faithfully, and alleviate the sufferings which makes my heart bleed.

It is my belief that the evils which exist around us and all over the Northern country, need only to be known and understood by the majority of our people, to be remedied. That there are many kind and noble hearts in our midst, is a fact that cannot be questioned. Another fact that I take great pleasure in declaring to the Southern people is, that a very small proportion of the population of the North are abolitionists. The wealthiest, most intelligent, and most refined class of our people, look upon slavery as an institution designed by God himself; and who could know the peculiar characteristics of the negro race, and not feel that they are so much inferior to ourselves, as to need constantly a guiding hand. It is not love or friendship that influences those persons who rant and rave and stir up discord between the slave and his master. No; such persons belong to that class who neglect all the duties of home, in order to make a great noise in the world, and create for themselves the reputation of philanthropists. These persons are generally small and mean in all their operations. The sight of a widow struggling through the world with her fatherless children, cannot awaken their pity. The picture of misery presented by the forlorn state of those helpless children, who are taken into the houses of our citizens, and treated with a degree of cruelty that would appear apocryphal to those who have not been

eye-witness to it, has no effect to call forth their sympathy. The wretched class of sewing girls, who form so large a proportion of our cities; who toil from early morning till late at night, for the miserable pittance that but just suffices to keep soul and body together; who go down to the grave while yet but very children, or, what is far worse, live on, if living it may be called, to a premature and imbecile old age, shut out from every enjoyment of life, debarred from all the innocent recreations of youth; aye, and deprived even of those bright hopes that come to the happy; these slaves, these very slaves of the North, find neither friendship or humanity amongst these abolitionists; but on the contrary, these noble beings, these friends of the oppressed and down-trodden slave, employ the poor sewing girl, beat her down in her price, make her work till as near midnight as possible, and then make her wait for her wages for weeks, and sometimes months after she has earned them. I knew a poor girl, a dress-maker, who worked at her trade until four weeks before her death; wearily dragging herself about to her customers, and then sitting down in her lonely garret to put together the finery that was to adorn them. She was a Christian; a member of the Episcopal church, and had a name and soul as pure as the untrodden snow. She was in a consumption, and when she found herself growing very weak, she sent for my mother and myself, and we hastened to her and performed every little office of friendship

that was in our power. One day she said to me, "Lizzie I have a request to make of you." "Name it, Bridget," I replied. Said she, "I want you to take this little bill to Miss So-and-So in Girard street; tell her how ill I am, and that I really need the money, and ask her to please settle it. I have already gone there several times, and she has always put me off." I promised to attend to it at once, and I started on my errand, accompanied by a female friend. Philadelphians who know the manner in which those houses are built, will understand me when I tell them that Miss So-and-So sat at the tea-table in the front room down stairs. The room was well lighted, and through the open door I had a view of a well covered table, and elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen sitting around it. The servant took me up stairs to the parlor, and in a few moments the young lady followed me there. She was dressed in a handsome silk dress, and had on quite a profusion of jewelry. I handed her the bill, told her poor Bridget was very ill and could not possibly live but a few weeks, and begged her to pay it. She spoke quite saucily about it, and seemed to think it a very insulting thing to her dignity to be dunned in that way. I left the matter in her hands, and I am ready to prove that poor Bridget went to her grave in Ronaldson's burying-ground without ever receiving one penny of the money. There is not a lady in the whole Southern country that could have been capable of such an act.

But what matters it to the abolitionists that the sewing girl is dying in a consumption, or has a widowed mother, or a sick father; or that she has little brothers and sisters starving for bread, freezing with cold and shivering over a few shavings in an open fire-place. Mr. and Mrs. Much-ado "are members of a society for sending the gospel to the South sea islands. They are also much interested in the purchase of yellow flannel for the purpose of providing every new born negro baby in the Southern country with a flannel shirt." They give largely to a printing society to disseminate the evils of Slavery amongst the wealthy classes; and then again it takes a large amount of Mr. Much-ado's income to help every plausible colored gentleman, who calls upon him and tells him a pitiful tale about a wife and thirteen children, all suffering the horrors of slavery under a cruel master, and all going to be separated and sold to fourteen different masters, without he can raise some few thousands to buy them off. Mr. Plausible generally has letters of recommendation from several of the leading abolitionists, and his subscription list now amounts to nearly fifteen hundred dollars. It is as little as Mr. Much-ado can do, seeing that Mr. Easy Gull has set down five hundred dollars, for him to do the same, and the sum must be made up by stinting his workmen in their wages, and giving short pay to servants and sewing women. It will not be necessary to state that Mr. Plausible has never even seen the Southern

country, has neither wife or children, and is, in short, one of those numerous adventurers who play upon the credulity of their fellows: but I must hasten to the pages of Gazella's journal; else you will think I have forgotten my promise at the first of the chapter.

GAZELLA'S JOURNAL.

My mother has often told me, when I laid down on my pillow at night, to review the actions of the past day; to institute a strict search into the motives that prompted those actions, and strive for help from above to correct all the evil in them. When I reflect how the bad preponderates over the good in my nature, I feel that I must admit the truth of what St. Paul says—that the human heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked. I tremble at the thought, that I, a little girl only a few months past eleven, should have so much inclination to do wrong. I strive for contentment and yet I find myself continually regretting that home in New York, where I had my birds and flowers, my music and books, and was indeed so very happy. Ah, I fear it will be a long time before I can estimate properly the duties which, in this new position, devolve upon me. I must learn how to help mother, and I must not be so proud: I fear I am very proud. I may write here in this secret journal what I would be afraid to confess to any one; now, how unhappy I felt to-day, when mother sent me with the little basket to the baker's to get bread. I thought

every body in the street was looking at me, and yet my own sense ought to have taught me, that a little girl like me was not of enough consequence to attract the attention of people. Then I have another fault, which is the consequence of luxurious habits, and it is rising late. I see how my dear mother accommodates herself to her altered position, and I must try to be like her, and be ready to sit down early in the morning to help her sew.

* * * * *

Some weeks have passed since I have written any thing in my journal, but many changes have taken place in that time, and I desire to note them down. My father brought with him from New York to Philadelphia, many letters of introduction to persons of high respectability here. He has been offered a situation as cashier in a bank, and he has promised to accept it as soon as he is well enough. Alas, my poor father, I wonder when that will be. One of the letters was to a family residing in Arch street, who seem to be very much interested in us, and who have succeeded in obtaining my parent's consent to let little sister Lily come and live with them. They seem to have taken a great fancy to Lily, and she is indeed a very pretty child, but I do not like the idea of her going; poor little thing, she is a mere baby, only five years old, and has been so tenderly nursed and petted, that she will cry at every thing that does not please her. However it may be, that she will make out bet-

ter than I think. The family are said to be very kind, and consist of a father and mother, five sons and one daughter. Ah! if they will only love our little girl as she deserves, she will be very happy.

Ah! how my poor mother wept; what bitter tears she shed when she packed the little trunk, and gathered one by one the playthings, shoes, etc., which Lily, who was delighted at the idea of going, had brought to her. If the child had been dead, and she had been employed in collecting together to shut up from the world all that had been hers, she could not have shown deeper anguish.

The day on which Lily left home, I went with her and staid till the evening, in order to reconcile her to her new home. It was not such an easy task. For a while the large house and its handsome appointments pleased Lily, but when she commenced to realize that I must leave her, and that she would be separated from all she loved, and left to the care of strangers, she screamed with perfect terror, and nothing I could do would pacify her in the least. She held her arms tight around my neck, cried and moaned and sobbed upon my shoulder as if her little heart was breaking, and begged me, with tones of touching entreaty, to take her to mamma, dear mamma, and she would be so good. I had hard work of it, and if nature had not at last given way, I do not know what I should have done; but sleep came to her little eyes and brought relief for her first sorrow, and

I laid her down on her little bed, tenderly kissing her, and wondering how she would feel the next morning when she awoke and found herself alone. Even in her sleep she sobbed and moaned, and tossed her little arms about, perhaps seeking for that mother's bosom on which she was never to rest again. I breathed a prayer by her bed-side; I left a sister's tears on her cheek, and a farewell kiss on her lip and went away, after being promised by Mrs. Anson that she should be well cared for, and have every thing her heart could wish.

To part with Lily seemed to my mother like the tearing asunder of soul and body, but all her friends tell her to bind the children out; to find good places for us all and bind us out, and then she will be putting us in the way of earning our own living. But the experience she has had seems to make her shrink from it, and all the answer is they are too young, yet. Yes, but Lily was younger than I, younger than Frank, or Ellen, or Harry. Well, but Gazella she cannot spare, as she is the oldest girl, and Frank, poor Frank, he is a cripple, and Ellen is very delicate, and as to Harry; well, as to Harry, if she can find a suitable place she will put him out, and so it goes, and my mother's wavering elicits black looks, and her friends thin off perceptibly.

We have obtained considerable work from a lady who lives on Spruce street, and although our earnings were small, still it was sufficient to keep us from starva-

tion. For four days we have now been laboring to complete some work for her, and we have been without food two days. How strange it seems to me, to feel the want of something to eat. When I look back and compare our plentiful larder to our present state of suffering, I feel that I am dreaming, but alas! the dream seems even more terrible than any reality I could have imagined. How little did I ever think when I knelt at my mother's knee and repeated the Lord's prayer, that I would ever ask in vain for my daily bread. It seems strange that in a large city where there is so much money, and so much to eat, that any one can actually suffer; but I suppose there are many persons who, like ourselves, are too proud to beg, and who often do go hungry to bed. Ah, it is dreadful. I used to think so when I led little beggars into our kitchen, and coaxed the cook to fill their baskets with the best she had, but now since I have come to realize it myself, I find it is far worse than I ever imagined.

We all help mother to sew, though we do not stick so closely at it as she does. She rises at four o'clock in the morning, and sits up till twelve at night. To-day my sister Ellen, who is not very strong, rose from her chair, and crossed the room to get a drink of water. She fell down, and Harry screamed out, "Oh! mother, Ellen is dead." My mother and all of us ran to her, and found she had fainted. We carried her and laid her on the bed, and bathed her face and hands with cold water, (we have plenty of that.) At

this moment my father came in; he had been out walking. He asked what was the matter with Ellen. My mother has been very careful to hide from my father how long we have been without bread; and, by selling small articles of dress at the shop, she has contrived to get something for him. She told him that Ellen had fainted from weakness, and would fain have hidden from him the real cause, but Harry, who is a free-spoken lad, said it was not weakness, it was starvation, and that we had none of us tasted food for more than two days, and he did not see the use in hiding it from father. "Is that true?" said my father, turning quickly to my mother, as she stood beside the bed. She slowly bowed her head, and said, "I would have spared you the knowledge, Frank, of what it is out of your power to help. It is only fretting you for nothing, and it is enough that you are sick and helpless, without worrying you about these trifles." "Trifles! trifles, did you say, wife? Is it so small a trifle, then, that my wife and children are starving? But why struggle against fate? Let us make up our minds to die. Better to die now than to go to the grave after a protracted process of starvation. I have been an honest man, and I never wronged any one. God is surely unjust, to let these calamities come upon me now, when I am sick and helpless. Why not get some charcoal, light a fire, and let us all lay down to sleep around it, for I find this burthen intolerable to be borne."

It takes a great deal to make my mother angry, and I think I never heard her speak unkindly to my father before; but I shall not soon forget the way her face flushed, and her bosom heaved, as she answered him in these words: "You may think there is nothing left but to die: and you may feel that you would be doing right to hurry your own soul, and your children's, into the presence of that God, whose justice and mercy you arraign, but you must excuse me, if for once I differ with you. As long as I have hands to work, and strength to drag myself about, I will make every exertion to provide for the helpless creatures I have brought into the world: and when I am prostrated upon my sick bed, and my unborn child sees the light, I will trust in God, who, though he has seemed to forsake me, will not, I am sure, desert me at my utmost need."

Considerable argument followed this determination, but my mother was firm as a rock, though gentle as a lamb at other times, and at last my father's cough put a stop to the conversation. I am very sorry that my father should have dreamed of suicide, for it is a crime that I do not approve of; but yet, who can wonder that the thought suggested itself to his mind? Poor man, to be hurled from affluence to beggary, at one single revolution of the wheel of fortune—to lose health, spirit, ambition, every thing which would have helped him to regain his position—one might pity rather than blame him. Had he come down gradually,

he might, by degrees, have reconciled himself to his fate; but his heart, mind, and soul are all crushed and paralyzed, and he is, indeed, a ruined man. Oh! I weep for thee, my dear, dear father! Would that God would give me of thy bitter cup, and spare thee; how gladly I would drain it to the dregs!

* * * * *

I have a new little sister, only a week old, and her name is Ida. She is very little, and, oh! so pretty. She is a very good baby, and scarcely ever cries; and then she looks with her little eyes as if she knew a great deal. I wonder if babies do know anything. I should like to know how they think. It is certain they can cry when they are hungry, at all events.

Mother sent Ellen and I home with the work she had just completed, when she was taken sick. We had not a morsel of anything to eat in the house, and not even a penny towards buying any. We live in two garrets, one of which is almost empty. There is a table and some chairs in it, and we eat there, when we have anything that requires such exertion on our part, which, alas, for our stomachs, is not too often. Before going out, I could not forbear going in there, and kneeling before God, and begging that he would send us bread. Little did I think, a year ago, that I should ever offer such a prayer. However, better people than we are have starved in a dungeon, and all for the love of God, mother says.

The lady we went to take the work to, Mrs. Harri-

son, is a very rich lady, and lives in a large elegant house, on Spruce street. We went up a broad flight of white marble steps, and rang the bell. A portly servant man opened the door, and was about to shut it in our faces, thinking, no doubt, that we were beggars, if he judged by our dress, but I quickly passed through the open door, and Ellen followed like my shadow. I asked for Mrs. Harrison. He told me I could not see her, as she was holding an assembly. I told him my mother had been doing some work for Mrs. Harrison, and that she was very sick, (I could not bear to tell him we were starving, and that my mother had sent me with the last dress that morning to the shop, to pledge it for some oat-meal and a few other necessaries.) He said, yes, he knew about Madam having employed a poor person who was in great distress; Madam was very charitable, very. He had heard Madam telling some company, at dinner, the other day, and they had all joined in saying that Madam had a noble heart, a very noble heart; still it would not do to disturb her now; it would be as much as his place was worth; but come to-morrow morning, and she would pay the money. The waiter took the bundle and went in, shutting the door, through which we had seen glimpses of a soft velvet carpet, like that on our once happy home, and a broad flight of stairs, with their rods of burnished silver; of a brilliant chandelier of silver gilt, lighting up the hall, and of another door opening into a superb drawing room, blazing with

innumerable wax lights, and filled with rich furniture, while stately men and beautiful women moved about, and over and above all, came to our ears, chastened and hallowed by the distance, delicious strains of music, like that which had once echoed through the walls of our own home, and which, coming to us now, as we turned, forlorn and destitute and starving, from the door, brought the tears to our eyes, and filled our minds with memories that were, alas! too sad, from contrast with the present.

We descended the broad steps, and drew our shawls closer about us, for the winter wind crept over us, and we were hungry as well as cold. "Alas!" said Ellen, "what shall we do; mother wants the money so bad for those things?" "We must get some money somehow, Ellen." "Yes, I know that; but how?" said Ellen, with a gentle, patient smile. There is something very lovely in sister Ellen's smiles; I imagine she looks like an angel when they break over her face. We returned home, and climbed the stairs to our garret. The children were all awake. They had expected to see us come back with bread to satisfy their hunger. My mother lay upon the bed with little Ida beside her. Father, wrapped in his cloak, lay upon an old settee, looking very pale and haggard. The children crowded around us, and felt under our shawls, and, oh! they looked so famished. My poor little brother Frank lay in the corner on some straw, and he looked at me so appealingly, it cut me to the heart. I

shall be a woman soon, in this school. I feel that I grow older now in a day, than I used to in a month. I told mother, in a whisper, all that had passed. A contraction of agony distorted her face for a moment, then she clasped her hands together and burst into tears. I cried, too; and Ellen, sweet, gentle Ellen, joined her tears with mine; but of what avail those tears: they could not wash away the evil. I resolved to act, and to do it promptly. How I wish I was a man. I have the ambition and energy that belongs to that privileged race, and yet what good do they do me? I motioned to Ellen, and stole out of the room and down the stairs. Once in the street, she asked me where I was going. "Come," said I, "and you shall see." I retraced my way back to the elegant house of Mrs. Harrison. I tried the large silver knob of the door; it yielded, and I stood within its portals. I cast one hurried thought on the misery I had left behind me at home. I raised my eyes to heaven, and implored the aid of God; and then, taking Ellen by the hand, I walked boldly into the drawing room, and stood in the midst of the gay assembly. Some ladies threw up their hands and screamed; some said we looked like ghosts; but all united in shrinking away from us, thus making a circle around us, through which Mrs. Harrison, attracted by the noise, soon approached us. I looked at her, and tried to read her heart. She seemed very beautiful, and was dressed very elegantly in a light satin dress, richly embroi-

dered. Still I was not afraid of her, all rich and splendid as she appeared; for was she not human, like myself?

I took her hand and led her out of the room, and asked her to show me the way up stairs, where nobody would hear what I had to say to her. She did so, and Ellen followed still, like my shadow. She took me into an elegant chamber, where a richly carved bedstead stood in the centre of the room, canopied by curtains of blue satin damask and embroidered lace. I trod the soft, velvety carpet, and sat down in a chair covered with velvet. Ellen sat beside me; we were both so little we did not need more than one chair. Mrs. Harrison sat down before us on a lounge, and looked impatient for us to speak. I commenced and told her all. I gulped down my pride and shame, and confessed our starving condition. I told her of my new little sister; and my head reels yet when I remember her chilling reply. "And is this what you have had the impertinence to bring me from my company, for; to hear this miserable story about a sick father and mother, and a whole troop of starving brats? The old tale to move people's pity—but it won't do, I can tell you. You ought to be taken up as vagrants. If I was not very charitable, I should send you to prison at once. However, I won't be hard with you. Here is half a dollar; come back to-morrow and I will pay you the rest: and remember to tell your mother, that I shall never employ such a low person

to sew for me again. I find it quite insufferable." She handed me the money between her thumb and finger, as if fearing lest she should touch me, and then, ringing the bell, told the maid, who came in answer, to show us out of the gate. The maid, more merciful than the mistress, took us into the kitchen, gave us each a good supper, and filled a little basket with such of the good things of this world as abounded in the pantry, and after all, *my prayer for bread* was answered, and we went on our way rejoicing.

* * * * *

Before quoting again from Gazella's journal, let me assure my readers, that, heartless as such things appear, they are really true. In many cases the rich employ persons to sew for them, who only work for spending money, and who thus can afford to work at a cheaper rate than those persons can who depend upon their needle for everything. A tradeswoman who is so unfashionable as to want her money imperatively when her work is done, will soon decrease the list of her patrons.

CHAPTER V.

GAZELLA'S JOURNAL CONTINUED. THE HARLEY FAMILY
MEET NEW TROUBLES.

Do not insult calamity;
It is a barbarous grossness to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs man's fortune down.

DANIEL'S PHILOTAS.

Some months have now passed by, and Lily seems as much dissatisfied with her place as ever. She complains that she has to work too hard, lift things too heavy for her, and scrub the steps when the water freezes on them as she uses it. She does not tell my mother these things. She only confides them to me, and begs me not to tell. That child has a strange faculty of endurance; for I have seen her control her feelings at times when older persons would have given way. Mrs. Anson, who is Lily's mistress, tells her she is very proud. Mother never goes there that she does not hear some bad accounts of her child. She is quite disheartened: and yet Lily is not a bad child. We never found her so at home. She is made to scrub the steps, little as she is, not but what there are plenty of other servants to do it, but then it is necessary to

bring her pride down. She has to wear aprons of tow cloth, and put aside all the little things made in her happier days, to bring her pride down. In short, if Lily has any pride left when her term of servitude expires, I shall be much surprised.

A short time ago Mrs. Anson ordered Lily to call her daughter, who was a girl about fourteen years of age, Miss Julia. Lily, with a dash of her native independence, said she would do so on condition that she was called Miss Lily. Upon this Mrs. Anson got dreadfully angry, and declared that what she said was law, and must be enforced, and begged Lily to remember that Miss Julia was a gentleman's daughter, and therefore entitled to be called Miss, but that she, Lily, being a *poor child*, had no right to any such title. Poor Lily was severely whipped and sent into an empty garret, in which was only a case containing two skeletons; very handsome specimens of anatomy, but not exactly the thing to please a little girl. Lily trembled with fright, and expected every moment to see the gaunt limbs walk out before her. She screamed and beat against the door, and begged to be taken out and put in the cellar, or any where but with those frightful skeletons; but as well might she have pleaded with the dead. Mrs. Anson, if she possesses that human commodity called a heart, does not give evidence of it in her treatment of little Lily. All the poor child got was another whipping, and she was locked up again: and there in that garret she was

kept for three days on bread and water, and was at last let out, not because she was conquered, but that she was wanted to help and run errands on wash day. I went home and told mother this. She wept bitterly, but begged me not to tell my father, as he would, no doubt, do something desperate. She said she knew that Lily was treated cruelly: she read it in her face, "but," said she, "Lily is bound to them. They have full power over her. If I complain, they will say that I want to bring her up a lady. What can I do to help her?" and sure enough, what could she do.

* * * * *

Let me introduce here a few remarks of my own regarding this cruelty, which I know to be true. Think of the cowardly spirit of the woman who could thus teach a helpless child to regard her father with contempt. Miss Julia was a gentleman's daughter, but Lily was a *poor child*. I have heard her say those words so often, that they echo in my ears yet. And was the fact that she was a *poor child*, incontrovertible proof that she was not a gentleman's daughter? Because Frank Harley had been ruined by the excessive goodness of his heart, because he was poor and destitute, and his family starving for bread, and he sick and unable to work for them, was he the less a gentleman? Had he lost the right to the title since he ranked amongst the highest and most honorable of New York merchants? Oh! hard-hearted, cruel woman, without one atom of the softness that is the greatest

charm of the sex, I doubt not that conscience is repaying you for every word and action a thousand fold. I do not envy you the remembrance.

I should like to see an instance of cruelty like this in the Southern country; or rather, I should not like to see it. The Southern ladies are the very soul and essence of kindness. 'Tis true they may not, as a general thing, have as much energy of character as our ladies of the North, but that is owing to their climate. I have never met a class of beings so lovely, so kind-hearted and so gentle. They understand the rites of hospitality, and they perform those rites with a hearty good-will, and an easy grace, that makes the stranger, however sad and lonely, forget his sorrows. I have traveled amongst them, have been visited and surrounded by them, and have always received at their hands the most gratifying and pleasing attentions. And why did they show me this kindness? I had no claim upon them: I was a stranger, far from home and friends, and this was why they opened their houses to me, and exerted themselves to make me happy. They knew that I was lonely and sad, and their noble hearts expanded to do the stranger honor, and receive her with love. God bless the ladies of the South; for they seem indeed nearer akin to angels than to men. But let me return to the journal.

* * * * *

A lady from the country, named Mrs. Wilson, has come to my mother, hearing of our distressed circum-

stances, and prevailed upon her to bind my sister Ellen to her. Mrs. W. is a quaker lady, and has promised to take the very best care of my sister. Ellen is a good child, perfectly docile, and never gives mother any trouble. She don't seem to have any will of her own, and is a very happy and contented disposition. I think she has a rather delicate constitution, as may be inferred from the fact that she alone fainted from the want of food, when all the rest of us bore up under it. Her intellect, too, is of superior order, and young as she is, she is quite a scholar. She writes very prettily, and reads every thing she can lay her hands or her eyes on. Mrs. Wilson brought a market cart and took her away, giving her a seat in the bottom of the wagon. We looked after her with streaming eyes, till she turned the corner of the street. God keep her, poor child.

Our days and nights are employed in sewing. My little sister Rose handles her needle beautifully, but I think it is likely we shall not have her much longer with us. A Quaker lady, who lives in the city, wants to take her and bring her up as her own child, but Rose is the idol of both my father and mother, and they cannot bear to part with her. Necessity, however, knows no law, and all will end in her following the example of Lily and Ellen. Rose is a lovely child; her complexion is a pure white, and her cheeks are as blooming as the flower from which she takes her name. Her eyes are bright, and her face ex-

presses the joyousness of her heart. It seems as if nothing can dim or cloud her gay spirits. To-day she came near falling into disgrace. Mother sent her on a little errand with Lucien, and as they came back they loitered in the yard, and mother going down found them there, with their aprons turned up over their arms, trying to conceal something. She was terrified at their appearance, for they looked so guilty, and she made them instantly show what they had. The woman who lived down stairs had shaken her table-cloth in the yard, and from it had dropped some little bones of a chicken, well picked, and these bones Rose and Lucien had secured in their aprons, guarding their prize as some great treasure. When my mother found out the truth, she burst into tears, and came sobbing up stairs, to tell my father and I. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "just think of those children, reared as they have been in the midst of luxury, and now glad to pick the bones that fall from that poor woman's table."

Some days ago, my mother went to take home some work to Mrs. Anson, and while there, she was accosted by an old maiden aunt, who lived in the family, who told her she had some good advice to give her, and hoped she would not take it amiss. My mother sat down by the table at which Miss Angelica was seated, and signified her willingness to listen. Miss Angelica asked if my father still persisted in drinking. My mother could answer nothing but yes. "Well, then," con-

tinued Miss A., "let me tell you of a plan by which you can rid yourself of this trouble altogether. My brother, Mr. Anson, has a house in the western part of the city, quite a small one, which he is willing to let you have at a moderate rent, and which you can pay for in sewing. Some fine day, while your husband is out, pack up your furniture, have your children ready, have a couple of cars at the door, and remove all at once to your new residence." My mother sat perfectly silent during this conversation—not a muscle of her face moved. At length she asked, quietly, "But what will my husband do when he comes home at night?" "Do! why, he will find you gone. He will know that it is useless for him to try to find you, and he will go where he ought to be already, and that is to the Alms House." "And you advise me to do this?" "Certainly, I do. I think it would be the most sensible thing you could do." My mother rose, her face flushed with excitement, and the fires of indignation and scorn burning in her blazing eyes. In a tone of concentrated rage, more terrible because she was always so mild and gentle, she said, "Can it be possible, that I hear a Christian woman, one who has lived all her life under the most holy influences, in a land as enlightened as ours, and where the institution of marriage is held sacred; can it be possible that I hear her tell a wife to desert her husband, when he is at his utmost need, when he is sick and dying before her eyes; strip the poor garret which he calls his

home ; tear from him all that is left to him of his happier days, his wife and children, and leave him to drag his emaciated frame to the Alms House, to herd with paupers, to suffer and die ? Never having been called upon to enter into the marriage contract, perhaps you are not aware of its terms of agreement, to love, honor and obey, till death. O, madam, I loathe and scorn the woman that could thus profane the holiest and most sacred duties, and thus insult a heart already bowed to the earth with its weight of anguish. What vile creature do you take me for ? What black estimate have you formed of my character ?” “No,” said she, stamping her clenched hand down upon the table, and terrifying poor Miss Angelica exceedingly, “I would not leave him if you would offer me a palace, and all its splendid accompaniments, rent free. I’ll cling to him while he lives, if he has no other resting place than the gutter, and you may withdraw your patronage or not, as it pleases you. I am quite indifferent about it.”

Mrs. Anson here coming in, inquired into the cause of my mother’s excitement, and Miss Angelica’s sheepishness. When she heard the facts, she administered a severe reprimand to Miss A., and told my mother, her feelings were very proper and correct, though to say truth, it was a plan concocted between the two worthies, and was well worthy of their unworthy hearts.*

* Some years ago, Miss Angelica was on her death-bed, and she sent for Mrs. Harley. She begged her forgiveness for what is re-

* * * * *

Months have rolled away since I wrote any thing in my journal, and many changes have passed over us, but none have tended to better our situation. O! this toil, this ceaseless, changeless toil, that steals the light from our eyes, and the flesh from our bones; that curves our spines, and caves our breasts, and takes from us all the enjoyments of life, and makes it, indeed, wretchedness to live. Think how hard it is to rise every day, at four o'clock in the morning, eat a breakfast of mush, or dry bread, and then sit down for the day to the making of shirts, working at them till late at night; stitch, stitch, stitch, till our weary, benumbed fingers, almost refuse to perform their office, till our burning eye-balls are almost blind for rest, and our poor, weak, meagre stomachs, feel as if they were giving way for the want of food. I often sit bending over my work, and imagine that if I could get only one table-spoonfull of soup, it would satisfy the cravings of hunger, or even the smallest piece of meat; but meat, also, is a luxury beyond our means. We cannot pay rent, and keep our souls and bodies together on meat, at the wretched prices we are paid for our sewing. Will this never end? Shall we never

lated above, and confessed to her, that she had been the means, with the assistance of Mrs. Anson, of separating three men and their wives. What possible pleasure it could have been to her, I am at a loss to imagine. However, you have the fact for what it is worth.

know, again, the peace and plenty that once rested within our walls? When I contrast my situation with that of other girls of my own age, and see them so happy and joyous, and so free from all the cares that harass me, I cannot help asking myself, why God permits these things? Mother often says, it is all for the best. I suppose it is, and at all events, I know it is wrong to repine. I must try to be contented.

Contented: let me pause upon that word. Can I be contented, when I see my brothers and sisters each day grow thinner and paler for the want of food; when I see my father, crushed, broken-hearted, dying before my eyes, and my mother with her pale, sad face, toiling from the first dawn of day till midnight, and when I feel within myself the germ of sickness and death? Yes, there is no doubt of it—I am fated to die young. This pain, or ache, or whatever it is in my lungs, is not so very bad, but then it is always there, always. I am never without it—morning, noon or night; but it don't frighten me—no, not that; but then mother could not very well spare me, little help as I am to her, for I am the oldest of eight.

Just as I expected, Rose has gone to a new home. Mrs. Atlee has taken and adopted her as her own child—and there is something in that woman's face that leads me to put confidence in her. She sends Rose to school, dresses her beautifully, and is indeed acting the part of a mother to her. We have only had a few lines from Mrs. Wilson, stating that Ellen

was well, and that she would bring her down to see us before long. She or her husband come to market twice a week, and I think she might have called on us herself.

Father has found a place for Harry, with one Timothy Hardgripe, to learn farming. He has been regularly bound. I went up with him to his new home, and I must confess I am not too well pleased with the appearance of his new master and mistress, or their children. I left before day-light in the morning to return home, and knelt by Harry's bed-side, before going, to invoke the blessing of God upon the lonely boy. We have now at home Frank, my oldest brother, who is a cripple; Lucien, who is five years old, and my little sister Ida, who is just two. I wish every body knew little Ida. She is a heavenly child, with blue eyes and golden hair, and does not look unlike brother Frank. Her complexion is of the purest white, and her face is faultless in its outline. Her nose is the prettiest I ever saw, and gives her such a cunning look. Though she is so young, she talks very plain, and often she climbs upon my mother's lap, and laying her fair head on her bosom, she asks with her little soft voice the strangest questions of heaven and the angels, and she listens so attentively to the answers, and seems to ponder over them and remember them, for we often hear her repeating it all over to Lucien, who listens to her in turn as if she were an oracle. There is certainly something very peculiar in her

beauty, for as she sits down stairs in the door-way, with her little hands folded in her lap, watching the children at play, though rarely joining in their sports, the passer-by frequently turns to take another look at her. She loves to get a newspaper, and hold it up before her, and her eyes will move along the columns as if she understood every word. There is something of a mystic beauty in her deep blue eyes, which speaks a soul of no common order.

My brother Frank is handsome, though he is very pale—perhaps his paleness but serves to make him the more interesting. He is very like Ida in expression. He is a great sufferer, but he has also great patience, and he never complains. He lies on his little bed, racked with pain, but the smile never leaves his placid face. He seldom takes his eyes off my mother—he watches her as she sits at work, and indeed he has his bed made up where he can lie and look up into her face all the time. If she goes out he closes his eyes, and lies perfectly still till he hears her footstep on the stairs—then he turns quickly to the door to greet her coming with glad smiles of welcome—and she is not less loving and affectionate towards him. I believe she loves him best of us all, and it is easily accounted for by his extreme helplessness. I know that I had once two beautiful canaries; bright, gold-colored creatures; one of them was all life and animation, the other pined and sickened, and kept in one corner of the cage, and not all the thrilling melody of its

companion, as it warbled its sweet music, could elicit from the poor little captive one answering note. How I loved that little bird ; how I almost hated the happy rival that hopped from perch to perch, nibbled its salad, pecked at the sugar, picked the seed, and drank at its pure fountain of water. And then it would elevate its little head, throwing it first to one side and then to the other, look at me with its cunning black eye, and burst forth into its rapturous song, resolved, doubtless, to win my heart in spite of myself—but I was true to the little invalid—I loved it always the dearest and the best, and when one morning I took down the cage and found the little creature stretched out, cold and dead, on the sand, I wept with a cordial sorrow, and I have not even yet forgotten it. I think, therefore, it must be natural to love the afflicted.

My father was the son of an English gentleman. He was reared amid all the comforts of an old fashioned family, and was accustomed from his boyhood to the use of ardent spirits. The decanters of wine and brandy always stood ready for use on the side-board, and the first lessons he learnt was how to regale himself with their contents. Times then were different to what they are now, for every body drank, and nobody thought it wrong. My father loved the intoxicating draught. There are men who drink all their lives, to a moderate extent, and who never exceed certain limits laid down by themselves. There are others again who have no power or command over

their inclinations, and who, in the presence of temptation, are sure to fall. To this class my father belonged, and had it not been for an hour of mistaken confidence, when wine was in and wit was out, I do not think he would have risked his fortune as he did.

For a while after we came to Philadelphia to live, my father was always provided, by some means or other, with wines and brandies of the best quality; but at last the source failed, and he would come home, go to the closet, pick up the empty decanter and gaze at it sorrowfully, then set it down, and walking into the furthest corner of the room, he would take a seat, resting his pale, thin face, upon his skeleton hands, in an attitude of the most touching dejection. My mother was a keen observer of all his actions, and she resolved to supply him with drink at any cost. The next day my father came in as usual, and went to the closet; when lo! what met his gaze but the well-filled decanter, rosy with the liquid that had so often brought oblivion to his wounded heart. He seized it, held it up before him, took a glass and was about pouring out his dram, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He turned and looked steadily at my mother. She tried to appear unconcerned, but a conscious blush colored her cheek, as she bent over her sewing, for she felt that his eyes were upon her. "Ah," said my father, in a mournful tone, "it is as I suspected. Why did you take the proceeds of your hard labor to buy me brandy?" "Because I thought

it would afford you happiness," she replied, gently. "Afford me happiness, indeed: I should feel as if I was drinking your heart's blood if I touched it. Oh! Gazella; my poor, patient, loving Gazella! you were worthy of a better fate than to be a drunkard's wife. Here Lucien, take this decanter and empty its contents in the street: but, stay, no: no, it shall not be so. Rather let me place it here on the shelf, as a proof of the sincerity with which I promise from this moment, never to touch the vile trash while I breathe the breath of life.

My mother sprang from her chair and buried her face on his bosom, while Lucien and I both claimed a share of the embrace. In short, we all wept together with joy, and from that hour he kept his word. Indeed, that was something my father held as sacred.

CHAPTER VI.

QUARRY STREET. SICKNESS AND DEATH. NEW SORROWS.

Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

Death lies on her like the untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKSPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET.

I have permitted several months to elapse without writing in my journal, and with my heart still bleeding at our recent loss, I take up my pen to record the facts. We have removed from where we lived in the garret, and have taken a small house in a little court up town, known by the name of Quarry street. On either side of this court stands a row of brick buildings, with a space between them so small, that opposite neighbors need not be at any trouble to find out each other's business. In the lower rooms of these houses, the blessed sun is never known to shine. There reigns an eternal twilight. The air in this confined region is close and fetid, and is rendered still more so by the fact, that all the refuse vegetable

matter of some thirty families, is thrown into the gutter before the doors, and the court is swept once a week, and sometimes not once in two. The whole appearance of this loathsome place is calculated to sicken the heart. Many of the families residing here, give themselves up to unseemly debauchery, drinking and carousing all night, and sleeping all day. Such screeches, hootings and howlings, make the night hideous in this den of wretchedness, as would induce respectable folks to go by on the other side lest they should be contaminated by passing the entrance of such a sink of abomination. I often ask myself if I am dreaming, when I remember to what a depth of abject poverty we have been reduced. We grow poorer and poorer every day. One after another my mother's elegant dresses have been sold to meet our pressing need, and she is known to the polite society of Quarry street, as the woman that wears the pink frock. This pink frock did duty once as a wrapper or morning dress, but it is now elevated into the dignified position of dinner and evening costume, and it is the last tatter my poor mother owns. As for me and Lucien, we both are obliged to have our clothes washed when we are in bed, as we have no change to put on while they dry: sometimes, however, I wrap myself in a sheet and pursue my work, for time is too precious to be lost in this way. I would only make these mortifying confessions to the pages of my journal, as I have learned long since that poverty, however honest

and upright, is a disgrace, and meets every where, at least every where that I go to, with scorn and contempt. My father has ruptured another blood vessel, and is quite ill. He sits in the corner eating salt to stop the flow of blood. Little Frank, in addition to his crippled state, has caught the scarlet fever, now raging in the court, and tosses about his bed in all the burning agony of fever, whilst my poor mother nurses and tries to soothe him to rest. Ida and Lucien play together on the steps down stairs, with some little pieces of broken crockery, and their gentle, innocent voices, are borne on the air to the sick room; and to my mother's heart, for she turns her face, marked with anguish and distress, up to heaven, and implores God to keep them from the infection. She blames herself that Frank has taken the disease; she thinks that when the poor weeping woman from across the court came to her, with hair streaming over her shoulders, and eyes bloodshot with watching, to implore her to come and sit up with her dying child, that she should not have gone: that her duty was first to her own child. Be that as it may, it is now too late to talk of it. The evil is done, and her darling lies in all the burning anguish of the fever.

Frank was spared, but he was no sooner convalescent, than Lucien and Ida were both taken down with the same disease. I tremble when I think of our position, surrounded with sickness, and without money to meet our many wants; unable to sleep night or day,

it seems as if all that was left for us to do was to die. Ida, the sweet, spiritual child, grew rapidly worse. The fever flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes, and heated her blood, till it seemed like molten lead in her veins. Her fair, golden curls, were tossed in wild disorder over the pillow, while her head rolled ceaselessly from side to side, seeking rest, but finding none. She stretched forth her little hands piteously to mother, and seemed to say, "Oh! help me, I suffer so much."

One night, about two o'clock, when the fever had reached its acme, she rose from the pillow and holding out her baby arms, with a never-to-be-forgotten expression of anguish on her face, she exclaimed—"oh, mamma, comfort your daughter!" They were her last words—I wonder if my mother can ever forget them, or the heart-rending tone in which she spoke them. I think not. She laid down that little suffering head upon the gentle bosom that loved it so tenderly—she looked up into our faces, for I was there kneeling beside her, and oh! what love, what affection spoke in that glance, although she had no longer strength to express it. The color faded from her cheeks and lips; her eyes lost their brightness. The little hands I held in mine, grew cold and stiff beneath my clasp, and thus my sister Ida *fell asleep*.

It is useless, oh! my mother, to recall the fleeting spirit. It is worse than vain to call back the freed soul that is sporting on the wings of immortality. Far

up the angel-child is borne to the presence of its kindred. For a little while she was given to us, God knows for what good purpose, but she has gone to her native skies, and wouldst thou call her back, oh my mother, to the sorrow and misery and tears which are all thou hast to offer her.

“Like rainbow hues she faded ;
Like music’s strain she died ;
Like a rose-bud quickly gathered,
In its pure and early pride ;
But o’er her breast rests lightly
The cold, yet kindly sod,
And the wing’d soul is flitting
Around the throne of God.”

We laid her to sleep in a little grave, and returned home, expecting to find Lucien ready to follow her; and indeed, for a long time he lay hovering between life and death ; but his constitution has at length triumphed, and he is running about again as lively as ever. My father’s ailments increased to such a degree, that my mother often spent her nights in tears, and rose with her eyes red and swollen, to her daily task. She called in a physician and asked his advice. In answer to her alarmed enquiries, he told her that my father’s disease had taken too deep root to be eradicated, and that he must die. “What !” said she, “can nothing do him good, can nothing prolong his life ?” “Yes, nourishing food, and fresh, pure air might do it for a time.” Nourishing food, change of

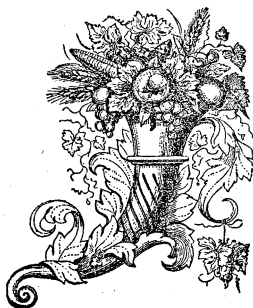
air, what nonsense; as if such luxuries were within our grasp. We, the wretched victims of unpropitious fortune. We, who had been hurled at once from the heights of this world's goods and honors, to the depths of a most abject poverty; and condemned to the most ceaseless and most heart-wearing toil. We indeed afford to prolong life with food and air—the very idea had something astounding in it. Oh, God! hast thou indeed forsaken us; dost thou forget that we suffer, and starve, and die? Oh! help us in this our dark hour of affliction—we have suffered enough; our hearts are broken within us.

Perhaps the prayer is impious—is it not through many sorrows and through much tribulation lies the way that leads to heaven? I will try not to repine—I will not be impatient, but bow me down and kiss the rod that chastises me; for God knows best.

I feel strangely weak, I wonder what ails me. My sleep does not refresh me like it used to, I sleep too hard. It is as if I labored too much to sleep, and then this constant pain in my breast; it never leaves me, night or day. It is not a hard pain, but it worries me because it is always there.

Some one is knocking at the door: I wonder who it can be at this hour. We do not have many visitors. When one comes, it is quite an epoch in our lives—but, hark! that voice is strangely familiar, and yet no, it cannot be possible. There is a roughness about it unlike hers. Mother calls me—she tells me to come

down, that Ellen has come. Just think of that—Ellen has come at this late hour of the night. I wonder what new tale of sorrow and woe she brings to my poor mother.



CHAPTER VII.

ROSE'S HAPPY HOME. LILY SUFFERS NEW HARDSHIPS.

————— They that do
An act that does deserve requital,
Pay first themselves the stock of such content.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

Oh! tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's form!
How couldst thou drain the life blood of the child.

SHAKSPEARE.—HENRY VI., PART III.

We will introduce the reader to the interior of a handsome dwelling on Third street. The parlors were very richly furnished, and had a home look about them, as if they were kept more for use than show. Many elegantly bound volumes lay upon the centre table, upon which stood a large astral lamp, which lit up the rooms quite brilliantly. At the time of which I write, gas was not so common in private dwellings as it is at the present day, and people were content with the cozy light of oil. A fire of anthracite blazed away in the grate, and the light of the burning coals, mingling with that of the lamp, diffused through the rooms a rosy glow, which added materially to one's comfortable feelings. Three figures were grouped around the fire, one of them was an old

man, some seventy years advanced on his earthly pilgrimage, with snowy hair falling around a still handsome face, and with an eye that glowed with all the brilliancy of youth. Upon a stool at his feet sat a little girl, who might be about six years old, and who, holding one of his feet in her lap, rubbed the poor old rheumatic limb with her little hands. Observe her well, this little child, with soft hair just turning from golden, to a chestnut brown, with a complexion, which was a blending of the rose and lily, with bright and sparkling eyes, and a little ruby-lipped mouth, that continually wreathed itself into smiles. Such was Rose Harley in her new home. Mrs. Atlee, a tall, dignified looking lady of some fifty years, sat at the opposite side of the fire-place, knitting stockings of grey yarn for little Rose. She was dressed in a gown of drab colored silk, and a handkerchief of linen-lawn, of transparent whiteness, was folded into plaits and laid across her bosom. A snowy cap, of the true quaker style, covered the silvery hair, which was combed back from a brow free from wrinkles, and a large black silk apron, reaching down nearly to the hem of her gown, completed her attire. Her spectacles were laid back upon her head in the approved style of the wearers of the article, and a knitting sheaf was pinned to her side, where one after another, four needles, found a temporary resting place from the sorrows of this world. There was an expression of dignity combined with sweetness, upon the face of

this noble-hearted woman, which made her quite handsome. She was very much attached to Rose, and treated her as if she was her own child, and for all her good, kind actions, she is no doubt reaping her reward, for she has gone, a few months since, to a better world.

On the present occasion, Friend Atlee sat looking into the fire, seemingly absorbed in her own thoughts. A profound stillness reigned in the room, broken only by the ticking of the mantel clock, and the blazing of the fire. This quiet did not suit Rose, who was, in truth, a merry little elf; but she feared, as well as loved, the serious old couple, and she had not yet sufficient confidence in her own position to break the silence.

"There, that will do," said the old man, patting Rose on the head. "Thee has rubbed all the pain away. Thee may go, now, and get the Bible, and read a chapter for us."

Rose tripped away to the book-case standing in the recess, climbed up on a stool, and took from its place, on the bottom shelf, the family Bible, which she carried and deposited on a little stand beside the old man. Then, opening the book at a place marked out for her, she commenced reading, in a clear voice, a chapter from Matthew; and then the little family knelt down and offered up a prayer of gratitude to the great giver of every good. Such was the home into which Rose Harley had found access.

It is generally understood throughout the country that the quakers are universally abolitionists. Many of them, no doubt, are; but the benefactress of Rose did not belong to this class. Many of her friends did, however, and the little Rose often listened to tales of horror about the suffering slaves, that peopled her vision with images of dread. She was too young to understand the reasons Mrs. Atlee brought forward to prove the necessity of slavery. She only noticed facts, and her bosom thrilled with pity, when she heard how some pious, excellent negro had been whipped to death by a hard master. On her way to school, her little heart throbbed violently if she met a large, cross looking man, and she would involuntarily say to herself, that must be a slave holder. Such are the tales that are trumped up from day to day, to widen the breach between the North and South: to create dissensions in the most glorious country of the world, and to malign a people, the noblest and best that ever lived upon the globe.

Rose slept in a nicely furnished chamber adjoining Mrs. Atlee's. Her little couch bedstead was placed in the middle of the floor, and was covered with snow white drapery. A rich brussels carpet of red and gold did duty on the floor; and the six windows, three opening on the street, and three on a beautiful garden, were hung with curtains of richly embroidered lace. A handsome bureau contained her wardrobe, and every care was taken to teach her to be neat and

tidy. Mrs. Atlee's favorite maxim was, "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." Once a week she paid an official visit to Rose's room, entering with a stately grace worthy of the lady of an ambassador. A loud hem would always foretell her approach, and Rose would run to meet her, give her her hand, and walk direct to the bureau; and woe be to her if every dress was not folded with absolute nicety, and if a ribbon or collar assumed a sprawled out appearance; if every stocking was not turned on the wrong side, paired, and rolled up into a little ball, and the part the name was on turned up to view. Poor Rose, manage as she might, there was always something wrong; and she would shrink down, and almost disappear amid the full folds of Mrs. Atlee's gown, if she found her looking at her, with that serious and grieved expression, which she dreaded more than a whipping. It was often as much as the good lady could do, to keep from laughing outright, at the comical array of penitence and terror which the little girl's face put on. It was well for the child, however, that Mrs. Atlee had command over her features, else there had been an end of discipline and obedience.

Rose went to school twice a day, and the progress she made in her studies was truly astonishing. She seemed to drink in learning, as the deer would drink from a pure crystal stream of water. At eight years old, she was in a class with young ladies of fifteen up

to eighteen. She kept up to them in all their studies, often astonished her masters with her ready comprehension of the chemical and philosophical experiments, and gave promise of an ample return of all the kindness that was shown her.

Mr. and Mrs. Atlee lived on the life interest of a handsome property on the eastern shore of Maryland, and it was not in their power to provide for their adopted child after their death. They therefore resolved, with the true spirit of benevolence, which is far more dearly to be prized than the gift of money, to help Rose to help herself. They determined to give her an education which would fit her for the duties of a teacher, and for that purpose no expense was spared to provide for her the best masters, and have her taught all the higher branches of an English education, as well as music, French, drawing, and every thing, in fact, that could be desired in a teacher of the highest stamp. 'Tis true they calculated largely on the capabilities of the child, but experience has shown that they did not err in their calculation.

Rose was very precocious, but not like most children who are termed so, for years, instead of pushing her back, only served to keep her still ahead of all competitors. Her's was a true genius, and her soul was lit with sparks of the true Promethean fire, while at the same time, her heart was gentle and tractable, and replete with the tenderest emotions. She loved her kindred dearly, and could never be induced

to call any place home, but the miserable hovel where a father, and mother, and all who were dear to her, suffered the ills of a most frightful poverty. She was grateful to Mrs. Atlee, and loved her with all the strength of her clinging and confiding nature; but she idolized her father and mother, and preferred in her heart, a share of their scanty meal of mush or potatoes, to all the well cooked, well ordered fare of her benefactors.

Every Sunday, Rose, accompanied by a servant carrying a basket of niceties, set out for *home*, as she emphatically called it, and from two o'clock 'till ten, the little creature revelled in all the delight of being petted by papa, fondled and blessed by mamma, and talking gently and affectionately with her brothers and sisters. She always had something nice for "Frankey," either a big red apple, an orange, a bon-bon, or perchance a pretty book, and to see her, with her motherly air, produce her gift from her pocket, and present it, would have done your heart good. I have sometimes thought she was born to confer benefits, and strew the paths of her friends with flowers. The most touching trait of her character, consisted in her deep sympathy for the sorrows of her unfortunate family. That papa should be sick and die, because he could not get good things to eat, and leave the close confined air of the court, was terrible, and she would sit and listen to what he would do, if he only had the means, till her little heart would swell, and her bright

eyes fill with the diamond tears, which she was too proud to drop. "Ah!" she would think to herself, "if I only had the money—if I could only say to papa, go to the country, and breathe the fresh pure air, and live to bless your child, how happy I would be."

Between Rose and Gazella, there existed a deep and sincere affection of rather a more serious character than usually belongs to the love of sisters. Gazella was what might be called, naturally religious, while on the contrary, Rose was merry and gay. Although she was a candid, truthful child, she cared little for the Bible, and disliked to go to church. She complained, dreadfully, of long sermons, and prayers of the same character—and above all, she disliked Quaker Meeting. Indeed, her horror of going was so great, that Mrs. Atlee would not force her inclinations, but let her go where she pleased; and it was rather amusing to hear her tell of the different churches she went to in the neighborhood, in order to ascertain who preached the shortest sermons, and prayed the shortest prayers. To Gazella's deeply serious mind, Rose's dislike to church was perfectly awful, and awakened an interest in her soul's welfare which, added to natural affection, made her an object of uncommon love. The fact that Rose was so intelligent and gifted, only served to add fresh terrors to her case, and accordingly, when she came to pay her Sunday afternoon visit, Gazella would take her up stairs,

apart from all the rest, and breathe forth her spirit in prayer, for the soul of the dear lamb that she feared would stray from the fold and be lost. Ah! how she wrestled with God at those seasons, like Jacob of old, who would not stop importuning, 'till he got the blessing. And those prayers of the noble-minded girl sank deep into the child's heart, and though many years have passed away, and Gazella sleeps in her early grave, yet Rose, now herself a woman, and a happy wife and mother, recalls those blessed hours of prayer, and the form of that loved sister kneeling, so pale, so drooping, and fragile, at the throne of Grace; and as the sweet remembrance of her holy love steals over her, weeps, that in all her journeyings through life, she has found no friend so kind, so tender, and so true.

"I want, very much, to see my little sister Lily," said Rose to Mrs. Atlee. "I have not been there for a long time. This is Saturday—my clothes are all in nice order, and my stockings are mended. May I not go to Mrs. Anson's after dinner?" "When will thee learn thy lessons for second day, if I permit thee to go this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Atlee. "Oh, I will study them before dinner—school lets out at eleven, and we dine at two. I have only geography and grammar to study, for we have writing and drawing lessons on Monday, and no hard chapters to learn." "If thee thinks three hours are sufficient time, I am willing to indulge thee, in permitting thee to go and visit Lily. Being thy twin-sister, it is only natural

that thou shouldst love her very much—and I wish thee to remain fond of her. Indeed there is nothing, in my opinion, so painful as this separation of families, often, alas, so necessary, but not the less teeming with evil, for it destroys much of the affection that should exist between brothers and sisters. I should like thee to invite Lily here, to see thee, next seventh day, if her mistress is willing. She is a nice child, and rather smart. I should like to know if she is going to excel thee in learning?"

"Oh! no, mamma, that cannot be; Lily is very smart, you see, very smart; and papa says she has a greater mind than I have, that is, a deeper one, and that I am superficial, that is, all on the surface;" but then, you see, said Rose, looking very wise, "Lily has not got my opportunities; she never goes to school, and it is not likely that Mrs. Anson will ever send her, for she says she cannot spare her now, and if that is the case now, she is so little, why, when she grows big, she will have still more for her to do. Lily cannot either read or write, and yet I think she is smarter than I am, for all that." "What makes thee think so, Rose?" "Well, mamma, she has such a quick way of answering any question you may put to her, and she is always saying things that are so funny, oh! so funny, and yet she don't seem to think anything she says worth laughing at, and looks at me so amazed to see me laugh." "Pray tell me some of these funny things, Rose." "Oh! I can't remember them, mam-

ma: they are sayings that she learns from the servants. She sits in the kitchen, and has not a nice home like me, and a nice parlor to sit in." "And does Mrs. Anson permit this little young sister of thine, brought up so tenderly and piously by a good mother, to spend her time in the kitchen, and learn vice and rudeness, and all manner of low sayings, from the servants? I thought Mrs. Anson was a pious woman; that she did a great amount of good in the world; visited the poor, was a great abolitionist, and, in every case, the friend of the oppressed? Surely this is a sad perversion of the power she has been entrusted with, for this is morally wicked. Does thee, too, sit in the kitchen, when thee goes there?"

"Oh! yes, I always do, and eat there too; but I do not mind it, as Lily has to do it." "Well, Rose, I will allow thee to go and see Lily to day, but I cannot promise to let thee repeat thy visit very soon, for I consider that it would be sinful in me to expose thee to such contaminating influences. Remember, my child, that the soul of a young girl is like a mirror, which reflects even the breath that sullies it; or like a sheet of white paper, upon which should be inscribed nothing but the purest characters. It is of so fine, so sensitive a nature, that even the breath of impurity contaminates it. The very knowledge of evil should be excluded from thy heart. Jesus tells us, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;' and again, 'God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.'

He is so pure, that the soul which hopes to inherit eternal life in his presence, must be spotless in every thought and feeling. If I permitted thee to go into my kitchen, and sit down with Dinah and Andy, I should expect to hear thee repeat all the sayings and negro talk thou wouldst learn there; and I should not consider this so pretty or becoming as the simple words with which thou now expressest thyself. Pray, tell me, Rose, does Mrs. Anson let Julia go to the kitchen to spend her time?"

"Oh! no indeed. One day, when I was there, she came in and sat down, and we were all talking together, and she was telling me about some beautiful new dresses she had been getting, and in the midst of it, her mother came in, and scolded her very much, and told her she ought to have more pride than to associate with bound girls. I felt vexed, and was going to tell her I was not a bound girl, and that I was an adopted daughter; but I thought she would hate Lily for it, if I was impertinent to her, so I did not say anything to her in reply."

"I am glad thee had so much command over thy feelings: Always remember the respect that is due to thy elders. And now, Rose, run to school; I am afraid thee will be late."

Mrs. Atlee drew down from their resting place, on the top of her head, a pair of silver rimmed spectacles, and opening the Bible, read that beautiful chapter of St. Paul on charity. Closing the book, she said softly

to herself, "one needs to have charity, not to feel dislike for the woman who professes to be so good, so noble and so benevolent; and yet, who acts this cruel part towards a helpless child. Can it be possible, that she has so poor an estimate of her duties and responsibilities, that she does not know better? I do not like to interfere: it is a delicate affair to meddle in the business of a stranger; and yet it must be decidedly wrong to see evil and not redress it, if possible. . If possible; ah, that is the thing." For a long time Mrs. Atlee sat thinking what was her duty and what was not, and being unable to decide, we must leave her to her reflections.

The afternoon was clear and beautiful, the time autumn, and the weather just warm enough to permit little Rose to dress in white, and wear a blue cashmere shawl, thrown over her shoulders. Her face was cased in a neat straw bonnet, trimmed with a blue, that matched her sparkling eyes, in its deep violet shade. With a light heart, unburdened with the cares of life, and glowing with all the happy visions of childhood, the fair child skipped from the step, and, throwing a last kiss from the tips of her fingers to Mr. and Mrs. Atlee, who stood at the parlor window, bounded away, and was soon lost to view, amid the moving stream of life, that set in two currents up and down the street. Mrs. Atlee turned and looked up into her husband's face, with a look of gratified pride, and, resting her

hand affectionately on his shoulder, said, "She is a darling child : now isn't she, hubby ?"

"She is now, but thee will spoil her, I am afraid," said her husband, gently passing his arm around her matronly waist, and fondly kissing the lips that, for nearly thirty years, had breathed nothing but affection and blessings on his path. "Thee is so indulgent. See how thee has spoiled me. I am only a baby of a larger growth, after all is said and done."

Gently the soft white hand, that had rested on one shoulder, stole round and nestled on the other, and as it tightened in its clasp, the wife replied, in accents of thrilling tenderness. "Spoil thee, indeed, my own beloved husband ; I wonder who could ? It is I rather who, without thee, would be a reed broken by the tempest. How happy we have been together ; how happy we are still. Only one cloud in all our wedded life to dim our horizon of brightness ; but that was indeed a storm cloud, and when it broke upon us, ah ! it was terrible. Thou didst not feel it as I did : thou hadst still a son left to comfort thee ; but I, alas—she was all—all—the only one, the child of my heart, born of my body, amid sufferings and tortures ; and to lose her, to see her pine, and sicken and die—it was a blow which even yet shakes me to my soul's depths. But God has been merciful to me in my old age, and given me a child to fill the vacant place. I do not go now to visit the drawer, where the clothes, and little shoes and stockings of the lost one are gathered. I have no

tears to weep over them, for this poor little child, with her unfortunate family, gives me more stirring duties, and her sweet affection is like balm to my spirit. Then she forces me to be so proud of her, for her masters, and all my friends unite in praising, not only the powers of her mind, but the qualities of her heart." "Thou art a dangerous logician, for thou winnest converts to thy opinion, as much by thy sweetness of manner, as by the truth of thy logic, sweet wife."

Ah! who would blame her, that she kept locked up the drawer of clothing which had been worn by the dead, and transferred her affections and goodness to the living. She did not love the dead child less, for her active charity; and if the angel-spirit could have looked down from heaven, with what sweet smiles it would have rewarded the labor of love.

In the mean time Rose pursued her way, and soon reached the dwelling of Mrs. Anson, on Arch street. She rang the bell, and at its summons, forth came the little Lily, who formed quite a contrast to her sister Rose, in her coarse frock, buttoned up to the throat, with big bone buttons, tow-cloth apron, short-cropped hair, and rough-looking hands, distorted with the unjust amount of labor she performed. The sisters were instantly locked in a close embrace, and overwhelmed each other with kisses and questions. Lily ushered Rose into the kitchen, where she was received with great kindness by the servants, with whom her gentle lady-like manners, made her a great favorite. She

had a good word for all of them ; and was, withall, so full of fun, that her coming was a welcome event.

Lily sat Rose down beside her, while she scoured her knives and forks, and washed the pots and pans, in which the dinner had been cooked, and she then led the way to her room in the attic, in order to dress herself before tea. She called on Rose to unbutton her dress, and while the child was busily employed at it, she suddenly gave a scream of terror. "What ails you, Rose?" said Lily, looking around in astonishment. "Oh, Lily! those horrid gashes on your back; how were they done? I am sick at the very sight of them." And, indeed; she turned as pale as death, and Lily told her to sit down, which she did, and begged Lily to tell her how it happened that she was in such a state. Lily burst into tears, and sinking down on the floor beside her, said, "O, Rose, I expect I am very wicked—I never do any thing right. I don't know how to do right. Let me try as hard as I will, I am always at something wrong. I don't mind what is said to me. It seems as if I didn't know how to mind. I think I will do it, when I am told to do any thing, but somehow or other, I am so frightened, and my head gets confused and I forget, and then I am sure to do just what I ought not—and so it is. Now, the way I came to get this whipping is this—but just let me show you all, you have not seen the worst," and slipping off her dress and under clothes, the little forlorn child stood up before her sister, marked with

the horsewhip from head to foot. Oh, there was something touching in this picture of suffering, and even in the resignation of the child, who seemed to think it was but right she should be bruised and striped like a dog.

How little do your Abolitionists seem to think or sympathize with such cases of cruelty as this. It comes too near home for their expansive charities. There are cases, like the present, happening every day in our very midst. That they are not rare, the annals of many bleeding hearts can testify. I lived, myself, within a few doors of a so called respectable family, who had a little bound girl, that they had taken from the Alms House. She had neither father, mother, brother, sister, or friend on earth—save God. They dressed her in the meanest tatters, fed her with what was scarcely fit for a dog, and made her work so hard, that the flesh absolutely left her bones, and she was little more than a walking skeleton. They used to whip her so unmercifully, that her cries for help resounded through the neighborhood, and they were then forced to resort to the gentle practice of smothering her cries between two feather beds. In the coldest mornings in winter, she passed our house on her way to the baker's to get bread, with a pair of old slipshod shoes on her feet, and her legs and ankles purple with the cold, and not even protected from it by the least shadow of a stocking. I often saw marks of the lash about her face and neck, and I noticed too an ex-

pression of hopeless misery on her face, that made me feel rather astonished; when I rose one morning and read in the Ledger, that she had run off, and that all persons were forbidden harboring or trusting her. I believe they have never got her back again—and I pray Heaven they never may. I have sympathy with sorrow, wherever it may be found; but I love, far more, to expend upon the poor destitute white children, who are lashed and goaded all through that season of their lives, which should be so happy, than for the pampered, well-fed lazy negro children of the South, whose most horrid task consists in taking off and putting on the shoes and stockings of their mistress and her children. No one has a right to draw inferences and declaim against abuses, until they are positive that such abuses exist, and it is very certain that no intelligent, sincere, plain-spoken man or woman will go through the Southern country, as I have done, and come back and write a book on the cruelty of masters to their slaves. To do so, is to proclaim an absolute and unjust falsehood.

Rose sat down on the floor beside Lily, and begged her to tell her how she had come to be so terribly punished. “I hope,” she said, very seriously, “you did not tell a lie, Lily, or take any thing that did not belong to you, for that you know would be very wicked.” “No, Rose; it was neither of those, but you shall hear all. You must know that our girls get up very early on Monday morning to do the washing,

and I have to get up to help bring water, and wash the stockings and handkerchiefs, and other small things. It happened last Sunday night, that Mr. Henry was out, and had left his key on the mantel-piece in the dining-room. Mr. Henry does not come home early, for he drinks a great deal, and he is going about with his friends 'till twelve o'clock at night; as Mrs. Anson says, when she thinks I am not about. Well, I had to sit up and wait for him to let him in. I did not like to, for I was so sleepy, but I thought I would try to keep awake, and so I walked about, and thought of stories I had heard, and wondered what dear mamma was about, but at last, I felt so sleepy, and I thought I would just creep into the parlour and lie down on the sofa, and that I would be sure to hear Mr. Henry when he came; and I did so, and what happened then I don't know, but when I awoke, Mrs. Anson was cutting me with a horse-whip, and her daughter was standing by, laughing, as if she was very much amused.

"You see, Rose, I had fallen asleep, and slept till day-light. Mr. Henry had not come in till morning, and when the girls got up there was a great hue and cry for me, but I was not to be found. When the parlor windows were opened, for Julia to practise upon the piano, I was found asleep on the sofa. She ran to tell her mother, and these gashes are the consequence. But it was very wrong of me to go to sleep, don't you think so?"

"I don't think it was wicked, Lily, you could not

help it. Had you broken any of the commandments, I should have blamed you, but it is so natural to sleep."

"Yes, so it is, I tried to keep awake, but it seemed as if I couldn't."

"Well then, Lily, dear Mamma Atlee says that all evil lies in the intention. You tried to do right, but you could not succeed, and I know I should have done just as you did. I think it is wicked in Mrs. Anson to whip you in that cruel manner for such a trifle. Pray, why did she not sit up herself, or make one of the big servants do it, if it was necessary for it to be done at all?"

"She loves rest too well for that, Rose, and so do the servants; they say they wouldn't sit up for no such drunken fellow."

"Ah, Lily, I hope it aint wicked, but I don't love Mrs. Anson."

"Hush, don't you say that, she is always watching and listening, and she would punish me for it, for she would not dare to touch you."

"I don't care for her, Lily. I shall go straight to father, and ask him to take you away from her. I know he won't let her abuse you."

"Ah, but Rose, I am bound to them now, I must stay till I am eighteen years old. I can't get away, so pray don't worry father about me. Mother says—my being here, makes one mouth the less to feed at home, so I try to bear it, and may be, when I get

older, I shall be better, and shall not need to be whipped so much."

"I am just your age, and am not any better than you are, Lily, and yet I don't need any whippings. I am sure if I were to be cut in that horrid manner, it would make me wicked and spiteful. I should hate Mrs. Atlee, if she cut my back with a lash."

"Ah, Rose, it don't do to hate any body. I feel like it myself, and sometimes think I would like to give back blow for blow, but then I am little yet, and Mrs. Anson is so big, and strong, but wait awhile, I shall grow up and be a strong, stout girl, like Sarah or Biddy, and then I will let her see what I am made of."

And thus it is that a spirit of evil is bred in children, and thus their hearts are hardened, and thus their feelings of revenge aroused, and instead of the blame resting on the right shoulders, people will say—oh! what a dreadful child, how wicked, how spiteful.

Solomon may say what he pleases about spare the rod and spoil the child. I very much doubt that he meant it in the light in which it is generally received; but of this I am certain, that the free-born white children of the north, will make better men and women, and be more kind and gentle to others, if they are persuaded into well-doing, instead of beaten into it. There is no slavery more degrading, more insulting, than this horrible system of flogging, which is carried on in our schools, in our nurseries, our kitchens and our work-shops.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUICIDE.

Venture not rashly on an unknown being—
E'en the most perfect shun the brink of death,
And shudder at the prospect of futurity.

SAVAGE'S SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

When a family, used to all the luxuries of wealth, fall from their high position, it is a noted truth that they continue to go down, and misfortunes come upon them in endless routine. In the hour of success, flushed with happiness, friends come around us, and the whole world seems like some fancy picture, but, ah! how soon they forsake us in the dark hour, when fortune frowns, when every prospect is blasted, when hope itself dies, upon the sigh that gave it breath. In a family of this kind, there are obstacles to receiving relief, that would not exist where persons have lived all their lives amid degradation and poverty. There is a certain sensitiveness in the spirit of a well-bred and refined person, that makes it shrink from the confession of its distress.

As we have already stated, Ellen Harley returned late one night to her home, in Quarry street, having run away from Mrs. Wilson, in the country, and

walked all the way to town. Her appearance, from being a gently-nurtured, delicate child, had become coarse and rough in the extreme, and instead of a face bright with intelligence, one saw only the simpering smile of idiocy, or heard the vacant laugh of the maniac. That she had become a compound of the two, was a very evident fact. At times she would appear to regain her wandering reason, and recollections of the past would crowd upon her, and she would sit and tell her mother of her hard life in the country; and the facts she related were of such a character as to convince her that cruelty of the most heartless kind had been exercised towards her child. Thus, my readers will perceive that all of that society, whose watchword is peace; whose motto is "do unto others as ye would that they should do to you," are not conformable to the sacred rules of their community.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson lived on a farm about twelve miles from the city of Philadelphia. Every thing they raised was taken to market, and the family at home lived on the poorest fare. The only object they had in life was to save money, and they cared not what means were used to accomplish their purpose. Their reason for getting possession of Ellen, was the fact that they could have her services without paying any money for them; and they could make her work early and late, and she would have no one to complain to. May God keep me from the necessity of ever sending

one of my children into any family to labor, and be paid in what is termed *victuals* and *clothes*.

Although Ellen was so small, she had to help wash and iron ; she did all the scrubbing of the house, and an amazing amount of chores of every description. She went out with a long stick and drove the cows home at night, brought all the wood to the house from the wood-shed, and not unfrequently had it to split. In addition to all this, she carried the water from the spring, a quarter of a mile, up to the house ; and I fancy I can see her, as she toiled up the hill with her heavy bucket of water, for I have visited the house and spring, and have now in my mind's eye the whole picture. Let the reader imagine some fairy child, of nine or ten years old, in their own home ; some darling sister or neice ; some beloved daughter, torn from the arms that had sheltered them from every ill, and thrust into an existence of hardship and cruelty like this.—Mother, the child I speak of, was as fair and beautiful as the little creature that nestles its head upon your bosom. Father, the sweet girl who runs to meet you, as your step sounds upon the stairway, is not more gentle, more lovely or affectionate, than was poor little Ellen.

Ellen could not get accustomed to the rough food which formed now her daily portion. Poor as she had lived at home, there was something in the manner of preparing that living, that was better suited to a deli-

cate appetite. She was not allowed to touch butter, because it was *bad for the blood*, but she could eat any quantity of fat pork and cabbage. The consequence of this dainty fare was, that when Ellen returned to her mother, she was very much in the condition of that pious Job, of scripture memory, when he was forced to scrape himself with a potsherd.

One day, when the light of reason had for some hours lit up poor Ellen's face, her mother resolved to question her particularly about her home in the country. "Ellen," said she, "did Mrs. Wilson ever whip you when you lived with her?" "Oh, yes, every day," answered the child. "What did she whip you with?" "The cowhide, sometimes, sometimes the wall." "How do you mean the wall, Ellen?" "Oh, she beat my head against the wall, 'till I had such a queer feeling in it, and I could see sparks of fire in my eyes. Then Mr. Wilson used to kick me all about the room." "What did you do, to deserve such treatment, Ellen,—you must have been very saucy to them, and very bad?" "Oh, no, mamma, I was not saucy. I think they thought me stupid, and indeed I didn't know how to do everything right, just as I was told, for I had never worked so hard before, but I wasn't bad." Here Ellen commenced to sob and cry as if her heart would break, but at the moment, one-armed Jim, a drunken neighbor, came reeling up the court, and singing a rollicking song, and Ellen, starting up with a wild burst of laughter, ran out to see him, and

in her face one could perceive no gleam of reason left.

What to do to restore this crazy child to any thing like permanent health of mind, was a question that the agonized mother proposed to herself in vain. She hid as much as possible her dreadful anxiety from her husband; one reason for doing this, was the fact that his health had failed so rapidly, that his death might be hastened by it; another was that his temper, unlike her's, capable of enduring great sorrows, would have risen to such lion-like phrenzy, that he might have sought out the destroyers of his child's reason, and avenged himself with their blood. This she knew would only have made matters worse, and although she felt deep in her heart the wrongs that had been done poor Ellen, yet she knew she was powerless to redress them. To obtain justice one must have money, and what had she to spare from her hard earnings, to *buy law* for her child; and again, if even she punished the offenders, would it restore reason to the mind, and light to the soul of the poor idiot. In addition to all this accumulated weight of sorrow, the mother had still another anxiety pressing upon her mind, which made her position dreadful. God knows her sorrows were numerous enough without that, but by his own inscrutable will, the thing must happen, and another little sufferer must come to swell the tide of misery, that even now was washing away, with its

resistless flood, every hallowed remembrance, every sweet recollection of earlier, happier days.

In this darkest of all dark hours, the mother found in her womanly daughter, Gazella, a receptacle for her confidence, and a sensible adviser. The gentle earnestness which had marked her character from childhood, still constituted her chief charm. Her well-regulated mind enabled her to form conclusions, so just and wise, that they would have seemed to be rather the production of matured experience. From the first hour of Ellen's return, she had marked her well, and she understood her whole position as if intuitively. She knew that reason had fled, but she hoped not forever; and she concluded that employment alone, would tend to lessen the evil. In answer to her mother's question, as to what could be done with Ellen, she promptly replied—"We must find her a place." "But where—who will take her now; all her clothes are gone; she has no shoes to her feet, for she walked twelve miles along a country road, and in crossing a muddy cut, one of her shoes stuck in the mire, and she was not able to regain it. What is to be done?" "Leave all that to me, mamma, I think I can find a place for Ellen, and clothes too, if you will permit me." "Go, my child, and God bless you," said the mother.

Gazella took her bonnet, and went out to call on Mrs. Atlee, to whom she related the case of poor

Ellen. With her assistance, she obtained a place for her, and also some good clothing belonging to the lady's daughter, who was about the same age as Ellen. She then returned home, had her dressed up in her new things, and set out with her to her place, giving her many injunctions as she went, regarding her conduct, and her trying to please Mrs. Frances. The next evening, as the family were seated at their sewing around a table, on which burned a tallow candle, the door opened, and in walked Ellen and took a seat in their midst, without speaking. "What has brought you home, Ellen," said her mother. "Oh! I could'n't stay there," she replied, shortly. "And why not," asked her mother. "Was not Mrs. Frances kind to you?" "Oh! yes, kind enough." "Well then, what induced you to leave her? We have got nothing for you to eat, Ellen, at home. That is why we wanted you to stay there." "Yes, mamma, I know all that; well I won't eat much; you shall see if I do. I could'n't stay there, for they had such strong tea; such strong tea, mamma; oh! you ought to have seen it." "And could you not have weakened the tea with a little water, child?" asked her father, till now a silent listener of all that was passing. "Oh! no, papa, I could not do that; when the tea is once made, you see, the water won't mix with it, but rises on the top." The smile of the idiot broke over her face, and rising from her chair, she went to the closet, and took out a piece of soap, which she held to her

nose, in much the same affected manner, as the fine lady uses her vinagrette. The father, mother, and Gazella, exchanged glances, and the mother bent still more closely over her sewing, to hide the burning tears that obscured her sight.

To describe all the silly actions and idle words of which Ellen was the author, would be worse than vain. We will but glance at her general conduct, and describe her mournful end.

She grew worse from day to day, sometimes gentle and sorrowful, at others, weeping with a frightful violence. Sometimes sitting on the cold bricks of the court, her eyes fixed in that unmeaning stare, which shows not even the slightest vestige of the soul. Here she would remain for many hours, and the children of the neighborhood, who at first surrounded, and laughed, and grinned at her, now passed by with a sorrowful look, and whispered gently to their fellows, it is the poor idiot girl. Sometimes they offered her cakes and apples, but she never accepted them, and never even seemed to know that they were offered. Anon, her mood would change to one of frightful passion: she would tear her hair out by the handful; she would laugh, screech, and howl like the beasts of the forest, and would fly with frightful ferocity at any one who strove to quiet her, and tear their faces with her nails, and spit at them with the utmost contempt. But all the changeful terrors of her mood, never sufficed to weary the affection and

patience of her family. They watched over her with the tenderest love, and even Frank, who was now making money enough to keep himself, by weaving baskets, always seemed to be planning some means for the restoration of his poor sister. All his own sorrows were forgotten in his anxiety for her.

There came through all this madness, some gleams of feeling, which shone like the sun beneath a parting cloud, and then faded away, leaving all darker than before, from the force of contrast. A tone in the mother's voice would sometimes reach some darkened recess in her child's heart, and the past would come back, and memory would busily recall a happy home, and pleasures long since lost; but even as the light glanced in her eye, and the idiot smile died away, the gleam was gone, and oblivion again closed over the fountain of her hopes and fears. Some six weeks passed away in this manner, and during that time, Ellen had repeatedly attempted to run away, but each time had been found and brought back to her parents, before she had got many squares off; but a time was coming when she would not be so easily found. One night when the family were asleep, Ellen stole gently down stairs, unbolted the front door, and made her escape. She was not missed till morning, and then the discovery fell upon her distracted parents like a thunder-bolt; for a presentiment of evil came with a knowledge of her flight, that amounted to a certainty, of the fallacy of hope. The poor, sick father, rose from

his bed, dressed himself in the ragged garments which now alone remained to him, and went forth to seek his child. Mrs. Harley, weak and suffering, but nerved with the iron energy of despair, set out in a different direction, and Gazella, after providing breakfast for Frank and Lucien, followed her parents. All day long they wandered through the great city, threading their way through narrow alleys and by-streets, where vice stalked forth in the open day-light; through the broad and fashionable thoroughfares of wealth and luxury, and through the closely built rows of stores and warehouses. Here and there they paused to make inquiries, but none could answer aught of the lost one. To the market places, to the court house square, and the public grounds, they went in succession, but no wandering Ellen met their view; and at last, as night fell, and the lamp-lighter with his ladder passed briskly along, and lit up the streets for the use of the wretched as well as the happy, the two bent their steps towards home, and sat down to take the first moment of rest they had known since they rose in the morning.

Through the long hours of the night they watched and waited, hoping that every approaching footstep bore tidings of the lost one; but the morning dawned again, and still all was doubt and uncertainty. As they sat at their frugal breakfast, a neighbor woman came in, the same one, by the way, whose child Mrs. Harley had gone to nurse in the scarlet fever. She

asked if they had heard any news of Ellen, and after receiving their reply in the negative, she told them she had brought them the morning's paper, thinking they might like to look at it. There was something so peculiar in the manner of her saying this, that Mrs. Harley, with a mother's instinct, discerned that there was some intelligence of her child there. She seized the paper: her eye ran rapidly over the local items, till, at last, she seemed to have found a paragraph, that possessed a gorgan-like power to turn her staring eyeballs into stone. After some moments of profound stillness, she fell to the floor, as insensible as marble, and while the kind neighbor and Gazella carried her up stairs, Mr. Harley took the paper, and read aloud to his children, the following paragraph:

“Found Drowned.—The body of a little girl was found yesterday morning, floating in the river Schuylkill, by a party of boatmen. The child was about ten years of age, had on a faded calico dress, and a linsey woolsey petticoat. In her pocket was a handkerchief, thimble and fine-tooth comb. The coroner held an inquest on the body, and the jury rendered a verdict of accidental drowning. The body has been taken to the green house, where it awaits the recognition of friends.”

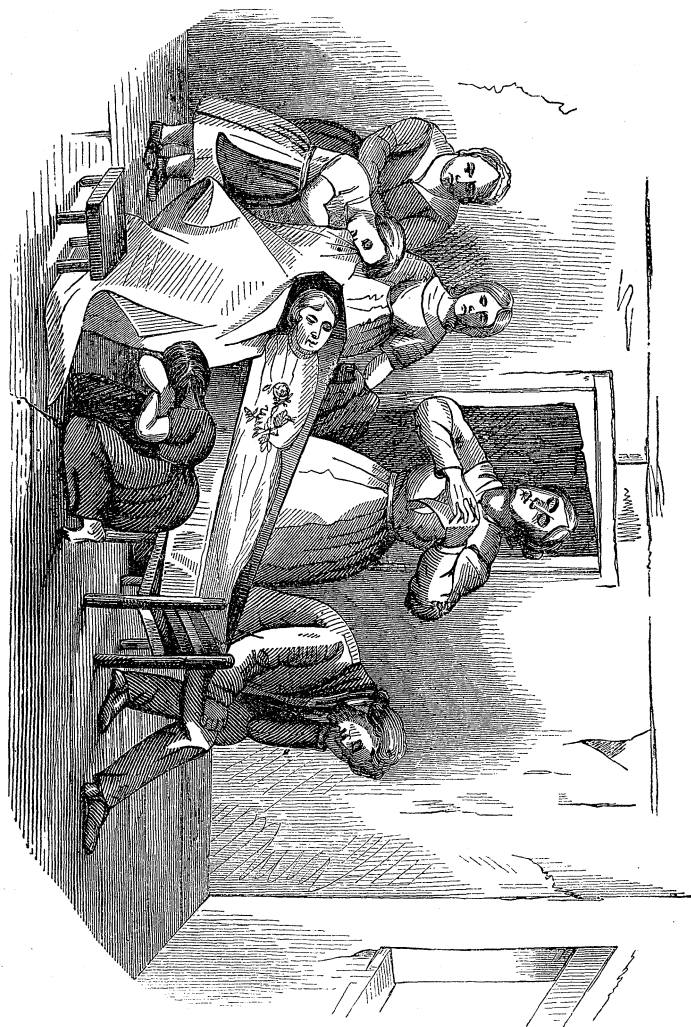
Such was the closing chapter in the life of that sinless child, who, under other circumstances, might have lived to a good old age, and become a useful and respectable member of society.

They brought home the poor little body, and the

mother's own hands dressed it for the grave. There was a stoical calmness in her looks and words, that was far more dreadful to witness than boisterous grief. She closed the little staring eyes, and gazed long upon the cold pale face, from which death had stolen the idiot smile. She kissed the white lip, and the broad open brow, which had given promise of so much intellect, folded the little hands upon the sinless breast, and then turned her eyes to heaven, and said, in tones of utter wretchedness, "Is there, indeed, a God?" Then came the day when they were to lay her in the grave, beside the little Ida; and the plain wooden coffin was placed upon low chairs, and a little bunch of flowers rested on her breast, the gift of good, kind Mrs. Atlee. Several of the neighbours were there, and as they sat, there came a pattering of little feet upon the stairs, and two twin sisters entered the room to look their last upon the face of her they loved. They drew near the coffin, and then, oh! the wild burst of grief, the sobs, the tears that rained from those loving eyes, upon the face and hands of the dead child. "Oh! Ellen, my sister, speak to me," said Rose. "Only open your eyes once, and look at me, and say you have not forgotten poor Rose;" but Lily, with a solemn air, rebuked her, and said, "Not so, Rose. Do not wish her to live again; for her to live, was but to suffer. She is happy now. See how quiet she looks: she is at peace: she is resting. I wish I could share her sleep;" and,

sinking down beside the little coffin, the wretched bound girl hid her face in her lap, and wept such bitter tears as childhood should never be forced to shed. What a picture she forms there, in her coarse, mean attire, with her feet peeping forth, while Rose, well dressed, and comfortably fed, stands leaning at the head of the coffin, and weeping, with a more child-like sorrow.

They carried her forth, and laid her in an humble grave, appointed for the poor, and she and Ida sleep until the resurrection morning, when the grave shall be called upon to give up its dead, and when the souls of all men shall be called to judgment. God will sit upon his throne, and decide upon this case impartially: for certain it is, no punishment has ever reached the perpetrator of this crime; without, indeed, conscience has become awakened, and stung its possessor into repentance. It may be that such is the case. I know not. She must be an old woman, now, hastening to her last account. Who knows but that she sees, as in a vision, that little drowning child, with the waters fast closing over her? Who knows but that her guilty fears may picture to her a little face, upturned from the river's muddy bed, and staring at her with its glassy eyes? And who knows but that she may feel, by this time, how cruel it was for her to war against that little form, which has long since mouldered into dust? Perchance that grass-grown grave, with its wooden stick, with the simple name of "Ellen" in-



LITTLE ELLEN.

scribed upon it, rises to her memory, and it is in vain she tries to shut out the sight. Mrs. Harley took good care to write her a full account of the child's death. The letter was never answered; and a short time ago I visited the very spot in the country where they lived, but the Wilson's had long since removed far off to the West.

Has time and distance erased the past? Has God forgotten it? I think not; but be that as it may, the fact remains incontestable, immutable, unpalliated. Call it isolated; doubt its truth; assert that the child must have been refractory or disobedient—anything, everything that you choose—but the fact still stands firm, burnt into the hearts of a mother and a family of brothers and sisters, in characters that death alone can remove. I believe that God has written it in his book; and I believe, too, that God will, in his own good time, avenge it.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE IN ADVERSITY. SICKNESS, PENURY, AND SOME
WHOLESOME REFLECTIONS UPON THE USES AND ABUSES
OF SOCIETY.

Though youth be past, and beauty fled,
The constant heart its pledge redeems,
Like box, that guards the flowerless bed,
And brighter from the contrast seems.

MRS. HALE.

Truth needs no flowers of speech.

POPE.

The cup of sorrow was not yet drained, nor the worst happened to the unfortunate family, whose history I am writing. They had as yet to learn, that misfortunes come not singly, but follow quickly upon the heels of their predecessors.

Frank Harley, who had never been entirely confined to his bed, was now taken down to it, and grew rapidly worse. The unusual exertion he had made in the search for little Ellen, had done him serious injury, though at the time, his excitement was so great, that he did not feel it. But he was now rapidly sinking, and his poor wife awoke to the dread reality of coming evil, and recalled her heart from the gaze of her dead

child. She had fondly loved her husband in the gay season of youth, when fortune smiled, and life was fraught with gladness; but she had since learned how sweeter far it was to love amid all the horrors of adversity. When one by one the summer friends of happy days fell off, and they were left alone to meet the thousand ills of poverty, her heart thrilled with its wealth of love and devotion, and she promised herself the joy of showing him how true was one heart to his fallen fortunes, and how much more tenderly he was loved for his very helplessness; and as he grew sick, how happy she was to wait upon him, forgetting all her own troubles, in the sweet task of banishing his; gently soothing his ruffled spirits; ministering to his wants, appreciating his slightest wishes, and ever showing him that respect, which had marked her character from the first hour that she stood a loving bride beneath his roof, and without which, no married life is happy. But now to lose him; to feel that he must die; that he must leave her, to go to that bourne from which no traveller returns; that she must get up some morning, and remember that yesterday she laid him in the grave, and that to-day she is alone; desolate; cast adrift on the wide ocean of life; to meet its thunder-clouds and its tempests, ah! was it not enough to make her weep: was it not enough to make her tender spirit quail, and her heart sink within her? Remember, too, that she carried in her bosom a little child, who might never see its father, and will

you then chide her despairing grief. It seemed as if all the ills that could possibly happen to any human being, were crowded into that one life; and that she was forced to suffer them all for some good purpose, not to be revealed. Poor thing, I have often looked at her and wondered how one so fair and delicate, could have lived through so much anguish and sorrow: how it was that she did not sink under it, into that grave which must have seemed her only refuge. And yet, she did bear it, with a fortitude that would have done honor to the stoutest-hearted man that ever headed a forlorn hope, with a lion-hearted courage on the field of battle. To a mother, this strength and energy will be perfectly intelligible.

I have told you how Mrs. Harley loved her husband, but I have not not said how dearly she was prized in return. Ah, how fondly did that poor desolate being cling to her, who had been to him so tender, so faithful, and so true. She alone could mix his medicines, smooth his pillow, talk to him or feed him, for he was grown too weak to feed himself. His eyes followed her about the room, and if she left him for a moment, he was uneasy and restless till she returned. In order to provide him with the necessaries of life, she was forced to sew nearly all night long, and as if she had not already enough to depress her, there came a tightness in the money market, and the proprietor of the store she worked for, reduced the already meagre wages, which he paid for the making of shirts. Every

penny was a loss to her slender purse, and coming as it did just now, when her husband was so sick, she felt it much more, for they stood in need of extra means, in order to provide the poor invalid with food that would nourish his decaying faculties; but there was no alternative; it was no work at all, or work at a starving price, and the mother and daughter agreed to labor later each night, in order to make up the deficiency. Just think of making up such a deficiency with the blood and sinews and strength of two poor delicate women, for how could such heart-wearing toil do other than sap the foundation of life; what constitution but an iron one, could hold out against labor so unceasing, and privations so terrible.

The physician who attended Frank Harley, was a young man who had but lately graduated, and was appointed by the overseers of the poor to visit the sick in that particular section of the city, in which Quarry street was situated. He was a poor young man himself, the only son of a widowed mother, who had struggled hard to educate her boy, and whose appeal to the noble-hearted professors of the college of medicine, had obtained for her son free admission to the lectures, to be paid when he should feel himself able to do so. The charity of the poor is as proverbial as the hard-heartedness of the rich, and the sympathising heart of Doctor Ellis bled at the sight of misery, which he was in a great measure powerless to alleviate. He became very much interested in the Harley

family, and gave them more of his time than belonged, strictly speaking, to professional visits. He brought his mother to see them, and she in turn, was so struck with their extreme delicacy and refinement of manner, even in the midst of so much misery, that she became in turn a warm devoted friend, and the intimacy still exists at this remote period of time.

Eugene Sue, the greatest of French novelists of the present day, a man who so perfectly understands character, and who delineates it with unerring skill, has said, in speaking of poverty, that the charity of the poor towards the poor, is holy. And it is indeed holy, for do they not give of what they need themselves, whereas the rich, if they give at all, give of their abundance, and never miss it. How much more value had the two poor mites of the widow, in the eyes of God, than the golden offering of the rich and pampered Jew.

The fatal disease which was hurrying Frank Harley to the grave, was rapidly developing such symptoms as belong to its latest stage, and the alarming progress it made, precluded all hope from the hearts of his afflicted family. 'Tis true, that sometimes those deceitful changes took place, which would light up the eye and cheek with the brightness of health; but the wife at such times, read the expression of the doctor's face, and its sad meaning taught her the fallacy of hope.

It was now the month of February. The snow was on the ground, and was followed by a storm of rain, that freezing at it fell, covered the streets of the city with a continuous sheet of ice. No one ventured out but those forced to brave the tempest; and all pedestrians were obliged to take the middle of the street. The cold had been intense, although since the rain, it had slightly moderated; but the poverty of the Harleys had reached a frightful pitch, and was considerably augmented by their need of fuel to keep them warm. A small fire was kept burning in the room of the invalid, composed mostly of tan; but down stairs, the hearth-stone was as cold as the marble which composes a river god. This room on the first floor, was both parlour and kitchen for the family, and its aspect at the time I speak of, was cheerless indeed. It was on a dark dismal day, in the month of which I write, that Gazella arose early, and proceeded to prepare the breakfast for her wretched family, while her mother plied her needle, at the bedside of her father. She broke the ice in the water bucket, and filled the kettle and carried it across the court, to a kind neighbour's, to boil. She then spread upon the table a coarse, but clean white cloth, and placed around it sundry blue saucers and leaden spoons. Then taking from the shelf of the closet, a round wooden box, with a tightly fitting cover, she raised the lid and disclosed to view, some two or three pounds of corn-meal. The contents

of this box, O! reader, was all that was left between them and starvation. They could make a breakfast upon it—dinner was a luxury unknown to them; but where was their supper to come from? Think, O! reader! Thou who art surrounded with so many blessings, and yet find cause for so much complaint. Think of such abject misery as this: Be thankful for thy many blessings, and give to the poor thy sympathy, thy assistance, and thy friendship. Let us look at the form of Gazella as she sits there, and take note of the ravages privation has made in her. She has grown much taller. She is fifteen, now—not the rosy, buoyant, laughing fifteen of the poets, but the pale, dispirited, meagre, starved child of misery, whose whole life is doomed to know no alleviation, and whose future is even darker than her present.

Constantly bending over her work, Gazella has grown quite round-shouldered, and her breast is caved in, like a person in consumption. Her face and form are very thin, but still there is a beauty in her countenance, that not all the woes of her hard fate has been able to destroy. Her eyes of hazel, although lacking the spirit and beauty of health, have about them a depth and holiness of expression, that fully compensates for their want of fire. There beamed ever from those eyes, the sad pensive revealings of a soul all purity and sorrow, and her devoted love to her parents so shadowed forth in their depths, that one

might imagine them not unlike those beauteous orbs of the virgin mother of God, as she gazed upon her divine son.

The finely shaped head, covered with its soft brown hair, that fell sometimes in graceful ringlets on her neck of snow, but was more often confined at the back of her head; the fine open brow, the Grecian nose, so perfect in its beauty, and the mouth so innocent in its faultless expression, if one overlooked the fast coming lines in the corners, which had been wrought there by care: all these combined, made up a face of no common loveliness, and would have created for an heiress a reputation of superior beauty; but even as it was, insured to the possessor the homage of one true and faithful heart.

And such a heart existed in the bosom of Doctor Ellis, and school himself as he might, he felt from day to day, his interest in Gazella increase, and thus it was that he paid such long visits to her father. She was a mere child, it was true, but time would remedy that evil, and he resolved to wait till time did, and in the meanwhile, he exerted himself to lighten the cares that weighed upon her young spirit. She was one of those faithful daughters, who made all the cares of her family into her own, and who was indeed an invaluable treasure to her mother. She nursed her father tenderly, and attended to all the little comforts in her power, for her two brothers. With all the wisdom of riper years, she calculated what would be best for the

interests of her family, and showed in every action, so much forgetfulness of self, and such entire devotion to others, that her parents often said to each other, that she was too good for this world, and that she was blossoming for heaven.

I would have you remember, dear reader, that I am not drawing upon the the powers of my imagination for this picture of Gazella, the sewing girl; but am painting her from an actual reality: a being that lived and breathed and moved before me, as perfect, and even more so, than I have described her: a being that still lives deep in my heart, dear to my recollection, enshrined as a memory so pure and sacred, that she seems like a tie to link me to that glorious land which is now her home. Some there are, who will peruse these pages, and recall the sainted being of whom I write, and will no doubt, think her well worthy to be held up as an example for all to follow. No pen has ever recorded her virtues, or done justice to her blameless life, saving one obituary notice of her death, that appeared in one of our city papers. Let it be my task, then, to rescue from obscurity this spotless gem: this diamond of pure water. She needs neither polishing, or brilliant setting. I place her before you just as she was, only that it is not in my power to do her justice; for how is it possible to enter into all the daily struggles of her life; to tell all the meek submission of her heart; or to give any idea of the constant self-denial, to which she subjected herself.

Her mother said of her, "she never told a lie," she always qualified every thing she said in this manner: I think it was so and so, or to the best of my belief, it is so and so. If she promised to do any thing, it was always with the promise, if I live. She was remarkably conscientious, and her sensitiveness on such points was even painful. Her father, in speaking of her to Doctor Ellis, said, "I have never known Gazella to be angry in her life, nor has she ever disobeyed me in the smallest trifle." Her brothers and sisters loved her tenderly, and looked up to her as a model of all goodness. They always obeyed her cheerfully, and treated her slightest wishes as commands. In addition to all this, Gazella was so modest of her own merits, so careful of wounding the feelings of others, and so full of charity for her fellow creatures, that her character arrived nearer to perfection than any person I have ever met. Oh! how few, how very few there are in this world like her. I would have you, oh! fair young girl, whose eye rests upon these pages, strive to imitate her, if you would inherit the crown of eternal life, which I feel quite certain rests upon her angel brow to-day in Paradise.

I would have you contrast all I have told you of this gentle girl, and her hard fate, her intense sufferings and uncomplaining misery, with the picture of "Uncle Tom," that abused and pious, but imaginary colored individual, for whom a nation's sympathy has

been awakened. I do not believe such a being ever existed, save in the realms of fancy, but the poor white slave, Gazella, with all her starving misery, adds to the history of her sufferings, that most charming of all attributes—"truth." We shall see whether "the broad-chested, powerful negro," or the fragile, delicate girl, with her pure white face, is most entitled to your sympathy and tears. Oh! mother, thou who lovest so fondly the little cherub that lies in thy arms, or sleeps in its crib beside thee, roseate with health and beauty, how canst thou tell but that adversity may come, and doom thine innocent to such a life of hardship? How knowest thou, but those ruby lips, now wreathed in smiles, may some day echo "Gazella's prayer for bread," and not only hers, but the cry that goes up every day from the starving thousands, who drag out a miserable existence in the wretched hovels about our great cities. There is no denying the fact, that in one house fortune smiles, and a happy family sit down to a luxurious table, covered with every delicacy of the season, while, perhaps at the next door, may be found starvation, misery and death. I would have you look to it, you whom God has blessed, and whose hearts are not hardened by your prosperity; look to it, abolitionists, who believe there are no evils at home, and are meddling yourselves with the Southern country; look to the wretchedness around you; aye, in your very midst. There are naked children to be clothed, and hungry ones to be fed; there are damp

cellars, where whole families herd together with squalid, starving misery—their only means of living is beggary and theft. If they do the former, you can arrest them as paupers and send them to the Alms House; if the latter, your laws send them to a prison, even though they steal but a loaf of bread to allay the pangs of hunger. What are they to do, or where find relief? You will urge that they are lost, degraded beings; that the parents drink; that the children are so polluted with vice and crime that you can do nothing for them. And who, I would ask, constituted you a judge over these lost creatures? Have they not souls, and are not those souls immortal?—Does not God impress upon us the worth, the immense value of one soul; of one of those sparks that are struck from his own divine nature; and have these souls, then, no claims upon you? Can you read your bible, pray, go to church, dress, give parties and be happy, while thousands are around you, lost in degradation, fallen so low that they are even loathsome to the sight, and yet having a claim upon you,—a claim never as yet recognized by you, but not the less sacred because you have neglected it? Can you do all this and stifle the voice of conscience, and say that you owe nothing to these poor wretches? And why is this? Is it that they are wicked and depraved, while you are pure and blameless? God forbid, if this is your reason, that I should let you rest in this sinful security. God forbid that you should waste your sympathies on

the slaves of the South, and by your indiscreet conduct and mad fanaticism, tighten their chains, and embitter the hearts of their masters against you. In the words of scripture, let me ask, why takest thou the mote out of thy brother's eye, and seest not the beam that is in thine own? Abolish slavery at the North;—the slavery of sewing women, and of the apprentice and bound girl system; and again, the slavery that holds in chains of adamant, that low, debauched, despised portion of our community, who, on account of their many crimes and their loathsome manner of living, have cast themselves out of the pale of society, but who are not the less the creatures of God; are not the less our brothers and sisters, are not the less, oh! abolitionist, according to thy code, born free and equal with thyself.

And again, let me urge upon you this important fact. Suppose that you have a child—one that you love; one that you wish to bring up in the way of truth and rectitude, and you say to that child—"my son, it is wicked to tell a lie, very wicked." Now this is good advice; but suppose a few moments after it is given, your son asks you for his knife—a knife that you took out of his pocket when he was asleep, and have hidden away in the top drawer of your bureau. You do not want him to have it, but you have not the moral courage to say so, and therefore you tell him you don't know where it is, and you pretend to assist in the search for it. Some company calls. You go

down to the parlor to see them, and in your absence the nursery-maid comes in. The little fellow instantly besieges her with inquiries about his knife, and she very innocently tells him where it is, and that you put it there, resolving that he should not have it any more to hack the chairs and window-sills with. Now what effect has your lesson of truth upon the mind of the child? Who cannot estimate the value of precept without example?

Just so it is with slavery. You may rave and rant about the poor, suffering slave; you may abuse the master and weep for the victim; you may dwell with the tenderest sympathy upon the highly wrought fiction, that has nothing to recommend it, but the genius that prompted it; you may spend your thousands for the relief of far-off suffering, and it will, it must all go for naught, while you live in the midst of misery that you never see; while your houses are within hail of those poor wretches, who are starving for the bread thrown to your dogs, and while you continue to grind down the wages of that most desolate and pitiable class of all the poor, the plain needle-women.

CHAPTER X.

NEW TROUBLES, SORROW, AND DEATH.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil ;
Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.

O. W. HOLMES.

We left Gazella hopelessly looking at the contents of the meal-box, but we must hasten to relieve her mournful position, for time is too precious to be wasted in tears. The children are hungry and must be fed, and the next meal must be provided, though God only knew where it was to come from. Shivering with cold, the little family drew up around the table, and the mother asked a blessing upon their simple fare. They ate in silence, for their feelings were depressed, and conversation was irksome. As I have before said, the morning was dark and stormy, and the same rooms of the houses in Quarry street, though dark enough when we saw them first in summer, are still more so, as seen by the light of a February morning.

At last, Gazella broke the silence thus. "Mother, the meal is all gone, the money spent, and Mrs. Watkins won't trust us any more, 'till we pay what we owe already. What is to be done?"

"Trust in God, daughter."

"Yes, mother, I do, but then it is necessary for us to make exertions to help ourselves, for we don't live in the time of miracles."

"Alas, my child, what effort can we make, your father is dying; that is quite evident: I cannot sew any longer without neglecting him. Poor creature, I thank God that he will not suffer the stings of poverty a great while."

The mother burst into tears, and hugged more closely about her the tattered shawl, which helped to keep her warm in doors, as well as out. Gazella went to her, caressing her fondly, and mingling her tears with her mother's. "Do not weep," said she, "we will trust in God. I will go out and seek for assistance. Mrs. Atlee cannot refuse to help us. The only thing is, my feet are on the ground, and I am afraid I shall get my toes frosted, like I did last winter walking on the ice." "Don't you think you might wear your father's boots over your shoes?"

"I will try. That is an idea that never struck me," said Gazella, rising with alacrity, and going up stairs to her father's room. The emaciated invalid lay upon the bed, quite still, but with his large eyes constantly wandering about the room. His breathing was short and difficult, and his long black hair fell in tangled masses about his palid face. He motioned Gazella to him, and she knelt beside his bed of straw, and fondly kissed his brow and lips, while she passed

her hand over his hair, while he, in return, laid his thin, wan fingers, upon her head, and invoked the blessings of Heaven upon his child. Alas! how altered was this poor wreck, to the handsome man she once remembered as her father. Speaking slowly, and with great difficulty, he said, "Gazella, death approaches. I feel its hand upon my heart. I want to see my children once more—my poor, dear children—that I may look my last upon them, and they upon me. Go forth and bring them, my noble daughter, and a father's blessing upon your head, poor girl. Do not weep. Nay, does it seem, indeed, so bad to lose thy father? He is only a burthen now."

"Nay, nay, father, do not say a burthen. Are you not the dearest, best father that ever was called by such a name. Does not a thousand acts of your kind indulgence live in our hearts. Can we do else than love you, mourn for you, beg that God will spare you to us, yet a little while. Do not chide me, father. Let your daughter weep—let her tears fall upon your cheek, ere its fevered pulse is stayed, and it is hidden from her view forever. Oh! I am sad and wretched now, but what shall I be when I no longer have a father to bless me with his welcome voice, and to love and caress his child?"

"My poor girl, cheer up, for it distresses me to see you thus."

"I know it does, father; and I should not be so careless of your feelings; but see, I am not weeping

now; I will even try to look happy, for your dear sake."

"Bless you, my child; and you will go out in the storm to bring my children to me?"

"I will, father; and that reminds me I came up here to get your boots, for you see that these shoes are not calculated to keep my feet warm." "My boots, child! how in the world will you keep them on?" "I shall put them on over my shoes, thus—there, that is on, and is not such a bad fit, either—and now, well there is the other one on! How do I look? They seem to make me feel much taller." "You only feel so, daughter; no one would notice the difference. They will keep your feet warm and dry, and that is all you need care for."

Gazella wrapped herself in an old shawl, and set out on her errand. First of all, she stopped at Mrs. Anson's, and was ushered by Lily into the kitchen. In the gentlest terms in which such language could be clothed, she told her that her father was very ill, and wanted to see her, for perhaps he might die, and he wanted to give her some good advice. Poor Lily received the news with more than the common sorrow of children. There were so few to love her, or speak kindly to her, that she could ill afford to lose the kindest and most loving of the few. She went to Mrs. Anson with the intelligence, and that lady could do little less than let her go on such an errand, although she grumbled a good deal, and lamented that it should

happen the week of Julia's party, which was, of course, very bad, for what business had sickness or death in the way, upon such an occasion for a gentleman's daughter. Gazella went on her way, leaving Lily to go to Quarry street alone: and when the child set out, her kind mistress opened her heart, seeing that her father was dying, and gave her a basket to carry home, containing some mercer potatoes, and some boiled meat which had been kept 'till it was sour. By way of dessert, she added a custard of a week old.

With a heavy heart, Gazella sought for herself a path through the icy streets. Her way lay past the store from which her mother obtained work. She and all her family were starving. Her father was dying. There was not a stick of wood in the house, and as she had started out cold, she was still shivering from the effects of it. She paused in front of the five story building, which had been erected by Mr. Smith, their patron. It was a goodly edifice to look upon, with its rows of windows and its gold lettered signs, telling that each story was let out for different purposes; but who would reflect as they gazed, what an army of pale, consumptive women it had taken to build it: how their hearts' blood had been drained away, drop by drop; how the flesh had been worn down from their marrowless bones, the sight from their eyes and slumber from their eyelids, that Mr. Smith might build a handsome store, do a flourishing business, and become in a few years, a millionaire. And who gives a thought

to those lonely graves, in some potters field, appointed for the poor, where lie and moulder the bones of those, whose labor has thus enriched their patrons.

We have said that Gazella paused in front of the store, and would hasten to add, that she did so because a certain thought had crossed her mind, and she paused for a moment, undecided whether she should put it in execution. It was a bold thought for one so modest and gentle, but necessity knows no scruples, and she entered the store, trembling a little, it is true, and walked back to the counting room, where Mr. Smith was seated, answering letters. A very cozy counting room it was, too, with its nicely carpeted floor, and its well polished stove, heated to red-hot intensity, and scattering far the chills of winter; and not less cozy looking was the master, as he sat there in his cushioned chair, his long legs crossed under the table, and in his face the most complete get-all-I-can and keep-all-I've-got expression, that one would be likely to meet any where in a day's walk.

Had Gazella known as much as we do about physiognomy, she would have choked back the prayer she was about to utter, into her heart; but not being so well versed, she followed up her desperate resolve, and told him to what an extreme state of poverty they were reduced; and he graciously helped her, didn't he? No; he didn't do any such a thing. Mr. Smith was not the man to be so foolish. He had gone through a process of hardening, that made him

very happily indifferent to all such distresses. He had been a bound boy once himself, and had been kicked and cuffed about, and kept down so long, that the thought of his being able to retaliate upon his kind, was happiness to him. He told Gazella that she should have plenty of work, as much as she could do, but that times were too hard for him to give away money. It was impossible to meet his expenses, and if he gave to every beggar he met, he should soon be ruined.

Struggling hard to repress her tears, and calm her agitation, Gazella turned away and walked through the store, where she had to encounter the stares of some dozen of young men. One of this number, a cutter in the establishment, and brother-in-law of the proprietor, seeing her agitated air, came up to her, just as she reached the outer door, and asked if he could do anything to serve her. The poor girl turned and looked at the face of the man who addressed her, and it must be confessed, it was not one that would particularly recommend itself to the heart of a pure-minded girl, for it was coarse and vulgar, and the whole manner of the man was one of swaggering impudence. She shrunk from him intuitively, but he, resolving to win ground, softened his voice, and spoke in tones of as much kindness as he could command. He asked if she was in trouble, and pulling out a handful of gold and silver, he held it towards her, telling her to help herself. She looked at the tempt-

ing coin, and glanced down at her own ragged attire, and inwardly at her empty stomach, and homeward to the couch of her dying father, and in a quick, earnest voice, she bade him come to her at night, to her home in Quarry street, if he really wished to befriend her. Thus saying, Gazella left the store, and walked away in the direction of Mrs. Atlee's house, in Third street.

Here, at last, the poor half frozen girl arrived, and was shown into the richly furnished parlors, by a polite servant, who, taking his cue, as servants invariably do, from his master and mistress, treated a cold shivering beggar with the same courtesy that he would have shown the fine fashionable lady visiter. In a few moments Mrs. Atlee entered the room, greeting Gazella warmly, making her sit closer to the fire, and asking, in those tones of affectionate interest, after her sick father and family, which are so sure to touch the hearts of those to whom fortune has been unkind. The poor child's feelings had been already worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and when those soft tones of sympathy fell upon her ear, her heart melted within her, and she burst into an agony of tears. Mrs. Atlee sat close down by the cold, shivering form, and drew the weeping face down upon her bosom, whispering, the while, sweet words of comfort and encouragement, and gradually gleaning from her that she had come to take Rose to see her dying father,

and that they were reduced to the last stage of wretchedness.

There was something in this scene I wish to impress upon your minds, the more particularly, that it is not one of common occurrence. On the one side you see a woman, tall, stately, dignified—every inch a lady. You see her in the midst of refinement and luxury, seated in her own home, with a husband to love and care for her; with servants to obey her slightest wish, and with all the good things of life at her command: and on the other side you see the poor sewing girl—she who toils and suffers with cold and hunger, she whose father is dying with consumption, whose family have no heritage but poverty, she at whom the children of the rich look with contempt, and she, too, whom men will dare insult because she is poor, and has no protector—and yet they sit together, now, with all the difference of position forgotten, and the one listens, while the other, drying her tears, tells the sad story of her woes. Gently the kind, noble-hearted woman, soothes the desolate girl. She took her to her own room, and dressed her in good warm clothes, and ordered her a nice bowl of chocolate and a plate of toast, and while she sipped the delicious beverage, so delicate to a starving stomach, she dispatched a servant to the school to carry Rose home. She then made out a long list of sundries and sent to the cook, and that functionary proceeded, with an auxiliary, to the store-room, and there made such a goodly collec-

tion of various paper bags, &c., as sufficed to fill an ample basket. The contents of this basket was sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate, flour, candles, and various other things, too numerous to mention; and after having seen it duly deposited in the carriage, which was now at the door, we will leave it, with the supposition that it added materially to the comfort of our friends of Quarry street, and proved a more welcome visiter than did the uncooked potatoes and sour meat and custard, which Mrs. Anson had so generously bestowed. One thing, however, should be remembered, and that is, that one of these ladies was a great professor, while the other was a great possessor, of that sometimes troublesome appendage, called a *heart*.

Little Rose, triumphantly carried in the stout arms of Andy, reached home, and ran impatiently into mamma Atlee's room, quite curious to learn why she had been sent for from school. As soon as she saw her sister, with eyes red and swollen from recent weeping, she divined something of the truth, and throwing her arms about her neck, she asked, in a choking voice, "Oh! sister, what has made you cry so; how is father? tell me; do not be afraid, tell me if he is worse?" "He is much worse, Rose, and I have come to take you to see him." "Did he ask for me, sister?" "Yes, not only for you, but for all." "Oh! how kind in him to want to see his own poor little Rose. Mamma, I shall go, shall I not?" "Certainly, my child," said Mrs. Atlee, and taking her on her

lap, she smoothed back the clustering curls from her fair face, and told her that her father was dying, and that he wanted to give her his blessing, and that she hoped her little Rose would act like a woman, and remember it was God who gave life, and he therefore had a right to take it, and that she would not cry, or do anything to vex or worry her poor mother, but try to think that God knows what is best for us, and afflicts us for our own good.

Rose sat, with her large eyes full of tears, listening to what Mrs. Atlee said, and taking in her meaning. Her little lips quivered, but she mastered her emotion, with a strong effort, and allowed Mrs. Atlee to equip her for her ride, repeating inwardly to herself, the while, "Father is dying, father is dying, but I must not weep; father is dying, but I must not weep." And with these words echoing through the chambers of her brain, and swelling up her heart with the emotion of coming orphanage, the child descended the stairs with Mrs. Atlee and Gazella, and was wrapped up in a leopard skin, and safely deposited in one corner of the carriage.

And thus they rode through the streets, and arrived at Quarry street, which was, by the way, too narrow for the passage of a carriage, and here they got out and walked up, Andy carefully carrying Rose, as if she had been one of the favored children of fortune, and not a *poor child*, and they entered the wretched home, so cold, so cheerless, and ascended to the room of the

sick man. By his side knelt Mrs. Harley, but she arose to receive Mrs. Atlee, and that lady kindly advanced to the bed, and shaking hands with the poor sufferer, took a seat so near him as to be able to converse with him, without forcing him to raise his voice high. She cheered him with her womanly sympathy and kindly feeling, and right welcome were her sweet words and noble face to that poor helpless man, who had outlived the smiles of friends and fortune. Ah! how dear to the sad heart is friendship at such an hour.

She made him a promise, as he lay there on his bed of death, and when the grave closed over all that was mortal of the father, she did not, like too many do, forget it, but she religiously kept it; and that promise was to take care of Rose as her own child, to love her, and protect her from every evil, and to give her a superior education.

"Is thee satisfied, Friend Harley, that I will do as I say?" "One has only to look at the child," said he, drawing to him the little Rose, "to see that she has found in you a second mother. I wish I was as well satisfied about the rest of the poor little things. Lily, come here; Lily, where are you; you were here just now?" Modestly the child came out from behind the bed, where she had seated herself at the appearance of Mrs. Atlee, and stood before her, blushing to the very roots of her hair. Her whole appearance was in keeping with her position, and told better than my pen can do it, the history of an abused child.

There was a peculiar expression of suffering on her face, that one reads only on the face of the young, and which is the more touching, as we cannot fail to remember, that no crime of childhood deserves such a penalty. The good Mrs. Atlee felt her heart warm towards the destitute little girl, who had been sent so young from the tender arms of a mother, to the mercies of a hard, unfeeling mistress; and I have no doubt that she wished that all human misery could be concentrated into one human form, and all wealth into one purse, and *that* her own, and then how gladly would she have relieved it. I have borrowed this idea from one of a different subject;—I believe it was the offspring of the brain of some love-sick poet, who wished that all the world's treasures of beautiful women could be joined into one mouth, that he might kiss it.

Rose and Lily stood together, with their arms encircling each other,—twins in birth, but how widely different their paths of life, and so much had their manner of living altered them, that one could scarcely longer have believed that they were sisters, so unlike had they become. Mrs. Atlee talked to Lily, and told her she would like her to come every week to see Rose, and feeling in her pocket, she found two bright, silver dollars, which she laid in the child's hand. Then turning to the invalid, she took her leave of him and his wife, and went away, having just meddled a good deal with some bottles of medicine on the mantel-

piece. An hour after, Mrs. Harley went there to get a composing draught for her husband, and found at her finger ends two ten dollar gold pieces, which elicited from her thankful heart a fervent God bless her, and I wish there were more Mrs. Atlee's in the world. She then told the glad news to the invalid, and to Gazella, who was preparing dinner, quite an unheard-of luxury by the way, beneath their roof. She also added, what she had not before had an opportunity to state, that Doctor Ellis had been there, after Gazella went out, and had set out with his horse and gig, to bring Harry down to see his father.

A little after night-fall Harry arrived, but Mr. Harley was so weak that he could not speak, and the children were all sent to bed at an early hour. Poor little Frank, however, was allowed to remain in the room, on account of his being so crippled, that it was difficult to move him. He felt deeply his father's sufferings, and when the fits of coughing came on, I doubt not they distressed him as much as they did the invalid. He was a silent child, and had no faculty for expressing his sympathy, but it needed no words to convince the father of the affection that beamed in his child's pale face, and he secretly blamed himself that he had remained so long indifferent to his endearing traits of character. In this, however, he was not unlike the generality of mankind, for we are all prone to value too lightly the blessings God has given us, until we and they are about to part company forever.

The morning came, and six children were grouped around the bed of a dying father. They listened to his advice, and heard his fast failing voice entreat them to love and obey their mother. He gave each one separate advice, and laid his wan hand upon the head of each, as he invoked the blessing of God upon their future lives. He wept, too, when he told them that he had beggared them, and he besought them not to feel hard towards him, when he was laid in the grave. Oh! children, have you forgotten that dying scene,—that squalid home, that weight of anguish that rested upon your mother's heart? Say, have you fulfilled your promise to the dead, for you did promise, and it was registered in heaven? Have you loved and obeyed that mother; have you cheered her sinking spirits; have you taken care to provide for her comfort in her declining years? You are men and women, now,—God grant that you have loved her enough, to repay her some of the sufferings she endured for you.

Doctor Ellis had said that when the pulse was at the lowest, say about midnight, that the invalid must be closely watched, and that at all events he could not hold out much longer. It was about fifteen minutes before that time that he awoke, and inquired, in a more natural tone of voice than he had used for a month past, for his wife. She was kneeling at the foot of the bed, weeping, it is true, yet finding some relief in the prayers she was addressing to the throne of grace.

She arose, and drew near him, and he motioned all to leave the room ; and what followed, let us not seek to know. That last, sacred conversation, between the husband and wife, before death destroyed their contract, and separated them in this world forever, we will not describe, for it had much in it of a nature to draw tears from eyes at all capable of the melting mood. They spoke of early days of happiness, when hope had painted the long vista of futurity with garlands of flowers, and over-arched it with the sunlight : and again, of that more recent past, so cold, so desolate, and yet, when they had been all in all to each other, and then when they came to the present ; I draw a veil, for I feel that their words, so softly breathed, so solemn and so tender, would lose their charm if they echoed in any heart but that of the loved ones into which they were breathed. Midnight came and passed away ; the children sank to sleep, but the wife and daughter, and Doctor Ellis, kept their lonely vigil by the lowly pallet of the dying man. The fire on the hearth burned low, and the flickering candle threw ghostly shadows upon the walls and ceiling. Mrs. Harley sat upon the bed, and held within her own the hand that had guided and supported her through so many years of life. Occasionally she pressed it to her heart, and sought to diffuse through the stiffening fingers, some of her own vital warmth.

“I am suffering for breath,” said Frank Harley,

making a desperate effort to rise; "open the window, daughter." Gazella hastened to perform her father's bidding, and the cold, damp air of a February morning, rushed into the room. "Raise me up," said the sick man, gasping for breath, with that peculiar rattling sound so dreadful to hear. Doctor Ellis raised him up, and supported him in his arms. Mrs. Harley wiped the death-dews from his forehead, and gazed upon him with all the soul streaming from her eyes: and he, looking first at Gazella, and then upon her, with one last lingering gleam of reason and of love, became convulsed with the mortal agony that shook his frame, and the eyes settled into a stare, which made the wife cry out, "Frank, speak to me once more, only once more: tell me that you know me still, that I am your own loved wife even yet;" but the cry was vain. The breathing, so labored, so terrible, had ceased; the heart had stopped its troubled beatings; the poor victim of unkindly fortune had felt his last mortal pang, and all was still. But while yet this solemn silence reigns in the chamber of death, there broke upon the air of night the deep-toned voice of the watchman, crying "three o'clock," and as it died away in the distance, it was caught up by another sound, which woke the echoes, and filled them with a mournful cadence, and that sound was the wail of a widow, who held in her despairing arms all that was left to her of the young, gay, high-spirited partner of her youth—the fond, devoted husband, who had never

breathed to her, since the first hour she had met him, one word that was not kindly, nor one tone that was not filled with love. She was alone: her heart was riven to its centre: two darling children gone, and now—so dear, so more than all the world to her, as he was—she had lost him, too. Do not chide her tears, her agony, for remember, “Jesus wept.”

Poor Gazella felt, in all its force, the blow which had fallen, but her great powers of endurance enabled her to check her feelings; and indeed the wild anguish of her mother made it doubly necessary for her to do so. Hours passed away, however, before she could induce her to leave the dead body of her husband. The children had, one by one, gathered round the bed of death, and stood with the tears streaming down their faces; but Doctor Ellis drew them all away to the lower room, and then returning, took a sheet and covered up the body; after which, he set out to find somebody to come and prepare it for the grave.

How true it is that we all think in the presence of a great sorrow, that there is no affliction like our own. And, truly, the lone widow who is cast upon the charities of the world, with children who look up to her for bread, has some right to think herself desolate. Her loss is great, even if she have money to meet all the minor demands of life; but if she is to encounter all the thousand ills of poverty—God help her.

They gave him a grave in a lot which had been given to the poor—and beside him slept his two child-

ren, Ida and Ellen. A kind clergyman performed the burial service in an appropriate manner, and spoke cheeringly to the mourners who stood round the grave of a husband and father. There were but few there but the family, for the poor do not have many friends to give eclat to their weddings and funerals; but in all the anguish of her heart, stood there the widow, clad in her plain black dress and her thick veil, while grouped around the grave, were but five children—Frank not being able to come. Three of those children were delicate girls, cast orphans upon the world; and who could foretell their future, or who imagine the sorrows and temptations that would beset their paths. Yet, there they were—young, pure and innocent. And, oh! who would be the kind friend that would save them from the contaminations of vice. One of them, little Rose, had found a home and devoted friends; but Lily and Gazella? Alas! could a mother's love shield them from what has wrecked so many girls, as fine and lovely as they. Even now, young as she was, Gazella had attracted the attention of a man, whose many gallantries made him the envy of his own sex and the delight and admiration of ours; for reason as you will to the contrary, it is a certain fact, that what damns a woman and sinks her to the lowest depths of infamy, elevates her companion to the very height of female favor. You naughty man, and you bad fellow, accompanied by the tap of a fan, is the only notice taken by the ladies of a man's immorality.

I have omitted to state in its place, that Mr. Simpson, the cutter in the establishment of Mr. Smith, true to his word, had paid the promised visit to the house in Quarry street. He was admitted by Gazella, who had told the affair to Doctor Ellis, and consequently our gallant friend was much surprised to meet, in such a lowly place, so handsome and distinguished a-looking man as our young physician. They were duly introduced to each other, and Gazella led the way to her father's room. At the bedside of death, the unholy emotions of the man was stayed, and after leaving a handful of silver on the mantel, he hastily departed, promising, however, to return again. No doubt, for a little while, even his hardened face could blush at the motives that had taken him on that night to such a home of misery.

We will leave the widow and the fatherless to become reconciled to their fate, by that only consoler on such occasions, Time, and we will look in for a little while upon the amiable family of the Ansons.

CHAPTER XI.

LILY SHOWS A REBELLIOUS SPIRIT. JULIA'S PARTY. LILY IS WHIPPED, BUT MRS. ANSON GOES TOO FAR, AND IS OBLIGED TO HAUL DOWN HER COLORS.

A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop
Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full
Already.

BYRON'S DOGE OF VENICE.

They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.

BYRON'S SIEGE OF CORINTH.

Who will deny that there are many persons living in this world of ours, who, from having been surrounded from their youth up, by the blessings of wealth, have become hardened and insensible to the woes of others, and treat them as imaginary evils. Sitting by their warm fires at home, well fed, and clothed in soft silk and fine linen, they feel that the weather must have moderated out of doors, and that winter is not such an inclement season, after all; in corroboration of which, let me repeat to you a story, for which I think I am indebted to the "Boston Post."

A certain rich lady living in that city of wealth, on one certain night felt very cold, owing to a sudden change of the weather, when the thermometer fell in a few hours to seven or eight degrees below zero. She rang the velvet bell-pull, and a footman answered the summons. "John," said she "bring some more wood, and pile up this fire, and let us have a cheerful blaze. It is very cold. And John, first, before you do that, make me a nice pitcher-full of hot lemonade, and season it well with brandy, and bring it here; and John, after that, take the wheelbarrow, and fill it with wood, and take it down to the widow Green's: poor thing, her children must be freezing this cold night." "Yes, ma'am," said the obedient servant; and he retired to obey her orders. Pretty soon he returned with the pitcher of punch on a silver waiter, and sat it down before his lady; and in a very few moments he came back again with an arm-load of wood, and soon had a blazing fire in the large open fire-place. Just as he was about to leave the room, his lady, deep in the mysteries of lemonade, seasoned *well with brandy*, and, of course, becoming very comfortably warm under its influence, called him back: "John," said she, "I guess you needn't go down with that wheelbarrow load of wood to widow Green's; *the weather has moderated now.*" [Exit John.]

But suppose the rich are called from their comfortable fire-sides, by some business that may force them to encounter the keen visiting of the winter winds:

even then they do not feel it as the poor do. They are well clad, and can add to their warm flannels and velvets the soft fur of animals: and what is better still, they are well fed with plenty of good, nourishing food, and their blood is rich and warm, and not easily chilled: but try the experience of the starving children of want: live on a weak diet for months, cover yourself with a few miserable tatters, and go out from a fireless hearth to breast the storms of winter, and perchance you may begin to have sympathy for the starving poor.

A very cold morning succeeded the funeral of Frank Harley, and little Lily set out to trace her way to Mrs. Anson's through the frozen streets. When she arrived there she was very blue about the face, and very cold about the hands and feet; but all was hurry and activity through the house, and she was obliged to forget her own feelings, and join her feeble aid in the preparations for Julia's party. Lily was now some eight or nine years old; she was thin almost to a skeleton, and bore the marks of hard usage in her face; yet was there something in its expression of a soul above her condition. The refined beauty which once had characterized her, had departed, but there were still enough traces of it left to keep alive a certain spite in the breast of Mrs. Anson, who could never forgive her for being better looking than her own daughter. Nor was it only in looks that Lily bore off the palm: the *poor*

child had no education, nor means of acquiring one, but she had natural talents, and was very observing. A fact once fixed in her mind, could not be displaced very easily. Thus it happened, that when opportunity served to make a display of Julia's talents and acquirements before company, and to make of Lily a sort of foil, or cat's paw, to bring Julia out, that some beautiful expression, or sensible thought, would drop unconsciously from the child's lips, and discover to view a soul of the finest perceptive powers. Mrs. Anson was forced to give up her previous tactics, and permit Julia to shine through some other medium; and it must be confessed that it was rather a mortifying conclusion for the proud mother to make, that the little bound girl, who scoured knives and forks, scrubbed the steps, washed the cinders free from ashes, and officiated as scullion in the kitchen, was gifted by the divine giver of every good with an intellect far superior to that of her beloved daughter, who, she imagined, was born to eclipse every body else. Still the fact was indisputable, and although Mrs. Anson would have died rather than have acknowledged it, yet it stirred up within her a feeling of hatred and jealousy, that vented itself for years upon that defenceless child, and at last drove her from her house; which last, however, was the greatest favor she ever done her.

We have said that there was bustle in the house of Mrs. Anson, when Lily returned; and, indeed, such

a cleaning and fixing, and running to and fro ; such a cooking and making of confectionary, and putting up of lace curtains, and numerous other things too numerous to mention, had not been known in that house before for years. All that money and taste combined could effect, was put in requisition, to make a brilliant affair. Julia was about seventeen years old, and being the only daughter, she resolved to come out at once, and astonish the world by her beauty and accomplishments. Poor thing, she is a monument of its ingratitude, for at the time of this writing, she is some four or five and thirty, and no one has as yet ventured to come forward and attempt to take her for his own. It was very well that she happened to be rich, else she would have led a rather lonesome life, for in addition to her homely face and figure, she had a most unamiable disposition, and was totally minus of all mental resources. Her greatest delight consisted in showing, on all occasions, her advantage over little Lily ; and on the present occasion, she ordered her about with the haughteur of a newly made duchess ; told her to do a dozen things at once, and because the child lacked the power of dividing herself into as many different parts, and setting each part at work, she was scolded and taunted, and received the valuable piece of information, more false than new, that she was the most idle, worthless and stupid piece of furniture, on the face of the earth. But Lily, by long habit, had become used to abuse and hard names, and bore it with a

calmness that was very provoking to her tormentors. There were, however, certain points upon which she was not so much of a philosopher, and these points were, when her family became the subjects of scornful and insulting remarks. Then it was that a proud spirit of defiance was aroused within her, and shot in angry gleams from her eyes, and her tongue gave utterance to the bitterness and hatred that cruelty had engendered in her breast.

The new-made orphan rubbed away at the silver destined to shine upon the supper table that night, and hint at the wealth of its owners; and as she rubbed, her mind dwelt with mournful sadness upon the scenes of the last few days, and she contrasted them, child as she was, with the wealth and happiness around her. She thought of the rags and wretched clothing which covered her mother and Gazella, and compared them with the elegant dress of pink silk, and slippers of white satin, which were destined to be worn that night by the only daughter of the Ansons. Perhaps she was so deep in thought, that the silver did not grow as bright beneath her touch as it should have done: be this as it may, her reflections were disturbed, or rather turned aside from their smooth channel, by a severe box on the ear. She turned quickly, and saw Mrs. Anson beside her, in a towering passion. "You lazy, idle, worthless jade, you: you had better go to sleep at once, I think. I'll tell you what it is, my lady, if you don't mind your p's-and-q's, and do

your work better, I shall know how to bring you round; why you don't earn your salt. Here you have been gone three days this week, and that time is all loss, and you come back on the day of Julia's party just to have a share of the good things, I'll be bound." "Oh! no, Mrs. Anson. You can't think that, indeed. Father was only buried yesterday afternoon," said the child, as she wiped away the fast flowing tears.

"Well, where's the use of crying about it. It is a good thing he is dead, I'm sure. He was nothing but a burthen to your mother—a good-for-nothing, drunken, worthless vagabond."

"Say that again and I'll strangle you!" screamed the child, springing to her feet, and standing before Mrs. Anson, in a perfect fury of rage—alas! how impotent. "My father was not a burthen to my mother. He was not drunken, or a vagabond. He was good and tender and kind; and if he was alive you should not say so: but he is dead, and you are cruel, and have got no heart, or you would not dare to say it."

"Oh, you impudent piece! Do you dare to talk in that manner to me? You'll strangle me, will you, you little fury? I always knew you were a fiend. I shall lock you up in the coal cellar with the rats, and you shall not come out 'till after the party is all over."

"If you do, I will scream so loud that they will hear me, and you'll have to let me out; and when once I get amongst them, I will tell them why you

locked me up, and what you said about my father, who was only buried yesterday—and I will tell more than that.” “What? you impudent child.” “Why, I will tell how Mr. Anson was brought home one night on a settee, with his face all cut and bleeding; and how the men said, that brought him, that he got into a drunken spree: and will tell how Mr. John and Mr. Henry stay out all night, and come home and sleep all day, and then I’ll run away from you, and you won’t find me easily. I can tell you, father is dead now, and I don’t care whether I am good or not, any more. It won’t trouble him.”

The child’s face, before so red with passion, faded to its usual palid hue, and the mournful expression came back. No doubt, poor Ellen’s grave appeared to her at that moment, and she longed for its quiet rest. “You are a very bad girl,” said Mrs. Anson, softening down, apparently. “Something must be done to keep you from going headlong to ruin. I wonder if Rose gives her mistress as much trouble as you give me.” “Rose has no mistress. Mrs. Atlee is her adopted mother: she promised my father, before he died, to take care of her as long as she lived.” “Humph! She must be very fond of trouble, I think; but go on, and do your work, and be quick about it. If I thought you were sorry for your impertinence, I might be induced to forgive you;” and so saying, Mrs. Anson swept away.

“Forgive me, indeed!” thought the child; as if

she had any thing to forgive. I guess she will learn to let my father alone. She may abuse me and beat me too, but she had better let them alone. I know more than she would like me to tell. O! how I do hate her. I know I would not cry one tear, if I saw her lying dead before me."

Thus you see, dear reader, that a child, however patient and kindly in disposition, may be aroused on certain points, and made to exhibit the most fearful passions. The most noble of our species are of this class.

"The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood."

Little Lily was callous to the punishment that could be inflicted upon her. Little cared she that she was whipped and goaded, starved and abused; but insult her family, taunt her about her father or mother, and hold them up to contempt, and the soul God had placed within her, rebelled against it, and rose up armed with precocious power to defend them.

But do not suppose that Mrs. Anson entertained such a thought as forgiving the child for her outbreak of passion—not a bit of it. She was strong and the child was weak, and she resolved to crush out every atom of resistance from her heart, with the iron heel of oppression. That soul was too big for a bound girl, but she would level it. Aye, she would make her kiss the rod that smote her. Only wait and you shall see.

The evening came, and brought with it the invited guests, who were to do honor to the taste and hospitality of their entertainers. Mrs. Anson, dressed in rich silk, and wearing a cap ornamented with artificial flowers, thinks herself, no doubt, very handsome; but I fear the delusion rests here. I do not want to ridicule mere homeliness of feature, because I know it is almost always accompanied by goodness of heart; but when I meet a person, whose coarse, vulgar features, form a true index of a cruel nature, I must be forgiven for indulging in a little sarcasm at their expense. Mrs. Anson was tall and slender, with a waist the same width as her shoulders; and with long skinny arms and hands. Her complexion was somewhere between a well-used copper cent, and a piece of untanned leather, and had something of the consistency of the latter, in its peculiar toughness. Her hair, if hair it could be called, who hair had none, save what was her's by purchase, was of a raven's blackness: her nose was hooked, considerably, and would have reminded one of the story going about in the newspapers, of the man who hooked his nose on a cherry-tree and picked with both hands; but her eyes, oh! for some beautiful simile, some inspiration of true genius, to describe their owl-like roundness, their perfect shade of green; sometimes that of the pea-pod, at others, as deep as the velvety meadows of the country. I hope to be pardoned for having painted her portrait in such true colors. An author, you know, must make no distinc-

tions about her knowledge, but paint to life, whether it please relations or not. There is this difference in what I have said of Mrs. Anson, and what her tombstone will say. The one will record what she was, the other what she ought to have been. A quotation, by the way, that I have purloined from Byron. Well, dressed very richly, and moving about the lighted rooms, none would have suspected, that beneath that neatly fitting boddice, lurked a heart that could find delight in abusing a little bound girl—a child, who but one day before, had followed to the grave a beloved father. Yet, true it was, and true it is yet. Ah! could we but see the under-current of the living stream of the ball-room. Could we but read the secrets that are hidden beneath the rich brocade and falling lace, we should find too often, harshness and cruelty, where we expected to meet but tenderness and pity. Could we but read as God reads, we would find objects of sympathy—hearts crushed with anguish, and bodies lacerated and bleeding from the cruel lash, without seeking for them in the pages of Mrs. Stowe's, or Mrs. Any-body-else's touching fictions. Do not think that I want to say, only my own sex are cruel and tyrannical. Those lords of creation, who hold our destiny in their hands, and who, I must confess, are generally too noble to descend to these petty cruelties, have sometimes in their ranks, men who are tyrannical enough to heap every outrage upon their fellow creatures. Cowardly enough these men will be, if you

place them in a position opposed to superior courage and power—for who ever knew a tyrant to be other than a coward—but just give them a chance over the weak and helpless, and they will rejoice to find an extremity of torture, to make their power felt. To this class belong hard-hearted, little-souled uncles, cruel and unfeeling masters—and above all, that most horrible of all slaveholders, the tyrannical husband. The first will take into their families, ostensibly for the sake of charity, the child of a dead brother, or widowed sister, and keep them 'till they grow to man's estate, making them perform the most menial offices, feeding them on scanty fare, and clothing them in rags; and when, at last, the spirit of the man is born within them, and they revolt against their treatment, they are turned adrift, without a dollar, and ignorant, oftentimes, even of the alphabet. The second will take a large number of boys, make them work eighteen hours out of twenty-four, feed them on the roughest fare, herd them in a filthy room, to sleep upon straw; and what do they get in return for all this? A trade, forsooth! and ten to one, when it is learned, they will not be able to find work at it. But thanks to a kind Providence, this evil is becoming eradicated, and apprentices clamor for their rights and privileges, and will have them, too. A better day dawns for these boys, who are taken from the Alms House and other places, and bound out in this way, and masters are beginning to be ashamed of growing rich so soon by their means.

Now for the third class of tyrants, and would to God I might promise to their victims likewise a better day; but, alas! I see no heralding of such glad news. If you want to see slavery in its worst form—the slavery that trammels mind and body, and holds in life-long chains its wretched victims, you have only to visit the homes of many married people. How many women will take up this book, and read these pages, and sigh over the truth contained in this one. How many women are irrevocably tied to men, who, before marriage, seemed the very perfection of all goodness, but who, when once in possession of that magical word, power, displayed to view tempers and passions more worthy of fiends than men. Oh! freedom, thou art a jewel; and when I barter thee, I shall have forgotten what I saw some few months ago, viz.: a beautiful woman of two or three and twenty, rich in all goodness, pure and chaste even in thought, and constantly tormented by a demon, shaped like a man, who seemed never to know rest, by night or by day, if he was not making her wretched. He quarreled with her ribbons, her dresses, and her shoes; found fault with the fixing of her hair, or the length of her bonnet strings; tried to model her smiles, if smiles her poor heart could assume; and, in short, did every thing that laid within the power of mortal man, to drive her to the last pitch of frenzy and despair. In a few years, when he has succeeded in breaking her heart, and murdering her, I wonder who will bring him to justice for it.

In the marriage contract men have decidedly the advantage over women: women must be docile, and subject themselves unto their husbands. They must be obedient and tractable as lambs. (I suppose I shall be accused of high treason against my country, but I don't care if I am; I will say, in this parenthesis, where our masters can't see it, Oh! fellow women, stand up for your rights, and don't obey: don't yield up every thought to your owners.) The laws of society are all formed for the man and against the woman. She must stay at home and darn stockings, and nurse the baby, while he, happy creature, walks abroad in all his majesty, and shines at the club, the theatre, and the ball-room. He spends, of course, a large amount of money in these pleasures; but then, be it remembered, it comes off his wife's allowance for marketing and shopping; and who ever heard of a dutiful wife making complaints. Now mind, I don't say that women ought not to darn stockings and nurse babies, and such little nick-nacks, but I think there is a time for all things, and that she needs relaxation from her duties, as well as lordly man. But where in the world am I going to? I wonder where I should bring up, if a friend at my elbow did not suggest to me the fact, that I have left the gay party, and the crowd of beauty there assembled, and wandered off—you have seen where, oh! reader.

We have said that Mrs. Anson looked, or thought

she looked, quite handsome in her rich dress. Gracefully she moved about the richly furnished parlors, smiling upon the young, happy faces there, addressing to each and every one some finely-turned compliment, and receiving many a brilliant repartee in reply. And ever as she turned to look at her child as she glided now here, now there, in her beautiful dress of pink silk, sparkling with jewels, her proud eye lighted up, and her mother's vanity taught her to believe that the adornment of the body could make up for the absence of jewels of the heart; and we would forgive her vanity, but that we are forbidden to do so by the fact, that that holy love, which teaches to a mother forbearance and pity to all children, had no existence in her breast.

With many persons you will find that happiness and gratified pride will soften the heart; but there are exceptions to this rule, and Mrs. Anson was one of them. Hard, cold and selfish, she never did a kind action in her life, except when she was certain it would be trumpeted to the world. It was so natural for her to be rich, and to have a fine house, and horses and carriages and servants and a husband, and a family of handsome sons, that she took all as a matter of course, and never dreamed of thanking God, or making any acknowledgment whatever for her many blessings; and although she had so much to make her happy, yet in her heart there sprung up a hatred for poor Lily, which nothing could lessen. It is natural for some

persons to crave objects to love, and others are equally happy in their hate; and I do really believe that Mrs. Anson had more pleasure in tormenting Lily, than she had in all her wealth. How it enraged her to think that this minion, who was gifted with a soul full of the finest sensibilities, had dared to speak to her in such impertinent language—had defied her to her face, and spoken of what even was not breathed among themselves, viz., the irregularities of her husband and sons.

All through the hours of that brilliant night, Mrs. Anson resolved what was to be done to punish Lily, and long past midnight, when the guests had retired to their homes, and the whole house was buried in silence, she arose from her bed, and taking a candle in her hand, proceeded up stairs with a piece of strong cord. There were three rooms in the attic; one of them, before spoken of, as containing a case of skeletons, and the other two were used as sleeping apartments for the servants. In the smallest of these rooms were two beds, one occupied by Lily, and the other by a stout Irish servant girl, who Mrs. Anson awoke, and gave some whispered directions to. The girl rose, and both together approached the bed where Lily lay, as if she had been a tiger or lion. Hastily pulling down the bed clothes, Mrs. Anson took the little hands, which were folded together on her breast, and tied them fast—she then repeated the same operation with her feet, and at a sign from Mrs. Anson, Biddy lifted her in her arms and carried her into the

next room, whither her mistress preceded her with the light. She deposited her burden on a bundle of straw in the corner, and threw an old tattered bed-quilt over her. A slight shiver passed over the little form ; but the sleep of childhood is sound, and Lily's hard day's work had so effectually tired her, that she remained insensible to the change which had been effected in her whereabouts, and coiling herself up, she dreamed her happy, sinless dreams, and sweet smiles flitted over her face. Mrs. Anson and Biddy withdrew, and the former carefully locked the door, and took the key down stairs with her. She then retired to dream of the way that she would bring that haughty child's pride down ; for that any poor child, who had nothing but her hands to depend upon, should be proud, was, to the discriminating mind of Mrs. Anson, the very height of wickedness.

Lily lay on her bed of straw, and dreamed as we have said, of happiness. Of course, it is impossible for me to know the nature of those dreams ; but let me imagine what beautiful images presented themselves to the mind of the sleeping child, as if in mockery of her condition. She was eight or nine years old, and was consequently at an age to remember her earliest childhood, and the luxury to which she had been accustomed. She dreamed, perchance, that she was again in that richly furnished home, surrounded by that sweetest of all music, the voice of all she loved. She sat on her father's knee, while he,

caressingly, played with the soft ringlets of her hair, and kissed her tenderly, as he called her his mountain Lily. She read in the expression of those lustrous orbs, a love that would shield and protect her from all the world's ills; and there was in the full deep tones of his manly voice, a music that penetrated to her inmost soul, and filled her with happiness.*

She saw, too, the graceful figure of her mother, flitting about, and read in her happy features the expression, that "Joy used to wear;" and then, one by one, her brothers and sisters passed before her—those who were living, and those who were not. She saw and spoke to them all; and they all had something loving to say to her, and that made her so happy, for her spirit yearned for affection: And then, in her dream, came other thoughts of later days, of sorrow and of tears. The rainbow-shading of the vision has faded, and the storm-cloud envelopes the child, while she feels intense suffering at her heart, as though in the presence of some great evil; but suddenly, a strain of angel-music reaches her ears, and entrances her soul. A flood of glorious light surrounds her, and she looks up, and sees that the storm-cloud has parted, and the glory from Heaven shines through—and there, clearly visible, amid the golden halo, she beholds the cherub faces of three lovely sisters, Ida, Ellen, and Gazella

* Reader, it was thus that I have dreamed of a dear father in heaven, and so I have supposed that Lily did.

were there, and they softly whispered together, and Lily felt that they spoke of her—that they pitied and loved her. She tried to catch the words, but only a soft delicious murmur reached her, and at the moment, ere yet the day dawned, and while the sweet vision blessed her sight, the door opened, and Mrs. Anson, a candle in one hand and horsewhip in the other, approached the bed of straw, to put to flight all such fairy imaginings. What a denouement for a dream of angels! What a sad awakening for poor Lily, whose heart was overflowing with holy emotions and tender affections. The lash fell on her little limbs, cutting the flesh and bringing the blood at almost every blow. But let us draw a veil over this picture. My heart sickens at the remembrance, for although I did not see it, I heard it all from the quivering lips of the child herself.

“Now, Miss Impudence,” said Mrs. Anson, pausing from sheer exhaustion, “will you promise to keep a more civil tongue in your head in future, and speak as you ought to your superiors?” “You abused my father,” said the child, sobbing. “I said nothing but the truth about him.” “You spoke an untruth, and you know it. My father was not a drunken, worthless vagabond.” “Will you be quiet, now; I have tied you; I am determined to conquer you. I am only doing my duty by you, and I am resolved to keep you here till I have brought down your pride and your temper.” “That you will never do, then,

LILY'S DREAM OF THE ANGELS, AND HER SAD AWAKING.



for look, Mrs. Anson, you may kill me ; you may whip me to death ; I can bear the pain, but you shall not abuse my poor, dead father, while I have got a tongue to speak in his defence." " Oh ! you are very brave ; you have been too well fed ; a little bread and water, twice a day, and nobody to speak to you, will have a good effect in time."

The child did not reply this time ; she felt in her heart passions which were new to her. She longed to burst her chains, and fly from such tyranny, but she lacked the strength to do so. Her very impotence awoke within her a hatred, and a desire for revenge, that seemed unnatural in one so young ; but remember, oh ! reader, that the seed of all the passions exist in embryo in the human heart ; and while in some, they never appear during a long life, in others they are forced, by the operation of certain causes, into precocious, and sometimes terrible growth.

"Now," said Mrs. Anson, "you see I am determined to break that spirit of yours, and if I don't, you will break your mother's heart instead. I am going to keep you in this garret, on bread and water, for a week, two weeks, or even a month, if it is necessary, until you ask my pardon, and make such other concessions as I think proper. In the meantime, I shall administer such corporeal punishment as I think you need. You had better make up your mind to submit at once, for it will only be worse for yourself if you do not." "I'll never submit," said the child, her

eyes fairly blazing with excitement. "Don't say never, it is a long day," replied Mrs. Anson, as she left the room, and locked Lily up in her lonely prison. The child listened till she heard her descend the stairs, and then, when she was sure she would not be watched, she gave vent to her bursting heart, in moaning piteous sobs, and wept such tears as should never be called upon the cheek of childhood by a *philanthropist*.

But of what avail were those tears; could they loosen her fetters; could they unlock the door of her prison, and send her forth free upon the world; or could they soften the stony heart, whose chief delight seemed to be, her sufferings? No, no, a thousand times no. As well might she attempt to bridge the ocean, or hush its proudly swelling bosom; as well command the past to be undone, and fickle fortune to smile upon her sorrows, and turn them into joys. Then why weep? Ah! reader, she was but a little child; a poor little bound girl, 'tis true, but not on that account deprived of feeling and sensibility; and then her back was sore, and her arms and limbs were cut, so let her weep, poor thing; there is a luxury even in tears, which none but the wretched can know.

You will doubtless wonder if Mrs. Anson had it in her power to put her threats in execution regarding Lily; if the mother of the destitute child would submit to such cruelty. Could she find it in her heart to blame her child, that her affectionate nature rebelled against the unkind words spoken of a father? But I

will easily answer all these questions, by informing you that Mrs. Harley was not in a condition to go out, and that the death of her husband was followed very shortly by the birth of her child, and poor Gazzella was so engrossed by her many duties, that for a time poor Lily was almost forgotten; nay, not forgotten, but necessarily left to the tender mercies of her pious mistress. Thus things all happened well for the execution of Mrs. Anson's plans, and there was no human power to step in between her and her victim, or slave, I should perhaps more properly call her.

She, however, found that to conquer that proud spirit was not the easy task she had at first supposed it; and the severe whippings inflicted on the child had reduced her strength so low, that Mrs. Anson began to tremble lest Lily had spoken truly, when she said that she might kill, but never conquer her. She went up to the garret one morning, and found her lying, very pale and death-like, on the floor, and it was in vain that she tried to provoke her into speech; her ears seemed to have lost their hearing, and her eyes had the lack-lustre look of decaying life. Oh! what terrors filled her soul; how conscience awoke within her, not to tell her of the sufferings of the poor child; she was too hardened for that, but to whisper to her ear that America had laws, and standing first upon its list of crimes, was that of murder. It would not sound well, in polite society, to tell how the noble, kind-hearted Mrs. Anson, had whipped and starved a

child to death. Oh! no, that would never do; and fearing that she had gone too far to retrace her steps, she picked up the little skeleton-like frame, and carried her as carefully as if she had loved her tenderly, to a room down stairs beside her own. She laid her on a bed, hung with a rich silken canopy, and rested the emaciated face upon a pillow, covered with fine linen. She fed her with her own hands, with nourishing food, and administered a reviving cordial. She dressed the wounded limbs, and bathed the little face and hands with cologne water. Lily was conscious of all that was going on, but she has since told me that she believed she was crazy, like Ellen. How it could be possible for Mrs. Anson to be kind to her, or to touch her, except with the lash, was indeed matter of amazement to her.

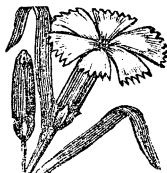
If Lily had been an only and beloved daughter, Mrs. Anson could not have been more gentle, more tender, or more faithful in the performance of the duties of a nurse. Every feeling seemed changed in favor of the child. She encouraged the husband in bringing home little presents to her, and permitted him to sit by her and read to her by the hour. Mr. Anson was a kindly man, and would not have seen the child abused if he could have helped it; but he was thoroughly henpecked, and did not dare to step into his can't-do-without-ables in the morning without permission from his better half, or—I should beg her pardon—his three-fourths.

The little gifts he brought to Lily were not valuable, save that they proved to her that he thought of her in absence, and that touched a secret chord of the child's heart. She remembered how her father, in their days of prosperity, had come home laden with toys and candies, and she felt a gleam of tenderness for the kind heart that was aching for her troubles, though powerless to relieve them. As yet, however, she made no acknowledgments of gratitude or affection. Indeed, she seemed to have lost the power of expressing her feelings. One day, however, Mr. Anson brought home a pretty little music-box, that played some five or six of the sweetest melodies of old times. He wound it up and placed it on a table beside Lily's pillow. Gently the delicious tones filled her ears with their remembered melody; the favorite songs of her happy days, awoke dear recollections, and brought back her early home, and all its treasured wealth of associations. The store-house of the past was open, and she turned upon her pillow and wept, for she remembered that the past was gone forever. But those tears did her good: they recalled her from her stupor, awakened her sensibility, and as the witching cadence of the music died away, she dried her eyes, and thanked Mr. Anson for his kindness to her.

Now that there was no longer any cause of fear, Mrs. Anson returned slowly to her haughty coldness, and having Lily carried back to her room in the garret, she deputed Biddy to wait upon her, and resolved,

that as soon as her strength would permit, she would commence anew the task of *bringing her pride down*.

But a change had passed over the gentle nature of the child. It is by personal suffering that we learn wisdom; and experience is, at the best, no tender teacher. She did not forget or forgive her tormentor; but she meditated revenge for all her sufferings, and, with that deceit which cruelty is sure to teach, she tried to hide her real feelings, till such time as she could gratify them. Alas, what a terrible perversion of all that is good and beautiful in nature; when a young child, fair as the lily from which she takes her name, nurses in her heart a feeling which should never exist but in the bosoms of the most depraved and villainous of mankind.



CHAPTER XII.

MRS. HARLEY TRIES TO RECONCILE HERSELF TO HER LOSS.

A NEW IDA IS BORN. GAZELLA TELLS A SAD STORY OF
INSULT, AND HER MOTHER TRIES TO DEFEND HER.

What is comfort,
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief.

MIDDLETON.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,
Is meanly selfish ; when resisted, cruel ;
And, like the bloat of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.

MILTON'S COMUS.

Some little time has passed since we stood beneath the roof that sheltered our poor widow and her orphans. Let us enter once more, and note if there are changes since last we visited them.

It is a cold, blustering day in March. The wind whistles through the court, and raises clouds of dust, and the large openings in the frame work of the doors and windows, admit rather more of a current of fresh air than is particularly desirable to the inmates. A small fire is burning on the hearth. The rag carpet on the floor is swept perfectly clean, and the edges of

the boards around the room, which are not covered by the carpet, are scrubbed to look clean and white. A pine table, nicely scoured, stands on one side of the room, while above it is suspended a small looking-glass, set in a painted frame, and having a picture above it of the green trees and meadows of the country. A few chairs of painted wood stand around the room, and in one corner of the fire-place is a lounge, covered with cheap calico, and occupied by the crippled Frank, who is busily employed weaving baskets. A large basket of work stood upon the floor between Gazella and her mother, who were both busily making shirts. Lucien stood before his sister, reading from an open book, and these were the general features of the scene: but let me glance beneath this outside appearance, and show you the twistings and turnings in the under-current of this life of poverty.

Nothing could take from the intellectual face of Mrs. Harley, the stamp of superiority which nature had placed there. Her delicate complexion, through which could be discerned the deep blue veins, her large eyes, beaming with affection and tenderness; her soft black hair, not entirely hidden by her plain white cap, showed to the observer the picture of a lady, that all the ills of poverty could not degrade. I cannot say, that her lone heart had found contentment, for she mourned deeply for the dear partner of her youth; but her grief was tempered with gentleness, and she felt the necessity of checking the wildness of her first sorrow,

for the sake of the dear children who were spared to her, and to whom she must be both father and mother.

Gazella Harley was, if possible, more spiritual in her beauty than ever. Her mind matured, and her soul expanded in spite of all discouraging influences. She had a peculiar delicacy of organization, that made the rough details of daily life, greater hardships than they would have been to many others of her sex ; but that very delicacy of feeling taught her to hide from her mother, every thing that could give her pain. She conversed at all times with great grace and beauty of manner, and sought to interest her bereaved parent in every way. All that she did was the more charming, that she did it without effort, and took no credit to herself for the self-control that she exercised over her bleeding heart.

Beyond the circle of her own home, Gazella's thoughts never wandered. She felt that next to her mother, she was the prop and stay of the house, and she joined heart and soul in all efforts for the mutual good. Doctor Ellis spent all his evenings, when not in attendance upon the sick, in this humble home, and as he saw, each day, the treasures of Gazella's mind unclosing, he found ample recompense for the loss of the gay society in which his position, as a rising physician, entitled him to mingle. No one but an innocent, artless child, such as she was, could have been long in doubt, as to the cause of the admiration which fol-

lowed her every word and action. The mother was more quick-sighted, and perfectly understood the whole matter; and she also felt that Doctor Ellis was a man who was well calculated to make her daughter happy; but she forbore speaking upon the subject, feeling that, as things were now, Gazella was perfectly unconscious of having in the Doctor, any thing but a friend, and she feared to undeceive her. She did not think proper to awaken in her child's heart, those feelings which she rightly judged to belong to a riper age. Thus it was, that our sweet flower was not born to blush altogether unseen; but alas! for the happiness of Doctor Ellis, he loved a flower destined to bloom in paradise. As he walks through our cities he may find many of more gorgeous beauty, of more brilliant coloring and more stately form, but never will he find a purer soul, or a greater combination of virtue, goodness and truth.

One could almost see a change in Gazella, from the few short weeks before, when we described her to our readers, as she went on her walk through the icy streets. Her hands were whiter, and were so wan, that they seemed almost transparent. Her figure was still more bowed and fragile, but neither her mother or the Doctor perceived it, for it often happens that we are slower to find out the ailments of those we see every day, than we are with those we meet but seldom. 'Tis true, that when Doctor Ellis conversed with her, it was upon subjects of so much interest, that her

Madona-like face, would light up with the brilliancy of the rosiest health, and her eyes would sparkle with such light, that they would throw those of the young Doctor's in eclipse, and he might fairly be said to be blinded by love.

To the great tumult which had reigned in the house at the time of Mr. Harley's death, had succeeded a peaceful calm, and it seemed as if Sorrow, for a while, stood aloof to gaze upon the ravages she had made, before commencing further inroads. Thus it was that they experienced some little quiet; just enough to teach them how blessed it was; and then the alarming illness of Mrs. Harley gave Gazella new anxieties. A child was born, and the mother called it after her lost Ida, and then relapsed into insensibility. Many days passed by, ere she again became conscious of joy or sorrow; and then she prayed, O! how fervently, that God would spare her to her beloved children. She felt that to die was sweet, if there were no ties to hold one here; but the claims one's children has upon one's affections, are not easily disposed of, and the mother prayed for life, as the greatest boon she could ask of Heaven.

Has my reader ever seen one of those children whose fate has been thus singularly marked from before its birth. A child fatherless before it was born; a child who never knew the voice, the smile, or the affection of a father; whose infant lips may never breathe his name? There has been to me something

peculiarly interesting in these children. Whether it is that their hapless fate awakens my sympathy, or whether, by a wise order of God, they are in reality more loveable, I cannot say, but it is a certain fact, that the little Ida, who came to fill the place of her angel-sister, was a lovely child; and the mother felt, as she gazed upon the baby-face that nestled softly on her arm, that she had found a link to unite her with the loved ones she should never see again on earth.

Day by day, the child increased in beauty, and her eyes expressed an almost more than human intelligence. Her little head was covered with soft golden hair, and her skin was white and wax-like in its delicacy. Mrs. Harley would gaze upon that little child by the hour, and it was soon evident, that she loved it better than all the rest. Let us hope that she did not make an idol of it.

And now commenced anew that struggle, that heart-wearing toil, that sooner or later, must lay its victims in the dust. Gazella, throughout her mother's illness, had faithfully plied her needle, and by the strictest economy she had made out to keep starvation away from the door, but she had exerted her strength too much, and she felt herself growing so alarmingly weak, that she could not much longer hope to keep her situation from her mother. She felt as if she was committing a crime to get sick, and she bore up against it with almost superhuman energy. There was also

another secret that weighed on her mind, and which she longed, yet dared not confide to her mother.

Now, however, when Mrs. Harley first took her seat at the table, and joined Gazella in sewing, she could not help noticing the extreme paleness of her child's cheek, and the unwonted absence of her air. She read with fearful distinctness the ravages want and misery had made there, and she felt that something must be done at once, or another victim would be added to her dead. She felt, too, that her daughter was concealing from her some secret trouble, but she had so much confidence in her honor and good sense, that she never alluded to it, and patiently awaited the moment when her child should choose to impart it.

Accordingly, the next Saturday night, when Gazella rolled up a bundle of shirts which she had finished off, and was going to take home to the shop, she told Lucien to run and get his cap on, so that he might go with her, and help to carry her bundle; but Lucien reminded her that he had a very sore foot, and could not get his shoe on. "So you have," said Gazella, sorrowfully, "I forgot all about it; what shall I do; I cannot bear to go out alone?" "Does any one ever insult you in the street, daughter?" A mantling blush spread over the face and neck of the poor girl, but she said "no, mother, not in the street." Mrs. Harley knew something was wrong, and she sent Lucien to bring down her bonnet and shawl. "I shall go with you, my child; you are of an age now to need my

companionship in the street at night." "Oh! but mother, I am so afraid you are not well enough. Indeed, I would rather go alone than that you should get sick again." "Never fear, my child, as is thy day so shall thy strength be."

Mrs. Harley was alarmed, for she well knew the nature of her child, and she could not account for the crimson blushes on her cheek. Had any one dared to rifle so pure a flower; was her helpless situation warrant for any one, however base, to take undue advantage of her? Oh! there was madness in the thought, that you, oh! mother, who have been blessed with daughters, can imagine, but which my pen is weak and impotent to describe. They set out upon their walk, and proceeded some distance in silence, but at last Gazella spoke.

"Mother," said she, "you know that I am concealing something from you, and perhaps you blame me for doing so, but indeed, mother dear, you will acquit me when I tell you all. I have chided myself for it, but somehow I could not find courage to distress you; my motive has been pure, though perhaps I have been weak, to have kept you in ignorance upon such a subject. You remember what I told you about Mr. Simpson, the cutter at Mr. Smith's? You know that he came to see father, when he was dying, and left a handfull of coin upon the table." "And was that coin the price of your honor, my child?" "My honor, mother; what do you mean; but listen, let me tell

you all, and do not look so pale ; there is nothing to fear, for God took care of his fatherless child. I went to the store, and at first when I took out or carried home work, I was treated with more than usual kindness. The young men did not stare at me so impertinently, and it really seemed as if my black dress, and the fact that I had lost my father, entitled me to some pity ; but latterly Mr. Simpson has been very unkind to me ; he caught me one day in his arms, and kissed me, and scratched my face with his rough beard, and called me his angel. I struggled to get away, and told him how ill you was, and that I had a little sister, and that I must hurry home, but he held me fast, and told me that if I wanted money he would give it to me, and he would get me a beautiful house to live in, and buy me fine clothes, and give me a gold watch and every thing that I wanted. I cried and sobbed, for his fine promises only terrified me, and I tried to get away, but could not."

"Where were the young men of the establishment at this time, and where was the proprietor of the store?"

"Mr. Smith was gone home, and the young men were all in the front part of the store. I was in the cutting room, which adjoins the counting room, and it is there, you know, that all our work is examined. I still begged him to let me go, and he promised he would if I would come and meet him the next night, which was Sunday, in the street. I never was so near

telling an untruth in my life, as I was at that moment, for my terror of him was so great, I would have promised almost any thing to have got rid of him ; but I was saved the trouble and the sin, by the approach of one of the young men. Mr. Simpson quickly released me, and looked at the new comer as unconcerned as if he had not been doing any thing that was wrong, while I, all blushes and mortification, made my retreat as hastily as I could. But once in the street I burst into tears, and thanked God for having preserved me safe. Ever since that, I have taken Lucien with me, and have tried to go only when Mr. Smith was there, but for a week past he has been gone to New York, and I had no safety in going alone to the store, to-night. Mr. Simpson tells me, every chance he gets, that he will stop giving me work, if I do not leave Lucien at home, but from some cause or other, he has not put his threat into execution. I hope, now, my dear mother, that I have told you all, that you will not worry about it. God has preserved me, and I cannot bear to see you look so agitated."

"No one could help feeling outraged, my child, at the thought, that such insults should have been offered to one so innocent as you. However, I will try to shame this man, whom fortune has placed in a position to defy us ; that is, if he be not lost to shame."

They entered the store. The daughter, over whose fair cheek the blush of injured modesty fell like a veil of roses, and the mother, at whose heart burnt all the

anguish and wretchedness of a most impotent rage. And what could they hope to accomplish, alone, single-handed, poor and destitute, against the strong man, the brother-in-law of the rich Mr. Smith, and who was actually a partner in the establishment; what, indeed!

They walked back to the cutting room, and handed in the bundle of work, and after it had been duly examined and paid for, the smothered fire burst forth and found the vent that is necessary for a mother's insulted feelings, when the honor of a beloved daughter is at stake. She upbraided the vile man, who could seek to destroy so fair a flower of innocence, because she had no one to protect her. She conjured before him that death-bed, at which he had stood with all the unhallowed thoughts of his heart, and carried away by the violence of her feelings, she cursed him in the bitterness of her soul; and threatened that if he ever looked at her pure child again, with his wicked eyes, that she would seek revenge for all the past, and would not be answerable for his life.

We must make allowance for her injured feelings, and pardon her excitement. I think, reader, you and I would have been just as much aroused. As to Mr. Simpson, he made no reply, but words are inadequate to describe his fury. He vowed in his heart that she should suffer for defying him, and he was not a man to forget such a vow when once it was made.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WALNUT STREET PRISON.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive ;
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

INSCRIPTION ON EDINBURG TOLBOOTH.

The affair related in the last chapter occurred on the Saturday night. The next day being Sunday, our little family rested from their labors, and the evening passed very pleasantly away in the society of Doctor Ellis and his mother. On the following Monday Gazzella started out to procure work at some new store, and was, in many instances, turned away with the dispiriting answer, that there was already more hands than there was work. She at last succeeded in getting employment in a tailor store, where they gave out linen coats to make, and taking up a bundle of work, she started with a light heart for home.

When she entered the house every thing seemed in confusion. Frank lay upon the lounge, crying bitter-

ly, and Lucien's eyes looked as if he had been keeping his brother company. "What is the matter?" asked Gazella. "Where is mother and the baby? I see the cradle is empty." "Mother is gone to prison," sobbed Frank and Lucien in chorus. "She carried sister in her arms." "Gone to prison," gasped forth Gazella, sinking down upon a chair, and pressing her hands tightly upon her temples." "To prison: and what for? Who took her? When did she go?" Then starting wildly from her seat, without waiting for a reply to her quick coming questions, she said, in tones of utter wretchedness, "To prison! Oh! my God: my mother in a prison! Oh! Father of the fatherless—thou who dost not forsake the desolate, the starving, and the dying—hast thou, indeed, deserted us?" and then the poor girl, crushed to the earth by this last terrible blow, sank down upon the floor beside the couch of her crippled brother, and burst into an agony of tears. Frank forgot his own sorrow, and tried to soothe her, by every kind word and affectionate caress his sad heart could prompt.

Was it for this that they had struggled and toiled, proud even in their poverty, because that poverty was their only disgrace? Was it for this that they had starved and suffered with the cold, shivering at night upon a bed of straw, with a few old tatters over them, and through the day driving the needle, with fingers so numb that they almost refused to do their office?

Was a prison the reward for so much honesty, so much self-denial, so much virtue?

In the first moment of that disgrace, Gazella must be forgiven if she did not pray for her enemies. She was but human, and she needed time to soften this horrible wrong, ere she could pray for its perpetrators.

All that the children had to tell was, that two red faced men, swearing dreadfully, and savoring strong of brandy, had come into the court, and inquired amongst the neighbours if Mrs. Harley lived there. The house was pointed out to them, and little Lucien, who was playing near by, heard the inquiry, and ran home to tell his mother of the coming of the two men. While she still sat wondering who they could be, they appeared upon the door step, and asked if Mrs. Harley lived there. She replied that she was the person they came to seek. "Then," said one of the men, slapping her familiarly on the shoulder, "you must come along with me." Mrs. Harley drew back in amazement. "Come with you," said she, indignantly; "and what for, pray?" "Read that, and you'll soon see, old gal," said the man who had not yet spoken, and he handed her a paper, where, true enough, she found, that she was to be arrested at the suit of one William Simpson, but for what offence she could not understand. Her head swam, and all grew dark before her eyes. A horrible sense of suffocation oppressed her; but she struggled against it, and taking a drink of

water, she calmed herself, and said, with a return of dignity and self-possession, "Gentlemen, pray be seated; I will not detain you long." She went up stairs and got on her bonnet and shawl, and coming back again, she took her infant, who laid peacefully sleeping in the cradle, and folded it to her bosom beneath her shawl. At this moment Lucien and Frank, both beginning to understand the scene, commenced to cry bitterly, and clinging to her dress, implored her not to leave them. She tried to soothe them, and told them she would soon be back again, very soon; but the two poor children would not be pacified, and could not understand the necessity of her being dragged away. They went to the officers and implored them not to take away dear mamma to prison. She was so good and kind; she never did any one any harm. Only wicked people were sent to prison; mamma was not wicked. "Faugh, faugh: will you have done, now, little beggars: it makes me sick. Your mother must go, so save your howling. One might think it something dreadful to go to prison. Advance, madam, we will be your body guard. I don't know about that young one: we've got no orders for it."

"Oh! let her have the brat, Jerry, it can't do any harm, and it's better it should be initiated soon; he! he! he!"

I wonder if angels are permitted to watch over those they love on earth, and if they do, as they hovered

over this scene, I wonder how they felt. Do angels weep? I hope not, but here was almost cause for an angel's tears. A mother, still young and lovely, and endowed with all the virtues that make woman so honored and so dear, pressing to her snowy bosom an infant just six weeks old, that infant's father sleeping in the grave, with an arm powerless to avenge her: two children, one a cripple, kneeling before two drunken, profane, worthless vagabonds, armed with the authority of the law, to tear the mother from her children, and leave her home unguarded, and take her, all helpless and innocent as she was, to the loathsome confines of a prison. Look at the picture well, mark its every detail, and ask yourselves if such things are possible in an enlightened community like Philadelphia. Is this the high-wrought romance of the novelist, or the history of real life? God, as he sits upon his throne, sees me as I write. He knows the truth of what I have written. In his own good time let us hope that he will defend the innocent. Talk about the abuses of slavery, indeed. Trump up stories of imaginary cruelty practised upon the blacks, and fill our great and noble country with incendiary doctrines; with bickerings, animosities and dissensions, and for what purpose? To give freedom to the negro—a being destined by God himself to slavery; a person totally unfitted by nature to take care of himself, and universally known as the most improvident, lazy and worthless creature, especially as he is

found in our northern cities, that exists upon the face of the globe.

I cannot help drawing these comparisons all along, as I progress in my story, and I must be pardoned for doing so, as my book is written to show the contrasts of slavery in the North and South, for that it exists in both extremes of our Union, who that is just and impartial will deny? I want a discerning and noble-hearted public, to feel and acknowledge the truth of what I advance. I want them to understand, that if it is their desire to do good, it is not necessary for them to meddle with their brethren of the South, in order to accomplish it. No, no; men and women of the North, awake from this error into which you have been led, by a hot-headed, fanatical sect, who know nothing of what they assert, and who, with very few exceptions, have never been south of Mason and Dixon's line in their lives. Awake to the starvation, to the wretchedness that is in your midst. Let it not be said, that thousands of poor delicate women in our northern cities, drop annually into the grave, the victims of hard and ill-requited toil and starving want. Think of all this, ye favored ones of our land, who stand in high places, who have all the advantages of wealth and position, who feast sumptuously every day, and wrap your limbs in the finest broadcloth, and the softest velvet. If prosperity has not steeled your hearts, answer the mournful petition of sorrow and misery, with the interest, the assistance, and the bene-

fits with which God has blessed you. Ask yourselves, if that all-wise being ever intended, that one-half the world should starve and freeze, while the remaining half should be nursed in the lap of luxury, and surfeit on the fat of the land. Never mind the South and her institutions, but attend to your own business, and look at home. Remedy the evils that exist in your very midst, and remember that to turn a deaf ear to misery; to look over heaps of poverty and wretchedness and degradation, at your own door, to the far-off vista of the Southern plantations, is but burying in a napkin the blessed talents that God has bestowed upon you; and in return for all this, what reward or commendation can you expect? Assuredly God will call you to an account for every neglected privilege. I believe I am performing a sacred duty, that I owe to my fellow man, in writing this book, and publishing to the world the abuses and injuries that come under my immediate knowledge, as happening to one family. Merciful God, what a sum in arithmetic is here. If one family, hurled from affluence to starvation, have suffered so much, what amount of labor and books would it take to print the history of one-half of the poor at the North?

Reader, you and I have been together in the haunts of wretchedness and the home of affluence. Will you object, if I now conduct you to a prison? A prison on the old system, but such as may often be found

even till this day, in our enlightened land. A prison where vice, hardened and barefaced, walks hand in hand with pure and injured innocence. Where a woman, whose soul is as pure and chaste as the unsunned snow, sits down in the presence of those who are fallen to the extremest depths of infamy, and is forced to listen to their obscene talk and riotous jesting.



CHAPTER XIV.

STILL A PRISON—STRANGE COMPANY—A NOBLE DAUGHTER—A QUAKER WHO HAS A NOBLE HEART, AND CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH MISERY.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S FOUR PLAYS IN ONE.

You narrow souls,
If you have any, cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soul made captive, suffers.

MASSINGER'S MAID OF HONOR.

Oh ! ask not ; hope thou not too much,
Of sympathy below ;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch,
Bids the sweet fountain flow.

MRS. HEMANS.

The mother pressed her child to her bosom, and went forth, not to leap over fragments of floating ice on the Ohio river, but to walk between two drunken men to the prison, where herded infamy and vice in every phase. As she passed through Quarry street, and felt the staring eyes of her neighbors bent upon her, she thought she would have sunk under her burden of shame and disgrace. She bent her eyes upon the ground, and the blush deepened in her cheek, her

bosom heaved, but she pressed her infant closer, and strove to hush its anguish. She suppressed her emotions, for she would not let these hardened ruffians witness her tears and weakness. They arrived at the prison, which many of my readers will recollect stood at the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets. A stone building, which had been used at one time as a sort of barracks for the soldiers. The back part, which extended to Prune street, was the Debtor's Apartment, and was generally well filled with this unfortunate class of individuals.. The front part was divided into various rooms, separated by a hall in the centre. One large apartment was given to the women; and here, on benches and on the floor, was strewn about, promiscuously, females—some white and some colored, but almost all of them the children of riot, shame, and thievery. It is a common saying, that when women are bad, they are much worse than men; and to judge by the profanity, the degradation, and the fiend-like passions, exhibited by the inmates of this room, we should not be inclined to doubt the fact. A keeper of one of our prisons, lately observed, that he would rather have the care of two hundred men, than fifty women.

Mrs. Harley's "body guard" ushered her into this room, and she took a seat upon one of the benches. She gazed around her, like a person in a dream. In one corner of the room, were grouped together, some five or six women—some on the benches,

others on the floor. They appeared to be at work, at picking flax. They were conversing in a manner, not entirely suited to the chaste ears of a virtuous woman. The faces of these females expressed nothing but the most sensual vulgarity, and bold brazen impudence. They stopped talking upon the entrance of Mrs. Harley, and she, at sight of the motley group, burst into tears. Some of them said, they thought she was in for murder. Others expressed an opinion that she had been stealing, etc. Several women lay upon the floor, whose dishevelled hair and disordered dress, told the story of recent intoxication; and here and there, sitting alone and sad, were an old woman of sixty, another of thirty, and a young girl about seventeen. It was easy enough to guess the crimes that had brought the noisy revellers in the corners, or the sleepers on the floor, to the walls of a prison; but one might feel astonishment and hesitation about the three last named parties. We will simply state what Mrs. Harley found out afterwards, that the old woman had been imprisoned for stealing bread, which she had no money to buy, and was too old to earn; the matron of thirty, had been guilty of striking back, when her lord and master had whipped her; and the consequence was, that both were arrested and incarcerated, while the young girl was there to answer for the crime of infanticide.

Such was the company into which was ushered the gentle, docile woman, who had never in her life sinned

against a human being. The faithful wife, the tender mother, the high-souled woman, rich in all the holiest aspirations and attributes of her sex, and cast into the loathsome common ward of a prison, to herd, promiscuously, with the vilest and most depraved of human beings. And why was she thus imprisoned, do you ask? Simply because she, poor helpless woman that she was, had dared to lift her voice against the wretch who would have destroyed her daughter's honour. Is there a mother in the whole American country, either North or South, endowed with the feelings of her sex, who will not take part with that lonely, desolate creature, as she sits there in that prison room, exposed to the scornful laugh, the taunting sneers, of the vilest of her sex; as she holds in her arms her innocent babe, born of sorrow and almost of death, and feels, in all its horrors, the blow which has descended upon her already stricken heart? Who can wonder that, as she recalls the happy Past, and contrasts it with the dark and woful Present, that the tears burst from her eyes, and the sobs from her burdened heart? Were she not more or less than human, if she had not wept under such accumulated misery?

And he, the strong man—the so-called gay and jolly Simpson, but, in reality, the deep, designing villain—had sworn his life against Mrs. Harley, and declared his belief, that she only laid in wait to murder him. You may be very certain, that in his affidavit, he was careful to say nothing to implicate him-

self. He said nothing of the provocation the poor woman had received; that was not necessary for his purpose. His design was to bring down this family to the dust, and then obtain the daughter on his own terms; and bitter were his feelings against the woman who had dared to lift the puny arm of rebellion against him.

Hour after hour passed away, and still Mrs. Harley wept, feeling as if God, as well as man, had forsaken her. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before Gazella Harley, having obtained a written order to visit the prison, entered the room where her mother was confined. It is useless for me to describe the wild, uncontrollable agony of her heart, when she saw the crowd of low beings who surrounded her beloved parent. She sprang forward, regardless of their impudent staring and coarse laughter, and threw herself upon her knees before her mother, and clasped her in her arms, laying the weeping face upon her bosom, the child, mother to the mother, tenderly smoothing the tangled hair, kissing her burning cheeks and brow, and calling her by every endearing name her tongue could utter. How they suffered, how their hearts throbbed with their weight of sorrow and distress, neither you nor I can know till we have been placed in similar circumstances. The wild despairing anguish, the sense of disgrace that filled the hearts of both mother and child, I hope never to experience. Talk as you will of conscious innocence. To the pure soul, suspicion

is as torturing as guilt, and the atmosphere of a prison is not less loathsome or contaminating to the innocent than to the guilty.

By degrees, the mother and child talked calmly of what was to be done. The mother feared that she would have to stand her trial, but the daughter told her not to fear that, as she would know no rest either by night or day, till her mother was free. The how and the why was not as yet revealed to the heart of the child, but she felt that God would help her to accomplish so noble a resolution, and she determined not to lose her faith in him for a moment. It was well she did so, for faith works wonders, and in that hour the angels had charges given them, concerning the oppressed, and who shall dare to stand against the power of His angels? Surely not thee, oh! weak and puerile man.

Gazella kissed her baby sister, bade her mother goodbye, and was gone like a sun-beam that had rested there, but vanished, leaving all more dark and dreary than before; but as her visit had created in the mother's heart a trust and hope in the power of God, and in the strength of her innocence, let us leave the desolate widow to spend a night in prison.

* * * * *

Gazella walked rapidly, after leaving the prison, down Walnut street, and turned into Third. She stopped at the door of a large comfortable looking house, where we some time ago made bold to introduce

ourselves and our readers. It was near night and she had much to accomplish: she rang the bell hastily, and while waiting for the door to be opened, she listened to the loud tumultuous beatings of her heart. We have already shown the strength and power of this girl's intellect, when forced by cases of emergency, into extreme action. She felt at this moment, although so poor, so meanly clad, and miserably fed, having tasted no food since the morning,—she felt, I say, an energy, a determination, a force of purpose, that the proudest heart might be yet prouder of, for it was the gift of that Father in whom she trusted. To her hurried inquiry for Mrs. Atlee, she received an affirmative reply, and, regardless of the laws of etiquette, she hastened past the servant, and went into the parlour. It was empty. She then passed into the adjoining tea room, and there the family were assembled at their evening repast, round a table, on which was spread numerous delicacies, in great profusion. Little Rose sprang up, exclaiming, “why here is sister Gazzella,” and ran into her outstretched arms. Mr. and Mrs. Atlee both gave her a warm welcome, and pressed her to sit down and take a cup of tea. She complied, but as she sat sipping it, and breaking a piece of bread into crumbs, her manner was so evidently abstracted, that Mrs. Atlee knew something uncommon had occurred. Taking a piece of chicken, she cut it into small pieces, and gave it to the cat, and then sitting back in her chair, said quietly, “I want to

talk to you, presently, Mrs. Atlee, but don't mind me; pray, don't, go on and finish your supper at your ease." "What is the matter," said Rose, who had been attentively watching her usually quiet and serious sister? "What is the matter? Is mother sick; how is sister Ida, and Franky and Lucien?" "All quite well, Rose." "Then why don't you eat something, and what makes you look so worried, and 'so'——" "When I was a child," mildly remarked Mrs. Atlee, "I used to be told that little folks should be seen but not heard." "Which would not suit our little Rose, I am sure, for she would rather be listened to than looked at," interposed Mr. Atlee, patting her on the head as he spoke, and trying to look a little cross, but, dear silver-headed old man, he could not accomplish it.

Mrs. Atlee now rose, and Gazella, following her example, both left the room, and proceeded to Mrs. A's chamber, up stairs. Mrs. Atlee took a seat in a large easy chair, that stood at the foot of the bed. Gazella brought a stool that stood by the fire-place, and seated herself on it: then resting her arms on the old lady's lap, she looked up full in her face. The pure soul shone through those deep blue eyes, and displayed, as in a mirror, all the beautiful emotions that inspired her. Suddenly breaking silence, she said, "I came here to tell you that my mother was in prison."—"Thy mother in prison, Gazella; dost thou know what thou art saying?" "Aye, and only too well,

alas, for my own peace or her's. But let me tell you all." She then commenced, and poured into ears that had never been closed to the tale of suffering, the story of her wrongs. She related every particular, from the first insult she had received from Simpson, to the last kiss she had left on her mother's brow. She concealed nothing, for what had she, with her pure, spotless soul, to hide from the noble heart that had not only the ability, but the will to assist her?

I have sometimes heard people say, that if a woman only acts with propriety, no man is base enough to insult her. They know nothing of the world who say it. Who would make such an assertion, but the wife who is shielded by the protection of a husband; the daughter who is strong in the strength of a father, or the sister with one, two, three, or even four brothers, who hold her honor dear as life, and would shoot the first man who dared to trifle with it? God grant such people charity for those poor lonely creatures, who are exposed to every insult, and who men consider themselves privileged to scorn and abuse. Some men would not stoop to anything so base, the very weakness and helplessness of the victim would make them scorn to take advantage of her; but there are others, who will insult a woman, guarded not only by virtue and principle, but by the most holy feelings of religion, and little care they how modest, or how retiring she may behave.

Mrs. Atlee listened to the sad story, and her

motherly heart sympathized with all the poor girl's woe. "Poor child, and is it come to this: thy mother in a prison, with her poor little infant at her breast, and Frank and Lucien at home alone, and thee, poor girl, so pale, so young, all she has to depend on. Truly 'tis a bitter cup for one so gently nurtured as she. Let me think: she must be liberated, and I have already thought of a plan, by which we may effect it."

"My husband has a son, the child of a former wife, a physician, and a man who has a heart to feel for another's woes: in short, just such another being as his father. He is an inspector of the prison. I will send for him at once, and see what can be done. In the meantime thou shalt remain here, and I will take thee home in the carriage, if he does not get here till too late in the evening for thee to walk home." Mrs. Atlee rose and rang the bell, and dispatching a servant for Doctor Atlee, she left Gazella, telling her she would send Rose to her, and in the meantime she would go and relate the story to her husband.

In a few moments Rose bounded in and sat down on Gazella's lap, tenderly caressing her, and seeking to make her smile. She asked many questions about home and dear Franky, and wanted to know if the baby had grown any, and above all, if it was as yet ascertained to a certainty whether its eyes were black or blue, and whether it had them open, thinking, no doubt, that babies were like kittens in this particular. She then went on to talk of Lily; said she had been

twice to see her, but that Mrs. Anson had sent her word that she had been naughty and was locked up in the garret. And last of all, she talked of her studies, her masters and teachers, and her schoolmates, and dear mamma Atlee, who was so good to her, and who she loved very much, but not better than her own dear mamma, though, and thus the time slipped away, and Gazella was quite unconscious that an hour had passed so pleasantly, when she ought to have been feeling so miserable, for was not her mother in a prison.

At last she was summoned to the parlour, and presented in due form to Doctor Atlee, who had just listened to her sad story from his mother's lips. He took her hand kindly and led her to a seat; he told her there was no cause for alarm, for her mother should certainly be released on the morrow. That he would go himself to see William Simpson, and convince him that her poor mother had friends, who were able and determined to defend her. And that he would threaten to have all the facts published in the public papers, if he did not immediately withdraw his suit. This kind and noble-hearted man spoke kindly and soothingly to the poor stricken child; he gently poured into her bruised spirit, the oil of consolation, but her heart was too full for thanks. She tried to speak and bless him, but she could not. One thing, however, she did. Her hand still rested in his, and she raised it to her lips, and kissing it, burst into tears.

Doctor Atlee, profoundly affected, rose; he again shook hands with Gazella, leaving as he did so a bank note in her fingers, and whispering gently in her ears, "for thy mother," he bade his parents farewell, and retired.

Here was a man who was a quaker, but not an abolitionist, who was noble-hearted, generous, good to the poor, and relieving misery wherever he found it. He was so opposed to Abolitionism, that he actually quarreled with a wife, though he tenderly loved her, because she had attended an anti-slavery meeting, and brought home some of their highly-wrought stories of Southern abominations, with a request that he might read them. Doctor Atlee, not, however, known by that name, still lives in our city, an honored member of his own society and all others. May God bless him. I saw him a few days ago, in his gig, riding down Chestnut street, as I was crossing Fourth. He spoke to me, with his wonted smile, little dreaming, poor man, that I was meditating so terrible an attack upon his modesty, as showing him up in a book.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HISTORY OF MARY. MRS. HARLEY IS RELEASED
FROM PRISON.

What is the tale that I would tell? not one
Of strange adventure, but a common tale
Of woman's wretchedness; one to be read
Daily, in many a young and blighted heart.

MISS LONDON.

The dawning of that morning, so anxiously looked for by Gazella, who had sat up all night sewing, came at length, and gradually the sky grew brighter, and the sun rose, and scattered the sad fancies of the hours of darkness. The mother in her prison, and the child in her desolate home, alike had watched the long night through: the one buoyed up by the certainty of hope, the other in the trust and confidence she had in the widow's God.

Who can estimate the value of time; the length of an hour, of even a minute, but those who spend those minutes in scenes of suffering and distress? Through the sleepless hours of that night in prison, the mother hushed her babe to rest upon her bosom, and as she gazed around her, she felt insensibly drawn towards the poor pale-faced girl, whose appearance seemed so

much at variance with her situation. She too, was wakeful, and Mrs. Harley drew near her, and sought to engage her in conversation; which to say the truth was no difficult matter, for there was so much winning softness in her manners, that one was at once prepossessed in her favor.

She talked at first of the heavy flight of time, the horrors of imprisonment, the weariness of the night which brought no sleep, but Mary ——, the name of the young girl, spoke at last of her far-off home in a country village, where she had lived the beloved daughter of a poor, but honest tradesman. She told of her innocent life, of its pleasures, its quiet, its holy happiness, of the trusting confidence of her young guileless heart, and her entire ignorance of the existence of those prowling wolves, who are not restricted, dear reader, by any means, to the plantations of the South, but are found all over our Northern country, plucking the flowers of innocence wherever found, and then casting them in the highway to wither and die. She told how there came to her native village, a man about thirty years old, tall, fine looking, and evidently wealthy: how all the people liked him, because he was so free-hearted and good to the poor; and how he had got acquainted with her father and mother, and won their good opinion, and at last was taken into her own home to board. Her dear mother had so liked him, and he treated her with so much respect and affection, that it was not to be wondered at. How he had loved

her, and told her so, and asked her to be his wife, and how he wound himself about her heart, anticipating her wishes, making her rich presents, and bewitching her with the strange glamour of his dark, brilliant eyes. How he had studied her happiness; nay, had been that very happiness itself.

And then she told how they had walked out beneath the moonlight, so trusted by father and mother, and had sworn eternal vows of constancy and truth, beneath the soft light of the silvery queen, and how, as time rolled on, he talked each day of making her his wife, and taking her to his elegant home. She had still-loved and trusted him, until one cold morning, not long ago, she awoke to hear that he was gone away, no one knew whither; and that as he was lounging about the door of the inn, an elegant carriage had driven up, and out stepped a young, fashionable looking lady, and four or five children, who instantly ran up to him, and called him papa, while he embraced them and their mother by turns, and then in the morning they had all gone away together. The day wore sadly and wearily away, and brought no comfort to her aching heart: she was stunned, in a measure, by the cruel blow, but at last, just as night fell, the waiter from the inn came and brought her a note, a few hurried lines—she had them in her bosom: she held them out to Mrs. Harley, who, by the fast dawning light that came through the iron-barred windows, read as follows:

MY ADORED MARY,—I must leave you, but at what a cost, may you never know. Forget me, and do not curse your betrayer. Believe that it was the purest love, that ever made me your

SLAVE.

And so it was, she learnt that she was betrayed, ruined and undone. It was a hard lesson, but one that is, alas, too often learnt. She tried to bear up under the weight of her misery, and, above all, to hide her situation from the fond and tender eyes of her parents, who were overwhelmed with astonishment, at the sudden disappearance of the handsome stranger: but all would not do. Time must disclose the wickedness she had committed, and one night she left home and started for the turnpike, and when there she turned her face towards the great city, and she walked wearily and sadly along, till she reached it, and then she went to a lodging house to sleep; but two days and nights of such exertion drove sleep from her pillow, and alone, in the still hours of the night, with no friend near to soothe her mortal agony, or calm her fears, her child was born; but it was dead, alas! it was dead; she never could have been so wicked as to kill her child, but they said she did, and she had no friends now, she was alone, and must stand her trial for murder.

The poor girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud, and in witnessing her deep anguish, Mrs. Harley could not but feel how much better it is

to suffer from the crimes of another, than the pangs of remorse and self-upbraiding. But she, oh! reader, although pure and upright in all her actions, having kept unsullied her noble nature through all ills, drew not haughtily away from the poor penitent; the out-cast from home and friends; the child of disgrace.

No, no; but she sat still closer; she gently soothed her woe, and endeavored to lead her mind to rest upon that friend, who never forsakes those who trust him. She lamented that words were all she had to offer, and sympathized with all the poor creature's horrors of the charge that hung over her. She would gladly have opened her prison doors, and bade her go sin no more, but she felt how impossible it was for her, who was herself a prisoner, to promise help to her companion in misery; but, raising her eyes to heaven, she devoutly prayed that God would lead this stray lamb back into the fold, and save her from destruction.

Many hours of that day had not worn away, before Gazella, accompanied by Mrs. Atlee, entered the prison, and brought the glad news that Mrs. Harley was free. Need we say how welcome was such intelligence, after twenty-four hours confinement in that horrid place. Gazella took her infant sister in her arms, and Mrs. Atlee, taking Mrs. Harley's arm within her own, walked with her stately step out of the room. She passed the place where Mary was seated, and Mrs. Harley bade her a kind farewell.

Mrs. Atlee looked at that pale face, seeming such a stranger to crime, and asked what had brought her there; not in the tone of haughty and superior virtue, but of pitying mercy. Such gentleness from a great rich lady melted her heart, and she burst into tears, and Mrs. Harley promised to tell her the story when they were alone. Suffice it to say, that she did tell it, and that Mrs. Atlee was so interested in the lost girl, that she effected her release, and ere long we shall meet with Mary, under more comfortable circumstances.

Mrs. Atlee's carriage stood at the prison door, and the whole party got in, and were soon driven to Quarry street. Very welcome to Frank and Lucien were the sweet tones of their mother's voice, and precious were the tears of joy they shed together. Mrs. Atlee would not stay to trespass on this family scene. She smiled her farewell, and left them to sit down and enjoy a good dinner, which she had had prepared for them at her own home. After dinner, Doctor Ellis came in, and Gazella took her sewing, while her mother drew up her chair, and related all she had passed through since the Sunday evening they spent together, and Doctor Ellis was certainly not inclined to love Gazella less, since he found how great was her filial piety, for he believed, no doubt; that a good daughter makes a good wife, but let me add, as a sort of postscript to this chapter, that it is in reality *good husbands*, that make good wives.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SOUTHERN PLANTATION. SARATOGA. GAZELLA'S MALADY APPEARS, AND THE HARLEY'S FIND A FRIEND IN THE SOUTHERNER.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past, and dark futurity.

KIRK WHITE.

Natchez is a very charming place on the Mississippi, about three hundred miles above New Orleans. It has a population of ten thousand inhabitants. It is very beautifully situated on a bluff, some hundreds of feet above the river, and overlooks a part of Louisiana, and the bright waters of Lake Concordia. The houses, though old fashioned, are built with considerable taste, and are generally laid out with gardens surrounding them, handsomely set out, with choice flowers. No southern city has a more intellectual community, and no stranger could visit it, and not be favorably impressed with the place.

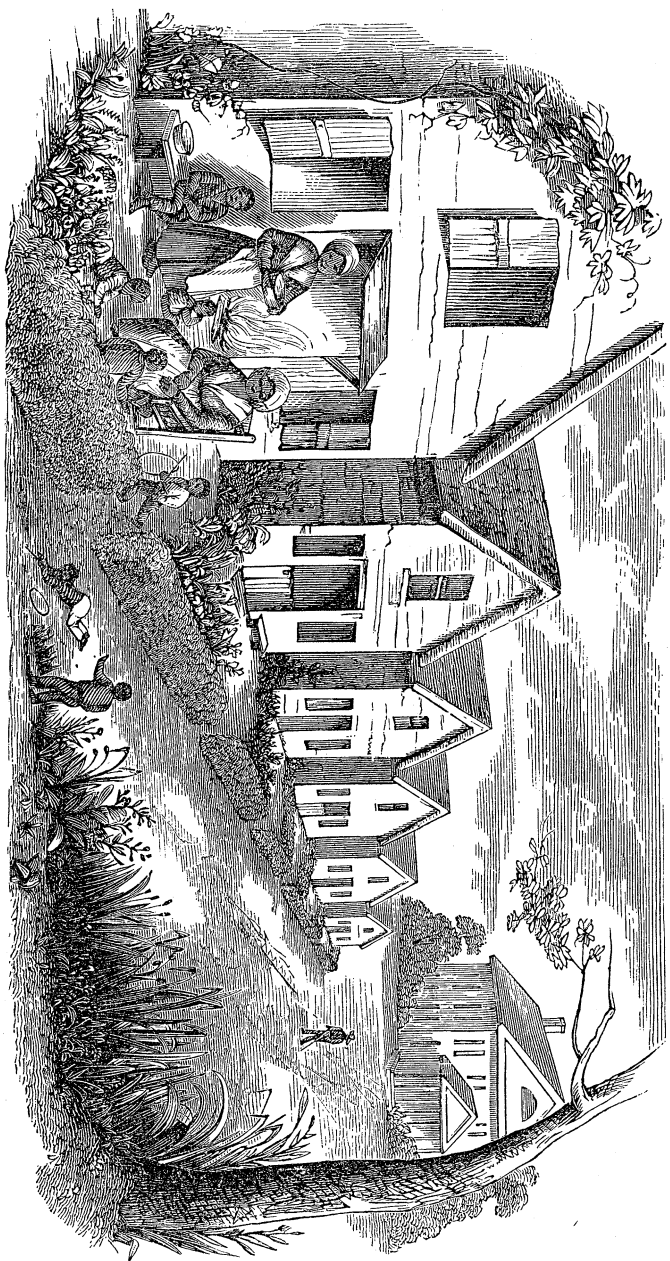
For many miles around the city, you may drive, and pass in continuous succession the elegant resi-

dences of the most distinguished and wealthy citizens, who do business in town, and then retire to the luxurious comfort of their well ordered households. To give an idea of these homesteads, one would be forced to visit them, and I think I may with safety, compare them to some of the beautifully situated country residences in old England. The grounds are laid out much in the style of an English park, and the extensive gardens abound in every variety of flowers, both native and foreign.

About three miles off the road that leads north out of the city, stands a large stone house, with a balcony around two stories of it. A long avenue, planted with china trees, led up through the grounds, and one came right upon the dwelling before they perceived it, so closely was it embowered in tall majestic trees. Vines of the cluster rose, varying in color from white to the deepest crimson, grew up over the lattice work of the balcony, and twined around the pillars that led to the second story. Immediately in front of the house, a marble fountain threw up its pure stream of water, to descend again in a shower of dew-drops, with a noise like the quick pattering of rain. Around the marble rim of the fountain was a shelving mound, thickly grown with flowers of every hue, and of the sweetest perfume, which gave to the whole an appearance of a corruscation of gems, in rainbow setting. Immediately at the back of the house, was the kitchen garden, and a little to one side stood Aunt Martha's

cabin, where was prepared the good things that daily graced the table at the great'us, as it is called by the blacks.

Leading away for about a quarter of a mile, was a beautiful road, upon which was built the neat little cabins of the field hands. Each one had their gardens enclosed by a hedge of the Cherokee rose, and nearly all were ornamented with flowers. Every house had its vegetable garden, where grew sweet potatoes, cabbages, peas, melons, &c. Most of these houses were at present deserted, for their owners were working in the field; but one, rather larger than the rest, had its door thrown open, and from its pretty garden, echoed the noisy shouts of children at play. Aunt Debby, an old black woman, an experienced nurse, and a faithful servant, being pronounced too old for hard work, here kept her court, and had for her subjects some eight or ten little negros, who could not be trusted alone, and were an infinite source of vexation in the cotton field. Aunt Debby ruled, more by the terror of her appearance, than by any absolute harshness on her part. She sat looking through a pair of spectacles, with large round glasses in them, about the shape of the eyes of an owl, and bound round with iron rims, while she sewed a button on to-day's jacket, or to-morrow's pantaloons; and all the running, waiting, nursing the baby, and preparing the meals, devolved upon a young woman of twenty, with a very black skin, very-fine teeth, and a happy, good natured expression of coun-



THE NEGRO QUARTER, AND OLD AUNT DEBBY.

tenance, which it seemed as if nothing could mar. I wish, for the edification of my readers, I had taken lessons of a colored professor, and was conversant enough with negro dialect, to launch out boldly into their sea of beauties, but "'pears like as if I couldn't no how;" therefore they must imagine the conversation of Aunt Debby and her assistant.

Having glanced at the interiors of these nice little houses, and seen that each and every one was provided with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life, let us return to the stone house, of whose inmates I have as yet said nothing.

A large room, elegantly furnished, and with windows opening on one side on a beautiful terrace, and on the other, on a balcony, was used as dining and sitting room by the family. Curtains of rich lace were gracefully looped up, to admit the cool, refreshing breeze, that came doubly cool from its passage through the leafy foliage of the trees. In a large, high backed, richly carved arm chair, sat a lady some forty years old, corresponding in the dignified stateliness of her manner, to the back of her chair. Her face was almost too stern to be handsome, and one would have supposed, from her whole appearance, that she was not a person to look leniently on the faults of others; and yet, beneath that proud exterior, a noble heart, full of the tenderest sympathies, was beating. Concealed, under a quiet air, were the

warmest affections, and she loved all the more deeply that she made no profession of her feelings. Not a slave on the plantation but loved her, for they understood her seeming sternness, and they knew that she never forgot to be just, and generous, too.

At the present moment, Mrs. Connelly was engaged in sewing upon some little fancy article, and talking with a lady who lay upon a lounge, covered with satin damask, propped up with pillows. This lady was about twenty years old, and even a child might have traced a likeness, between the two, strong enough for mother and daughter; but, to say truth, the face of the daughter was one of perfect beauty; that dark, brilliant, yet languishing beauty, that belongs to the children of the South. Her eyes were black, and were full of that liquid brightness, that is so graceful a mingling of softness and fire. Her superb head was covered with a perfect forest of black hair, which was combed and dressed with that neatness and richness, for which the belles of the South have long carried the palm away from our Northern beauties. Her child-like brow, full pouting lips, and little saucy nose—which had the slightest disposition to turn up exhibited at the tip, made up a face of charming sweetness: but it was in the hallowed expression of the countenance, telling of sorrows unforgetten, that one would have found most to admire and love. A listless melancholy chained this fair creature to the sofa, and

although she permitted herself to be talked to, and at times responded to her mother's remarks, still it was evident that her mind was not in her words.

Seated on a low chair beside the sofa, was a young girl, a splendid specimen of the quadroon. A brilliant complexion, showing the pure rose-color of her full round cheeks; fine black eyes, sparkling with health and happiness; a laughing mouth, rosy lips and teeth of dazzling whiteness, made up her handsome face. Her hair was soft and silky, and she wore it combed back plainly, and twisted in heavy braids at the back of her head. She was some five feet five in height, and her whole form was most exquisitely proportioned. Lulu was not more than sixteen years old, and as she sat beside her young mistress, her delicate fingers were diligently employed upon some embroidery, of a complicated pattern.

The fair daughter of Mrs. Connelly, had been married some three years, to a young planter by the name of Dunlap. Both were rich, young and handsome. Both were blessed with that priceless gift, good temper, and loved each other devotedly. What cloud could have arisen on their path-way, that made that young wife so sad, and so unhappy?

Alas! all is told in a few words. Look at the drapery that envelopes the form of the mother, the daughter and the slave. It is mourning, and is worn in remembrance of some loved one. Surely that

young creature is not already a widow: ah! no, for at this instant she catches the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the gravel walk, and she hears her husband's dear voice call the negroes to take Silver Flake to the stable.

But, alas! the dear being that she mourns, the sweet life that was so twined within her own, and that has forever departed, was the little cherub child that called her mother; that filled up every yearning of her heart; that was the idol of all the household; but that now sleeps in a little grave, with naught

————— “but the stars and flowers,
To guard her dreamless rest.”

She cannot forget the dear child, nor become reconciled to her loss. It is only three weeks since the little Rose withered and died, and a whole ocean of time must roll between her and the past, before she can bow her head in submission, and say, Father, thy will be done.

A tall, handsome man, sprang from his horse, ran lightly up the steps and opening the curtains, passed into the room before described. Bowing—with the reverence and courtesy that men of the South show to superior age,—to his mother, he approached the sofa where his wife still reclined, and leaning over her, gently impressed a kiss upon her brow, and then took a seat beside her. Clasping one little hand in his, he

tenderly asked how she had passed the morning; how she felt, and if she had taken any exercise, and by his affectionate attentions, seemed determined to spoil his little Jessy, as he called her, if she was not spoiled already.

“And so you found the time long, did you, Jessy?” “It is always long, when you are absent.” “I suppose I am nobody, then,” said Mrs. Connelly, bridling. “Oh! mamma, how can you say so? I know I am selfish, but I do not like either one of you to be out of my sight, for an hour together.” “Oh! you don’t, aye! poor little demure kitten. I wonder how she will like it, when she hears that her husband is going away to the North, to be gone some three or four months, and visit the watering places, and the great cities, and everything that is worth seeing, and to carry on flirtations with some of those pretty Northern girls, whom he hears are so industrious, and so economical, and so”—

“Going away, to leave me three or four months, did you say, Willie?” Jessy’s eyes filled with tears, and her lip quivered with emotion, as she asked the question.

“Nay, kitten, I did not say that must follow, as a matter of necessity. I merely told you I was going, and of course, you too, without you absolutely rebel, and say you won’t.”

“You know there is very little danger of that, Willie.”

"How should I know, or imagine, what fanciful whims you may have got into your head, about the dangers of traveling, and such like."

"Nay, Willie, you know that I am fearless of danger where you are. Mother, you will go too, and then I shall feel as if I was still at home, since all I love are with me."

"No, Jessy, I shall not go. I would not be happy away from home, and it is time that you learnt to do without me. Any way, I don't like the North: it is so cold and chilly, and I feel best in my own genial climate."

"But you will be lonesome, dear mother."

"Not at all: I shall find plenty to do, to pass away the time pleasantly, and then for company, I have the little grave, you know."

At this allusion to the dead child, Jessy burst into tears. It seemed as if her mother was reproaching her for going away to the North, and leaving that little grave to be watered no more, by a mother's tears, for months. Willie Dunlap kissed away the tears, and, anxious to divert her, he turned playfully to Lulu, who still kept her seat beside her mistress, and said, "well, Lulu, how would you like to go to the North, along with your mistress?" "Mighty well, Massa," said the girl. "Yes, no doubt, and the first I should know about the matter, would be, that you had run off, and taken refuge with some of those ranting abolitionists" "Never, Massa, never,"

replied the quadroon, the indignant blood rising to her temples. "Any way, if I so bad as to run, I'se neither wuth looking fur, or wuth havin, when I'se found." "Very true, Lulu, very true. There is much sense in what you say. At any rate, you would be glad enough to run back again, when you found out some of the fancied sweets of liberty." "No fear of me tryin, massa. Jes take me along wid you to the North. Nobody else knows how to take care of Miss Jessy, but me. Laws-a-me, who'd comb her hair, and who'd dress her becomin," exclaimed Lulu, raising her hands, as if in astonishment, and as if to convey the idea that her going was a matter of necessity to her mistress.

"Sure enough, Lulu," said Mrs. Dunlap, "what would I do without you? You know exactly what I have got, and wait upon me so patiently, that I should be quite lost without you, and so if I go, you may consider it settled that you go too, and I will answer for your good conduct myself." So saying, Mrs. Dunlap passed her hand over the young girl's head, and gently patted it, intimating thereby a freedom, which is not often shown to the servants of the North.

At this moment, a very respectable colored gentleman stood within the door, bowing politely to the ladies and then to his master. Alfred was as complete a gentleman's gentleman, as even France ever produced. He was a tall, fine looking negro, with his hair so well brushed and greased, as to almost de-

stroy its tendency to curl. He was dressed in the finest clothing, having everything the same as his master, if we except the gold watch and chain, and diamond ring of the latter. He had been, since his early infancy, always near his master's person, and had acquired not only correctness of language, but the most polished manners. As he now entered the room, an unusual seriousness appeared on his face, and in answer to his master's question of the cause, he said, "It is only a trouble with Jim and Hannah, master. Hannah came to me this morning, crying, and told me that the pretty red leather pocket-book you gave her, was broken open, and her silver dollar gone. She said that Jim had been seen going into her room, and coming out again looking very guilty. He had stoutly denied the theft, and Hannah herself could not believe he was guilty, because she gave him twenty-five cents of her money the other day, to go to the circus up in Natchez, he having spent his, that Miss Jessy gave him. I sent for Jim, and questioned him, and have been shut up with him for hours, but he won't admit anything, and as you have expressly forbidden that any of the boys should be whipped, without your permission, I came to you to know what had best be done?" "That was right, Alfred. Does the boy deny his guilt?" "Positively, master." "Go bring him here." Alfred retired, and soon returned, bringing Jim with him. Jim was a bright mulatto boy, about fourteen years old, and was the son of Aunt

Martha, the family cook. He was, like the most of his race, a great thief; and he added to this crime its usual attendant, disregard for truth. He stood before his master and mistress, very pale, even beneath his brown skin, and any one could plainly see that he was guilty. "Jim," said his master, "so you have been stealing again." "No, indeed, massa." "What, you young imp, will you deny it to me? What did I tell you about forgiving you, if you spoke the truth?" "Yes, massa, I knows, but I didn't take it, no how." "Are you determined to be whipped, sir." "Oh! massa, please don't whip me; but I didn't take Hannah's money." "What, you black dog, will you stand there with such a falsehood on your lips, and stick to it, too. Well, then, take him away, Alfred, to the overseer, and tell him to give him ten lashes at a time, with an interval of an hour between, till he confesses the truth, and tells where he has hidden the money. Go, bad boy, and suffer for your crime; and remember that God sees your heart at this moment, and knows your guilt. Remember, also, that he hates a liar, and that all of them have their portion in the lake that burns with brimstone and fire." Alfred here went out, and Jim followed, trying in vain to look innocent.

Jim was whipped severely before he would confess his guilt. He then admitted he had stolen the money, but had lost it again. After another ten lashes, he agreed to tell where it was put. They led him away to the wood pile, and there safe and sound was the

missing dollar, which was instantly returned to its owner. I myself was a witness to this whole affair, and though I am a great enemy to corporeal punishment, yet I cannot see how it could have been avoided in this case. Let me here take occasion to remark, that as a general thing, the greatest slave on a plantation is the mistress. She is like the mother of an immense family, of some fifty up to five or six hundred children. She has them all to look after, and she is obliged to keep persons constantly employed to fit them out with clothing. They are the most improvident race in the world, and must have a superior mind to guide them. The way that the greater portion of them live in our free States is enough to prove this fact.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunlap, with two servants, set off upon their tour to the North, leaving Mrs. Connelly to mourn in silence over the death of her little grand-child, and as she bends daily over the grass-grown grave, with its tufts of flowers, so well watered with the dew of affection, she little thinks that any living thing can ever wean her to forget the lost one.

Meanwhile our friends go to New Orleans, and there sail for New York. They then visit Newport, Boston and Nahant. Returning, they sail up the noble Hudson, and go to Saratoga, where one morning their names appeared duly registered on the books of the United States. The season was at its height, and the

most beautiful women of the North were here assembled. The presiding divinities of fashion were constantly devising some new plan of amusement, and days and nights rolled on in one ceaseless round of gaieties. Mr. Dunlap met many of his Southern friends, and being a great favorite with every body, he was soon known to every body of consequence in the village; but all his entreaties had no effect to draw his sad young wife from her retirement. She was happy only while he was near her.

It so happened that at this precise time, which saw Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap at Saratoga, had also brought Mr. and Mrs. Atlee, on account of the ill-health of the former. The little Rose accompanied her adopted parents, and as their rooms were exactly opposite those of Mrs. Dunlap, that lady frequently caught glimpses of a fair child now some nine or ten years old, whose lovely face attracted her irresistibly. One day the tall, dignified figure of Mrs. Atlee appeared at her chamber door, calling Rose; and pretty soon the graceful child ran up in answer to the summons. This sweet girl, then, who had awakened such an interest in her breast, was called Rose, the name of her own angel child. One day, shortly after this, she made bold to send Lulu out into the hall, to ask Rose to come in to see her. Rose obeyed at once, and came up to Mrs. Dunlap with a graceful air, and a sweetness of countenance, that made the impression still stronger, that she was no common child. She held in her arms a

large book, with her hand shut up between the pages, to keep from losing her place. Rose had grown quite pretty, and her manners were modest and unassuming, and there was an intelligence about the child, that could not fail of interesting all who knew her. She answered all of Mrs. Dunlap's questions with the most perfect ease, and her greatest charm was the natural manner in which she spoke and acted.

Day after day this intimacy continued, and Mrs. Dunlap had learned from the little Rose, her whole history, not from motives of idle curiosity, but from a deep interest in the child, and the acquaintance with Rose led finally to the extension of it, to Mr. and Mrs. Atlee, and they spent many hours together in useful and entertaining conversation. Insensibly to herself and to the great joy of her husband, Mrs. Dunlap was being led from the constantly recurring thoughts of her lost child, and the rival roses bloomed again upon her cheeks.

From the kind, noble Mrs. Atlee, our Southern friends obtained a history of Rose and her family much more explicit than the child could give, and the tender-hearted Mrs. Dunlap wept over sorrows that she could scarcely believe had existence on the globe, much less in an enlightened country like the North. The more she heard, the more her interest increased in the Harley family, and she resolved to go to Philadelphia with Mr. and Mrs. Atlee, and visit them herself.

The season at Saratoga drew to a close, and Mrs.

Dunlap accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Atlee, and accompanied them to their home in Philadelphia. For several days they were busily engaged driving about, and seeing every thing worth looking at, and then Mrs. Dunlap reminded her friend of her promise to introduce her to Mrs. Harley. Accordingly, Rose was one morning delighted with the intelligence that she was to stay at home from school, and accompany her mamma and Mrs. Dunlap on a visit to her mother. Andy brought the carriage round, and our little party got in and were soon driven to Quarry street. Let us precede them and describe the changes that had taken place since we left them.

The reader must suppose a period of two years to have elapsed since we paid a visit to this humble home. Mrs. Harley is seated in the second story room, the one where her husband died, and she is engaged in sewing, as usual. She is very pale, and her face, though lovely still, bears the unmistakable impress of sorrow and misery. She plies her needle diligently, although often called from her monotonous task, by the sound of a hollow cough from the bed, or rather from a wasted frame that lay upon it. Thin and emaciated as was the poor invalid, yet one would have had little difficulty in recognizing our poor Gazella, in whom the seeds of consumption, long since sown, had frightfully developed themselves. Starvation and misery had done its work, and one of the noblest souls that ever blessed the earth was passing away.

The crippled Frank, now about sixteen years old, sat in a corner, weaving baskets. The market was so stocked that he was forced to work at a very cheap rate, but still he was earning something, and his patient industry never wearied of his labor. Lucien was gone to the public school, and Ida, now two years old, sat in her little chair playing with the torn leaves of a picture book. A more perfect little beauty than this blue-eyed, dark-haired child, never made glad a parent's heart. Indeed it looked in that home of poverty, where the glad sunlight never entered, like a sweet spirit from another land given them for a guardian angel, or like a bright sunbeam sent to lighten their pathway, and teach them to be grateful even in the presence of so much sorrow. To find in the fetid air of Quarry street, so fair a flower, was as unexpected and as delightful as it was to a lady friend of mine to pluck from the dark caverns of the Mammoth Cave, a beautiful white rose, with the leaves on the stem also white, instead of green, and yet so perfect was the flower that no sister of its kind, reared in the sunniest garden, could have exceeded it in beauty.

Ida seated herself on the floor, and spread out her frock to make a lap, as she called it, in which to nurse the cat which had just come up the stairs. Puss walked in and looked about, advanced towards her little mistress, rubbed herself against her, purred, and stretched herself out in the little soft lap, and shut her eyes, while Ida, delighted, passed her chubby little

hands over the animal's back, and kissed it with as much fondness as if it had been human.

At this moment Lucien came bounding up the stairs, followed by Rose. "Oh! dear mother! Oh! sweet mother," said the child, clasping her arms about her neck, and kissing her fondly, "I am so glad to see you, and you too, dear sister, and Franky, and Ida: oh, I am so happy. Mother, mamma Atlee is down stairs, and has brought a lady, oh! such a sweet lady, with her, to see you. Shall I ask her to come up stairs?" "Yes, daughter, I wish you would."

Rose ran down stairs, and immediately returned, followed first by Mrs. Atlee, and then by Mrs. Dunlap. Mrs. Harley gave them a cordial reception, and her ease and grace of manner, amid so much poverty, was sufficient to convince any one, that she had mingled with the best society.

Mrs. Atlee and her friend noticed the children, and spoke kindly to Gazella, of whose illness they had not been informed. Mrs. Dunlap turned from the skeleton figure on the bed, and perceived the little Ida still seated on the floor, with the cat in her lap, and her large eyes opened still wider at the sight of strangers, to whom she was not accustomed. Something there was in those beautiful blue orbs, and in the clustering golden curls that shaded the fair face, that reminded the childless mother of the little grave far away under the willow tree, at her southern home. Her heart warmed towards the little creature, and she tried

various ways to entice her from her seat on the floor, to a more elevated one on her lap. A sight of a richly enamelled watch, which she took from her pocket, at last excited the child's curiosity, and she shyly drew near. Mrs. Dunlap put the watch into her hands, and raised her up in her arms, to reward herself with kisses on the child's ruby lips. O what a tide of sweet, yet mournful memories, rushed over her when she felt within her arms a being cast in the same mould of beauty as her own angel Rose. The size, the complexion, the hair and eyes, all tended to make the illusion perfect, and it almost seemed that the past had been a painful dream, from which she had awoke to find her child pressed to her heart.

From the purse, whose strings were always loosened at the sight of misery, Mrs. Atlee took a bank note, and slipped it, unperceived, into the hand of Gazella, and having gone on talking without allowing any opportunity for thanks, she rose to go, and was followed by Mrs. Dunlap, after that lady had asked and obtained permission to visit them again. She kissed Ida and then retired, accompanied by Rose and Mrs. Atlee, and all the way home she ran on with the warmth and enthusiasm of her southern nature, and talked of what she would like to do for the sufferers, until Rose drew so close, and looked up at her so lovingly, that she remembered, for the first time, she should not say all she had to say before the child: but there was a thought in her mind, and she resolved

to carry it into execution, if she could but gain Mrs. Harley's consent. She was quite sure of her husband's, and no one else could have anything to say about it.

"What a sweet, loving woman, that Mrs. Dunlap is," said Mrs. Harley. "She looks as if she had had some great trouble. I wonder who she can be in mourning for." "Oh! Rose told me she had lost a little daughter, and its name was Rose, and that she lives away down at the South, and has come here to forget her trouble." "Poor thing, she will find it is not so easy to forget." "Look here, mamma," said little Ida, "thee what the lady gave me. Thee told me to buy thoes and thockings with it. Take it, mamma, and buy me thome." The child, as she said this, held out to her mother a ten dollar gold piece. Mrs. Harley took it, and then raising the child in her arms she kissed and blessed her, and told her she thought they all might indulge in the luxury of some soup, and a dinner, and that she would go directly to market and buy the things necessary to make it. "But first," said she, "let us thank the good God who has seen our distress, and pitied it," and the poor desolate widow knelt and offered up her grateful prayers to heaven, that a rich woman, worth her ten thousand a year, had given of her abundance, to keep starvation a little longer from her desolate door.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. DUNLAP TAKES IDA TO THE SOUTH, AND THE MOTHER
FINDS THE SEPARATION A HARD ONE.

I part with thee
As wretches, that are doubtful of hereafter,
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.

ROWE'S TAMERLANE.

Day after day the carriage of Mrs. Atlee conveyed to Quarry street the fair Mrs. Dunlap, who seemed as if she could never see enough of little Ida. She even prevailed upon her husband to accompany her there, and when once he had seen the child, he too became interested in it, and ceased to wonder at his wife's evident partiality. Lulu too had visited the little girl, and cried over it, and Mrs. Dunlap hailed this as another proof of the similarity of Ida, and her lost child. If the reader has not already suspected the cause of these visits, it will be as well for me to say, that Mrs. Dunlap had formed the project of adopting Ida, if she could prevail upon the mother to part with her child. It was, she felt convinced, a considerable undertaking, but then circumstances induced Mrs. Dunlap to believe, that in time, she might

succeed, and she determined to spare no effort to obtain possession of her, and thus it was that day after day, found the rich and beautiful Southerner, seated in that wretched abode of poverty, where the fresh pure air of heaven never entered, surrounded by suffering and distress, and a witness to scenes that under other circumstances, would have made her wretched.

When first Mrs. Dunlap actually made the proposition to Mrs. Harley, she resolutely declared that nothing would induce her to part with Ida, her youngest child; but when she listened to the splendid prospects that would open before the child, and the ease and luxury amid which she would be reared, her resolution wavered. Mrs. Dunlap offered to adopt Ida as her own daughter, settle ten thousand dollars upon her at once, and treat her in every way as she would have done the darling she had lost. After many a hard struggle, and many a bitter tear, she gave her consent; and let those imagine, who have the feelings of a mother, how agonized she was when she had spoken the word that had given her darling to another.

It was agreed between them, that Ida should remain with her mother for two weeks longer, and then go with Mrs. Dunlap to the South. The child was of course too young to understand the change that was about to be effected for her, but she knew that some unusual trouble sat upon her mother's heart, and with the sweet tenderness which was her greatest

charm, she would draw near and look up into her parent's face, and ask what she was crying about, and beg her to tell her daughter, that she might cry too. At such moments, the mother caught her child in her arms, and would press her to her heart, and exclaim, "how can I part with you my darling," and Ida would very wonderingly ask her why they need part at all, and would assure her in spite of all orders and entreaties to the contrary, that she would never leave her. So much for the vows of infancy. Their never, alas, is about the same duration, as the nevers of a larger growth.

The two weeks that Ida still remained to her mother, seemed borne away with railroad speed. The days passed rapidly, and the time approached when the old walls would echo no more her child-like voice, or the floor resound with the merry pattering of her feet. It seemed as if death was coming again to bear away the sweetest flower. The mother's heart ached, but like the Spartan boy, she resolved to hide the struggles of maternal love, for she knew too well, that Gazella watched her face with interest, and shared in every sorrow she saw depicted there.

It was now the month of September, and the air, relieved of its sultry heat, came to the poor inhabitants of the court, laden with freshness. The Harley family were all assembled in the lower room. Gazella had been carried down stairs, and laid upon the lounge already spoken of as belonging to Frank, while he sat

upon the floor at her side. Mrs. Harley was seated on a chair in the middle of the room, holding Ida in her arms, and beside her stood Lucien and Rose, forming each a good representation of their manner of living. Rose looked healthy, rosy and strong, while Lucien was pale and meagre, and his eyes were surrounded by those dark circles, that mean either disease or wretched food. In children who are deprived of the common necessities of life, you will always find a certain old look, mostly accompanied by a dwarfish stature, and their faces will have a sharpness of outline, that altogether cannot be effected by any other cause.

Mrs. Atlee, in her quaker bonnet of drab silk, and Mrs. Dunlap in her dress of deep mourning, sat one on each side of Mrs. Harley, and sought by the kindest words, to assure the sad heart of the mother, which was breaking at the coming separation from her darling. Little Ida, dressed in a beautiful robe that Mrs. Dunlap had provided for her, sat on her mother's knee, and played bo-peep with Rose and Lucien, ever and anon bursting out into the merry silvery laugh of childhood. But the hour of departure had come, and Mrs. Dunlap coaxed Ida to come to her, and then carried her round to bid farewell to each of her brothers and sisters. Then giving her to her mother again, she was pressed to the bosom that had nourished her ever till now, but which she was leaving most probably for ever, and in that last farewell, it seemed

as if a heart-string broke, so wild, so passionate was the anguish with which she bade it. Mrs. Dunlap hastily took Ida, and summoned Lulu, who had till now, remained in the back ground,—to carry her to the carriage, but Ida, seeing that expression of anguish on her mother's face, stretched out her arms towards her, and begged to go to her. This, however, was but prolonging an unpleasant scene, and Mrs. Dunlap, making a rapid gesture to Lulu to go, drew near herself to Mrs. Harley, and with a face beaming with all the tenderness of her heart, said in her soft silvery voice, "Be comforted, I will be a mother to your child, as fond, as tender, and as loving as yourself." The spoken good-bye, the kiss of Rose, the retreating footsteps, all sounded on the ears of Mrs. Harley, as if she had been entranced.

Talk of the separation of parents and children at the South: can you find one more touching, more sad than this. Say what you will, the affections of the negro are never so strong as those of the white man. The tenderness that is but natural in the breast of a white mother, is very much lessened in the blacks, and I have here convinced you that the bondage of poverty, forces a lady to give up her child to the care of strangers, with scarcely a hope of ever seeing her again. So then, here is another proof of the slavery that exists in the North.

* * * * *

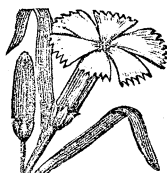
We will leave Ida to be carried away to the South,

down that beautiful Mississippi, which Mrs. Stowe says, is considered by the blacks, as that undiscovered country from which no traveller returns.

That sea of Time, which must overflow the scene of our sorrows, ere we can forget them, had slowly but surely been washing away the remembrance of the separation of mother and child. Other cares sprung up in their place, and Gazelle seemed, as the weather became more unsettled, to grow much worse. Her cough still increased, and she was so weak, she could not turn in her bed, or help herself in the least. It would have been one person's work to take care of and wait upon her, but Mrs. Harley had to spend most of her time in sewing, and it not unfrequently happened, that she was forced to sit up all night, to make up for the time she lost in the day in waiting upon her sick child.

The winter now commenced, and the cold was uncommonly severe. Mrs. Atlee sent some wood and provisions, and also considerable work for which she paid a better price than Mrs. Harley received from the stores, but even all this help was not sufficient to meet their emergency, for Gazella could not eat the food prepared for the family, and it took every penny Mrs. Harley could earn, to procure things to tempt her appetite. Doctor Ellis still spent his evenings with them, and was often accompanied by his mother. It was not much they had in their power to bestow, but their visits were a great source of pleasure. It is

sweet to be loved in adversity, for then we know we are loved for ourselves alone, and not for the advantages of wealth or position. Let not my readers suppose that Gazella knew that Doctor Ellis loved her, save as a friend or sister. She went to the grave with a heart upon whose tablets the finger of love had never made an inscription.



CHAPTER XVIII.

STILL CONTINUED STRUGGLES WITH POVERTY. MRS. HARLEY FINDS A NEW FRIEND, AND HEARS WHAT IS NOT VERY PLEASANT ABOUT HER SON.

The day too short for my distress ; and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

We would gladly avoid a recapitulation of the frightful poverty and suffering of this long winter, but alas ! the poor cannot so easily get over time. It is not difficult for the writer to say months passed away, but not so quickly does that time pass, to those who have a daily, nay, hourly, experience of misery. The starving poor who go hungry to bed, and rise to a breakfast of dry bread or mush, find even the short day's of winter, most uncomfortably long. They sleep more at night, and thank God they dream of food, if they cannot get it. To all the horrors of this cruel starvation, are added the sufferings from cold, and as cold and hunger are not sufficient to express their misery, we must add, the slackness of work all through the winter season. After Christmas, times are dull, and no business doing, and consequently no work is given

out. Thus whole families, who depended upon their daily earnings for support, are thrown entirely out of employment, and the most frightful poverty succeeds.

While there is health, however, they may still contrive to keep their heads above water, by going out and begging for bread from the houses of the rich; but when disease enters these squalid homes of want, then, indeed, the condition of the poor is terrible; for sickness makes sad inroads, and fevers soon wear out the frame, already reduced by long starvation. The blood is poor, and the juices of the body dried up, and then again, they are constantly breathing the close and vitiated air of wretched courts and vile loathsome dens, where they herd promiscuously together.

For Mrs. Harley there remained now but three children; Gazella was still ill, and dying before her eyes. Frank was crippled in both his feet from his birth, and was only able to cross the floor, by dragging himself along in a sitting posture. He was at this time very unhappy, for his supply of work, owing to the dullness of the season, had entirely ceased. The only child at home, who could run about and be of any assistance to his mother, was Lucien; and a little boy of nine years old cannot be expected to do any great amount of labor. Thus the mother found herself in the middle of winter, when the thermometer ranged from zero, to seven degrees below it, without money, with-

out bread or fire, or any of the comforts, which are necessities in a sick room.

One morning then, in the middle of January, Mrs. Harley rose from her bed of straw,—where, covered with a few tattered bed-clothes, she had passed the night too cold to sleep, and proceeded to dress herself.

With a light step, but a heavy heart, the widow passed down stairs, and into the street. The morning was clear, but intensely cold, and as Mrs. Harley drew her veil over her face, her breath froze in small particles upon it. There had been a fall of snow the night before, which now lay smooth and white upon the ground, with that crust upon it, indicative of good sleighing. Although the hour was so early, yet the streets were all alive with the merry echoes of the sleigh bells. Pedestrians were also numerous, and men, women and children hastened along, but all seemed well wrapped up in cloaks, coats and furs, and all of them had faces that spoke of the good cheer of a well-spread table, and a warm fire-side, so at least thought our poor widow, as she wrapped her thin shawl closer about her, and hurried on, with a fearful sense of starving misery at her heart.

Pausing before the door of a nice looking house in Arch street, Mrs. Harley rang the bell. She had so long and so uselessly sought employment at the stores, that she resolved to see if she could not meet better success at private dwellings. She was nerved with a

desperate courage, for she remembered her poor sick daughter, and her starving children at home: she felt that every sentiment of pride must be sacrificed to her duty, and with an inward aspiration to God, she awaited the opening of the door. A well-fed rosy faced Irish servant girl, answered the summons of the bell, and asked Mrs. Harley's business. She inquired for the lady of the house. The girl told her she had not risen yet, and would not do so for two hours, as she did not breakfast till ten o'clock. Mrs. Harley passed on to the next house, and a saucy black waiter, informed her that his lady did not *receive* visitors till twelve o'clock. He then quickly shut the door in her face; and so on, from house to house she dragged herself, until at last, discouraged with Arch street, she turned her weary and half frozen feet out of it, and walked as rapidly as her sad heart would permit, to Walnut street. Here she made numerous attempts like the former ones, and was repulsed in each instance, until she reached a house standing pretty much by itself, and bearing about it an evident look of wealth and comfort. A kind-looking girl, very pretty too, and whose face seemed strangely familiar to Mrs. Harley, came to the door and told her that her lady was at breakfast, but if she would walk in and wait, she was sure she would see her. The poor widow, glad to avail herself of any pretext to warm her frozen limbs, entered the house, and the girl threw open the parlor door, and politely requested her to

take a seat on the sofa. She was about to leave the room, when Mrs. Harley called her back, and said, "Stay a moment. It seems as if you and I had met before, but I cannot think where." "You have forgotten poor Mary in the prison then, ma'm, but I have not ceased to bless you, for your kind words induced Mrs. Atlee to interest herself for me, and obtain my freedom." "Why so it is Mary. Indeed I had forgotten where we had met. My sorrows come so near together, and are so great, that they destroy my memory of little things, but I am glad that you were released: my heart bled for you; and I rejoice if I was the means of helping you." "Ah, that you was, ma'm; you were the first person that spoke a good word to me in the prison; but I hear the dining-room bell, and our waiter is cleaning the snow out of the yard, so I must answer it," and away went the once wretched girl that Mrs. Harley had met in a prison, to speak to her kind mistress, and enlist her sympathies in behalf of the poor widow, who perhaps as she sat there, remembered the fable of the lion and the mouse.

It so happened, that the lady of the house was the daughter of a Southern planter, in the state of Louisiana. She had lived all her single life, on a sugar plantation on the coast, and had married and removed to the North, where her husband was largely engaged as a merchant. She was generous and noble-hearted, and had a considerable fortune in her own right. She had six children, and Mary had lived with them now

eighteen months, and was the nurse of the youngest, a fine healthy boy of some eight months, who was very much attached to her.

When Mrs. Harley was left to herself, she had an opportunity to observe the richly furnished parlors into which she had been shown. The walls were hung with splendid paintings: the windows were shaded with heavy curtains of pink satin damask, relieved by a rich drapery of lace. The air was the temperature of summer, and was heated by a furnace in the cellar. A soft carpet, of the finest manufacture, covered the floor, and richly carved furniture filled the rooms. Upon a little bouquet-table that stood near, was placed a large vase filled with flowers, culled from the conservatory which adjoined the back parlor, and was divided from it by a wall of glass. An air of perfume breathed through the apartment, and every thing looked *colour de rose*. Ah, what a contrast in this wealth and luxury, to the wretched poverty the widow had left at home.

There gently broke on the ears that had anxiously waited for every sound, the tones of a manly voice, and the soft delicious whisperings of a woman's in reply. Then a kiss, a gentle good-bye, and the front door opened and closed loudly, and the beautiful, fascinating, and fashionable Mrs. Norton entered the room, and gracefully saluted Mrs. Harley. She took a seat beside her on the sofa, and spoke to her with so much kindness, and real delicacy of feeling, that

it won her confidence at once. Mrs. Harley introduced herself, and her object in the visit: she gave a brief outline of her history, told of the great scarcity of work, and earnestly requested Mrs. Norton to employ her at any kind of sewing, if she would save from the extremity of suffering, a wretched family.

The noble-hearted Southerner listened to the story, with all the sympathy of her generous nature; took her up stairs, and made her partake of a comfortable breakfast, gave her a bundle of work which had in reality been cut out for the house seamstress, and then, with charming delicacy, slipped a five dollar note into Mrs. Harley's hand, saying as she did so, "That is what you would have earned, had I known you a week sooner." Then writing down the address, she promised to come and visit her sick daughter very soon, and hoped in the meantime to be considered as a friend, to be applied to on all occasions.

"God is good," said the widow, as she lit a fire from the wheelbarrow load of wood she had bought, and proceeded to prepare breakfast for her famished children. "God is good, and in this, as I thought our last extremity, he has raised us up a friend, who I think, will be a friend indeed. Kneel with me my children. Let us offer up prayers of gratitude to the Father of the fatherless, the husband of the widow."

The prayer was finished, and Mrs. Harley rose from her knees at the moment that a loud rap resounded

through the lower room. Lucien ran to answer it, and returned holding in his hand a letter. "Fourteen cents, mother," said he. The money was paid, and Mrs. Harley sat down to read the letter. It ran as follows:

Riverside Farm, Chester County,

January 18—.

MRS. HARLEY,

Dear Madam,—I write you this letter with many painful feelings, and regret that I should have to convey to you such bad news, as I have now to communicate. Your son Henry has now been with me some three years, and although during that time I have had considerable trouble with him, yet I was induced to think that after all, the lad would turn out well, and I forbore to trouble you with any account of his shortcomings. But things have been gradually coming to a crisis, and he seemed to hate work more and more. Betsy, my wife, has always been good to him, though she did not let him sit down to the table with us, thinking it would spoil him: but he always had plenty to eat: I am sure of it. I never whipped him only when he richly deserved it, and after all the kindness we have shown him, the ungrateful boy has ran off, and stolen one of the finest horses on the place. There is little doubt but that he will make straight for home, and I think you will only be acting strictly in accordance with duty, to have him arrested at once, and put in prison. I have sent his description to the different newspaper offices in the city, and with the efficient police they now have, he will be sure to be caught. I shall be down myself in a day or two, and hope then you will have him safely caged.

I am madam, very truly yours,

TIMOTHY HARDGRIPE.

With what feelings the mother read this epistle, I leave you to imagine. She handed it to Frank, and told him to read it to Gazella, but first she dispatched Lucien to the shop for some trifling thing, thinking it best he should not know his brother's delinquency. Hardly had Frank finished reading it aloud, when Lucien returned with a face full of wonder. "Mother," said he, "brother Harry is at the end of the court. He looks very cold and thin, and wants to see you. I coaxed him to come and see you here, but he trembled all over, and said he dared not do that, and so there he stands in the snow and the cold. Do, pray go and bring him in, mother."

And forth she went, and there standing, leaning against a lamp-post, his hands in his pockets, an old torn cap on his head, a ragged jacket, and pair of trousers hardly sufficing to cover his nakedness, an old worn out pair of shoes on, through which peeped forth his half-frozen toes, stood the second son of the widow.

"Oh! mother, this is kind in you," said the boy, while the big tears stood in his eyes, "very kind, indeed. I was afraid you would not come to me: that you would believe all that wicked man said of me, and be ready to give me up to the officers to go to prison. Come with me, mother, a little way down the street: there is an old lime-box there, where I slept last night, and I want to tell you a great deal. Come and listen to me first, before you condemn me." And

so saying, the boy led the way to the lime-box aforesaid, and he and his mother entered. In one corner was some straw, upon which Harry motioned his mother to be seated, and then kneeling before her, he asked solemnly, "mother, do you believe that your own son Harry is a thief, as Mr. Hardgripe says he is?" "I do not know, Harry, what to believe. I hope there is some mistake. I hope you are innocent, and that you can prove it to me, for look you, my son, it would break my heart to find you guilty of such a crime. All that we have suffered is nothing to the knowledge of actual guilt. I am impatient to hear your story, begin it at once."

"So I will, mother."

THE STORY OF HARRY.

"You remember that I was sent to the country to learn farming. I was bound to Mr. Hardgripe, till I was of age, and you were no doubt satisfied that I was in comfortable quarters. I had not forgotten, my dear mother, our happy home in New York, and all the endearing recollections of my boyhood. If I had never known them it would have been better for me, for I would then perhaps have learned to submit to indignities that galled my proud nature. As to hard work, I did not mind that: I liked to be busy about something, and I cared little what, but I did dislike the cruel taunts I received about eating the bread of charity, and about my family, who were starving for

bread in the city. I was forced to put up with every kind of insult, and was, indeed, the scape-goat of the family. Each one felt entitled to give me a kick or a blow, and no one ever thought of giving me a kind word. Thus it was that a disposition, naturally buoyant and merry, became moody and sensitive, and when I sat in the chimney corner in the kitchen, looking into the blaze, and trying to figure out my future life, somebody would be sure to kick me out, and tell me to go split wood or fetch water, or do something besides looking into the fire so sulky. No doubt I seemed to them to be in the sulks, but I was not, mother. I was only trying to feel happy within myself, you know. Mr. Hardgripe has a daughter just my own age: a very pretty girl, but a very proud and selfish one. From the first hour that I went beneath their roof, this young girl took every opportunity to make me feel the difference in our positions. She ordered me about in the most dictatorial manner, and if I did not move quick enough to please her, she would slap or kick me as if I had been a dog, and woe be to me if I dared complain, or say one word in my own defence: the whole house would rise against me; the father would appear with a cow-hide, the mother with the tongs, and the brother with a heavy walking stick, and I would be fairly chased out of the house, and forced to take up my quarters in the stable.

While the warm weather lasted, and I had work to do in the open field, I was comparatively happy, for I

worked so hard, there was no time to quarrel with me, till I went home to my supper, which was never made up of any thing beyond salt meat and brown bread. However, I had a good appetite, and relished it, simple as it was. When I had performed all that was required of me about the house, I retired to bed in the garret, and slept as soundly, I am sure, as did my mistress or her pretty daughter.

But as I grew older, the kicks and cuffs I received began to awaken in my mind feelings of revenge and retaliation. My spirit rebelled against the indignity with which I was treated, and I not unfrequently spoke very freely in my own defence, but alas, I soon found I was but riveting my own chains. However, the spirit of opposition was aroused within me, and I determined to fight it out to the end.

A constant warfare was the consequence of my resolution to assert my rights, and the very first time that I received a kick from Miss Jane, I kicked back. She ran screaming to her mother, and I made good my retreat, and ran out the back way, and across the fields till I reached a patch of woods, about a half mile distant from the house. There Mr. Hardgripe and two of his men found me. He seized me by the hand, and led me away to the open field, muttering as he went, and grinding his teeth together: I could hear him say, "what shall I do to this little wretch, that kicked my daughter. How shall I punish him: how shall I hurt him enough."

Mr. Hardgripe led me with long strides to the foot of a tree. He ordered me to undress. I did so. He told the men to tie me up to a limb of the tree with some strong cord they had brought with them. This they soon accomplished, and then I felt the hard, heavy blows of the cow-hide, cutting and bruising my flesh, and seeming to be grinding my bones to powder. I held out as long as I could, but at last I begged for mercy. I implored his pity; but still the blows descended, and at each repetition, laid open the quivering flesh. In the midst of this agony, consciousness forsook me, and I know not what happened for hours afterwards.

When, however, I at last opened my eyes, I found I was laid in my own garret, but there was no one near me. I felt an intense burning thirst. There was no water at hand. I tried to rise from the bed, but my bruised and mangled body would not permit. I writhed in agony, and in that hour I remembered the prayer you had taught me, oh! my mother! I remembered that you had told me there was a God who was a friend of the friendless and destitute, and was I not friendless indeed. I called upon his name so long forgotten, and prayed that he would help me in this hour of my sore distress. But my help was not yet. I heard a noise on the stairs, of a heavy step ascending. The next moment Mr. Hardgripe entered the room. He held a lemon in his hand, cut in two. For what purpose he had brought it, I soon

learned. He turned me over on my side, and with a malicious leer on his face, he squeezed the juice into the open cuts on my back. Oh! God, oh! my mother, can you imagine the torture he inflicted upon me. I felt the cold shivering of agonized despair run over me. I implored him to have mercy upon me, as he hoped for mercy from God; but no, he pursued his purpose till he had satisfied himself, and then left me, deaf to my cries for water, deaf to every thing but the cruel promptings of his iron-like heart.

Hours rolled by; *such long, such weary* hours. I thought of you and my sweet sister Gazella, and thought how glad you would have been to dress my wounds, and allay my maddening thirst. The peaked roof of the garret only threw back the echo of my own voice. Night came on, and still the fever burned in my veins, and my body increased in soreness. At last the men came up to bed. I implored them to get me some water. They brought it, and I drank a long refreshing draught. It cooled me, and brought me comparative ease, but I was still suffering too much to sleep. I laid awake till near daylight, looking through the little dormer window up at the beautiful stars, and the soft bright moon, that lit up every portion of my garret. Hope awoke within me. I knew that the world was wide: that all men were not tyrants. I resolved to run away, and while planning the how and the when, I fell asleep.

You will readily suppose, my dear mother, that it

took some time for me to recover from this dreadful flogging. It is now six weeks, and still my back and limbs are stiff and sore. But I seized the first moment of comparative strength, mounted the fastest horse on the place, and turned his head towards the city. Arrived here, I went to a tavern on Third street, asked to see the landlord, and told him my whole story; requesting him to take charge of the horse, and send him back to my master. He spoke kindly to me, gave me a supper, and handed me this dollar, which you see, and told me that he had boys of his own, and he knew how to feel for me. He said he would send the horse home the first opportunity. I went away, and came up and looked at your house; all was dark, and I supposed you were asleep. I came back, and found this lime-box. I entered it and found this straw, that you see, and here I passed the night. I went down to a tavern in Market street to get my breakfast. I picked up a paper, and the first thing that struck my eye, was an advertisement from Mr. Hardgripe, offering a reward of fifty dollars for his horse and the thief. He described me exactly, and of course, I began to feel that every body was looking at me with suspicion. I wanted no breakfast now. I turned away, resolved to run the risk of seeing you, and telling you all the truth. And now, my dear mother, do you censure me? Do you feel that I have brought disgrace upon you? Will you turn against me, and take part with that man, who has been so cruel to me?"

"I blame you, Harry, for attempting to strike your Master's daughter under any provocation, and before you are much older, your own sense will teach you that it was wrong, but my mind is relieved of a great weight, since you told me all about the horse. So long as I had a fear that you had committed so great a crime as stealing, I was agonized beyond measure, but what you have told me, quite reassures me. I hope, after all, this will not be so bad a case as it seemed, and we shall be able to make it all right again."

"What, mother, do you expect that I will go back again, and tamely submit to such indignities, and be again the poor, spiritless, bound-boy of the farmer? No; no, never! you need not ask it of me. I will not do it." "Nor do I wish that you should, my son. I only meant in saying what I did, that I hoped we should be able to keep you out of prison, for to get you there, seems to be the object of Mr. Hardgripe."

"Let him do it if he wishes to, mother. He cannot hurt me. I shall have the landlord to prove that I gave up the horse as soon as I reached the city. In the meantime, I shall set out to-day to find a place, where I shall not have to be bound, and where I shall be nearer to you. I will work hard, mother, and do all I can to support you, and help you to get along."

"Only do well for yourself, and that is all that I can ask, my child. You are now only thirteen years old, and I feel that to take care of yourself is all that

should be required of you. In a little while, when this thing blows over, you can come home, and I will do all I can to make you comfortable. I shall want to hear from you again. How shall I do it?"

"Come here to-night, mother, at seven o'clock, and I will be here, and hope I shall be able to tell you, that I have got a good situation. Good-bye till then, love to sister and all;" and waving his hand, the little fellow moved away, and turned the corner of the street.

The mother stood and looked after him, till he was lost to view, and then turned her steps homeward. She related all she had heard to her children, and they joined their tears with her's; and as the day wore on, ever and anon the picture of her little child presented itself, as she felt that he must have looked when tied to that tree in the open field, completely at the mercy of a tyrant, whose heart could be tender enough to his own children, but could exercise the grossest cruelty upon her poor fatherless boy. She could see him, too, as he laid on his bed in the garret, writhing with torture, begging for drink, with no human creature to take pity upon him, and moisten his burning lips. A feeling of indignation took possession of her heart, and for a while she must be pardoned for indulging it.

When the shades of evening fell around, and the little family had partaken of their humble supper, the widow wrapped her shawl about her, and went forth

to meet her child. She heard the state-house clock strike seven, and quickened her footsteps lest she should make her boy wait. She reached the lime-box,—it was empty. She paced the pavement to and fro, anxiously looking in every direction for the coming of her child. The wintry wind howled piercingly through the streets. The day, which had been clear and cold, had become overcast about nightfall, and now thick heavy clouds obscured the face of heaven, and shut out the star-light from the widow's sight. The streets were only lighted by lamps of oil, which threw their lurid flame for a short distance, and then made obscurity doubly obscure. Two or three men, low dissolute fellows, peeped under the black bonnet of the widow, but the expression of agony they read upon her face, was not what they sought for, and they passed on. For two hours she walked up and down, and still no Harry came. What could have detained him; and made him break his appointment with her. The snow commenced to fall, the wind increased, and the mother, chilled in every limb, returned hopeless and despairing to her home. Did she sleep that night, think you? Mother, would you have slept?

CHAPTER XIX.

HARRY FINDS HIMSELF IN PRISON—JIM SMITH RELATES HIS HISTORY, WHICH GOES TO PROVE THAT THE INNOCENT BUT TOO OFTEN SUFFER FOR THE GUILTY.

I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH.

We parted with little Harry just as he turned the corner of a street, and disappeared from his mother's view. We will now go back to that moment, and accompany the little wanderer on his day's pilgrimage. He turned down Fifth street, until he came to Chestnut, and was about proceeding up Chestnut street, when two men, who had been standing on the corner of the Mayor's Office, suddenly darted after him. "That's him!" said one of them, "I'll bet my life that's the rascal." "It does answer the description," said the other, taking from his pocket a paper, and reading from it;—"pale and thin, four feet six inches in height, light curly hair, blue eyes, dressed in pepper-and-salt jacket, out at elbows, a little rag-

ged, generally, an old cloth cap, with the face torn off, toes out of his shoes, etc. etc." The man as he read, rapidly ran his eye over the figure before him, and examined each feature of the picture, then said, folding the paper and putting it away; "Yes, that must be he. Now, what is your plan. Shall we take him at once, and carry him to the Mayor's Office?" "No, indeed. You would spoil every thing by your want of management. Just let's follow the chap, and see where he goes to. We'll soon find out, if so be, he's cross or square. Mind, its fifty dollars reward for the horse and the boy, and we are to go equal shares."

"You may bet your life on that same, Stubble; but see, there he goes into that confectionery store. Let's be after him quick." The two police officers followed closely upon the steps of poor Harry, who, entirely unconscious of their attentions, advanced with the boldness of conscious innocence, to the counter, and inquired if that was the place where a boy had been advertised for, that morning.

"Yes, my little lad," said a good-natured, jolly-faced man, who was just weighing out some French kisses for a little girl, who stood waiting to receive them. "This is the place. I want a boy just about your size. I pay good wages, and the place is easy." Here the sugar-plums found their way into the little girl's hand, and she, looking very sweet, and smiling kindly upon Harry, paid for them and left the store;

not, however, without giving a longing look back again, to see if the master of the store was going to take the little applicant into his employ. We shall meet that little girl again, ere long—but to proceed. The man came and rested his elbows on the counter, and said to Harry, “Have you got good reference to give?” “I have no one but my mother, sir. I have never lived out in the city, before.” “Ah, you have lived in the country, then.” “Yes, sir.” “Have you got a letter from your last employer?” “No, sir,” said Harry, blushing to the roots of his hair. “Ah! I am to understand then, you have not been acting altogether correct.” “Gentlemen, what do you wish?” said the storekeeper to the two officers, who now approached him. “Only to ask this fine little fellow a few questions, with your permission,” said Stubble. “Certainly, gentlemen, proceed,” said the storekeeper. “You said, just now, my little man, that you had been living in the country, if I heard aright,” said Stubble, with a bow of mock reverence to poor Harry, who, in spite of his boasted fearlessness, felt rather qualmish. “Yes, sir,” he replied. “May I be allowed to ask you,” said Stubble, number two, rolling an enormous quid of tobacco in his mouth, “what part of the country was it you lived in, my brave lad?” “Chester county, sir.” “Ah! really: And what might have been the name of the gentleman or lady with whom you lived?” said Stubble, number one. “Timothy Hardgripe, sir.” “Humph!”

said Stubbles, numbers one and two, in chorus. "Quite a *hard* name—ain't it, now? he, he, he, ha, ha, ha. "And pray," said Stubble, number two, adjusting his tobacco, "what might your name be, if I might make so bold?" "Henry Harley, sir." "Well, Henry Harley, sir, you are my prisoner, sir—and you will just come along, and not make any fuss about it, you young hoss thief."

"Is it possible!" said the good-natured storekeeper, coming round from behind the counter. "So little and so bad. Pray, tell me if you are in earnest—surely, he has not stolen a horse!" "No, indeed, sir," said Harry; but both Stubbles interrupted him at once. "Not a word out of your head, sir—you'r my prisoner; and as to your being guilty—that is a settled point." Stubble, number two, now spoke alone, and said, "Why, this atrocious specimen of humanity has stolen a hoss, a large fine hoss, and the deuce knows what he hasn't done." "It seems hard to believe that one who looks so honest, could have been so base," said the storekeeper, kindly. "He does not look like a rogue, I am sure."

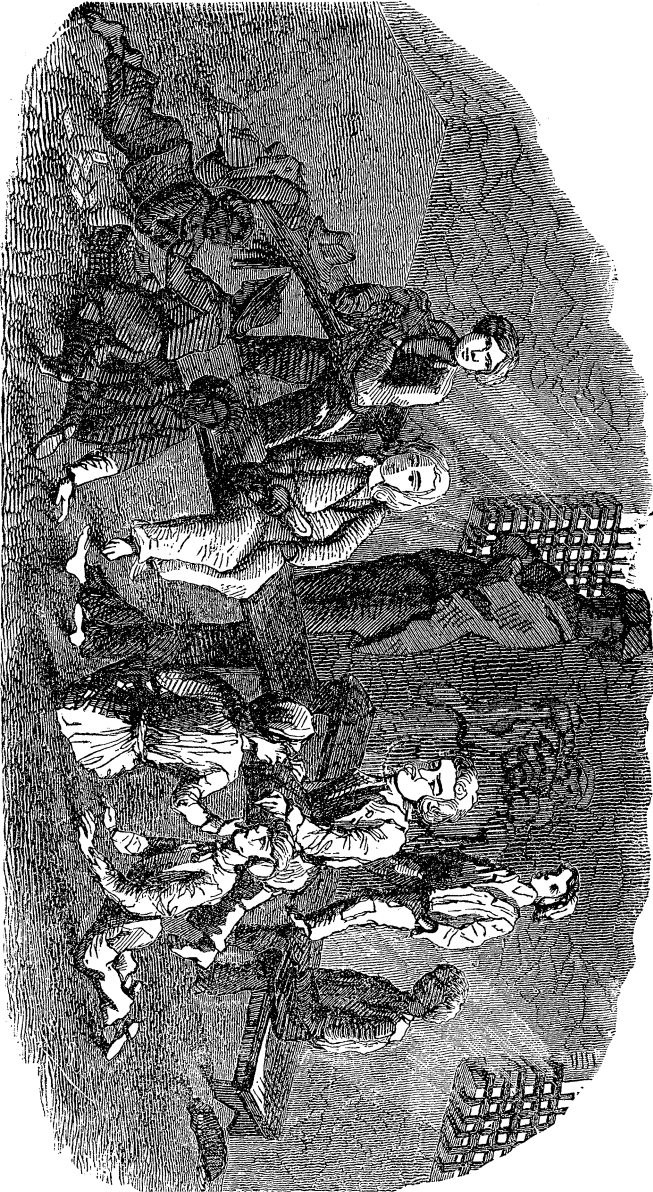
"That is all very well for pastime, but you see it happens, that we know a good deal better, and we will just take this innocent lamb where he will have to confess, and lay aside this air of injured innocence. I never saw a rogue yet that was not innocent. It is astonishing where so many innocent people come from. After their conviction, it is quite a different

thing. They will get together then, and relate such proofs of their villainy, that you would think it was a shame to let such wretches go unhung. When a lad, so young as this, commences by stealing a horse, there ain't much hope for him. However, we will try what the law will do for him :'' and thus saying, the officers led Harry away between them, and conducted him to the Mayor's Office. It was, however, closed, and they proceeded to place him in prison to await a hearing before his honor the next morning.

In a room, set apart for juvenile delinquents, crowded with boys from ten years old to twenty, the little Harry was shut up, and left, not to his own reflections, but to be carried away by the atmosphere of vice and sin around him. He forgot, in listening to their stories of robbery and pillage, all the circumstances which had brought him there, and became insensibly interested in their profane conversation.

The reader will remember, that Harry was a child of some thirteen years; and must not wonder that his mind became engrossed in the only topics which presented themselves to him. Had he been left alone, doubtless he would have reflected more on his own situation. Perhaps it was well for him that he was thrown into this evil company, since it sufficed to show him the certain consequences of bad habits. As he sat forlorn and ragged on the prison-bench, his head uncovered, and his bright curly hair thrown back from his handsome face, he looked quite out of his natural

sphere. He sat uneasily, and nervously twirled his ragged cap in his hand, and by degrees, as he felt himself the subject of remark and jest to the boys around him, he felt a deep flush crimsoning his cheek and brow. One of these boys now approached, and sitting down near him, tried to engage him in conversation. "I say, old fellow," said he, "what are you in for? Your face is a strange one. You don't look like a member of the profession." "I don't know to what profession you allude," said Harry. "Hear him, the milksop," said the strange boy, "he pretends to charming ignorance." "Now, mister, look a-here, we don't have no angels here. I say again, what are you in for?" "For stealing a horse." "What, a little dried-up piece of humanity like you, got pluck enough to steal a horse! I wouldn't a-believed it. Old fellow give us your hand on it." Gentlemen, I introduce to this respectable assemblage, a new member—one who has graduated with the highest honors; in short—a horse thief. Give him three cheers." The boys crowded around, and gave three suppressed cheers, throwing their caps in the air, jumping up after them, and performing many other feats of slack-rope agility. "Well, now," said the boy who addressed Harry at first, "tell us your story—let us hear all about it." "Yes, yes—the story, the history—let us hear it," echoed a dozen voices. Poor Harry, overwhelmed with shame and confusion at the notice he had attracted, begged that he might be ex-



PRISON SCENE.—LITTLE HARRY.

cused, but his hearers would not listen to any apology, and he was forced to relate his story, which he did much in the same manner as he had, the same day, told it to his mother. The sympathy of his auditors was aroused; and when he came to the part where he lay in the garret, while his master poured lemon-juice into his gashed back, but refused him a drink of water, the big, savage-looking boy, who we shall call Jim Smith, rose to his feet, and stamping violently, blessed the monster in no very gentle terms. Harry looked at the boy with a surprise, which Jim was very quick to notice; for he said in reply, "Ah, you wonder that I feel so indignant. I, who am so hardened—I, who live a life of crime, and who am held up as a warning to every body. Well, if you will now listen to *my* story, perhaps you may find some excuse for me. Do you want to hear it?" "O, yes, tell it—we all want to hear it." "Jim Smith is going to tell his story!" echoed from mouth to mouth. Thus encouraged, he began.

THE STORY OF JIM SMITH.

"My father was an honest, industrious mechanic, and earned wages enough to provide comfortably for his family. My mother was a little delicate woman, but one of the most hard-working creatures I ever saw. She was every thing that was good; sometimes, no doubt, she was too good to her children, whom she loved with all the doting fondness of her nature. There

were five of us, and when the youngest was about three years old, my father died, and left my mother destitute. The expenses of his family had been so heavy, that it had been impossible for him to save anything, and there was nothing remaining but for my mother to go to work. I was taken from school and placed in a store, being now twelve years of age, and my mother, who was an excellent washer, took in clothes to do up, and thus earned enough to buy bread for her children. Although we were deprived of many comforts, still we did not suffer, and we had that best of all virtues, contentment. The gentleman in whose store I was placed, had a son about my own age, but he was a lazy fellow, and would neither go to school or attend in the store. He would go out and stay for hours, that no one would know where he was, and he was frequently seen in the company of other boys, who bore a very bad character.

One day I was in the store alone, and Sam came in. He asked me to run down the street and buy him a newspaper. "Why can't you go yourself," said I. "I want to wait here for a friend," said he. Well I told him he could wait for his friend, and both could go together for the paper, as I had had strict orders not to leave the store till his father came back. Sam was very angry, but it was all no use; so at last he gave up, and we talked together quite friendly. A customer came in, and I went to wait upon him, and left Sam at the desk. In this desk was a small drawer

where Mr. Allan kept his silver. The key was in the drawer. I was busy waiting upon a gentleman at the front of the store, but as I turned my head, I distinctly saw Sam shut up the money drawer, and afterwards put his left hand in his trowsers pocket. I did not suspect any thing at the time, but when the customer had gone, Sam came forward, and I saw something was wrong, though still I did not suspect what. "Jim, said he, I won't wait any longer for Tom, tell him I got tired," and so saying, out he went. I busied myself about, and after a while Mr. Allan came in and told me to go to my dinner. I went off in high spirits, little dreaming that my happiness was so near at an end. When I went back to the store, Mr. Allan met me with a very serious countenance, and told me to walk back to his counting room. He then told me, that he had frequently of late, missed money out of the drawer: that he had gone out to-day leaving twenty dollars in silver in the drawer, and had come back, only finding fifteen. He told me to confess, if I wished him to have any mercy on me, and then asked me if I was not ashamed to bring such disgrace upon my poor mother. I declared my innocence: begged him not think so falsely of me, and swore I had never touched a penny of his money, that I had not honestly earned. He asked me if I had obeyed him in not leaving the store. I told him that I had. He asked me who then had found an opportunity to rob the till in my presence. I told him no one had

been near it but Sam. "Ah, you villain, you would want to make me believe it is my son who is a thief, would you?" said he, lifting me from the floor by the ears. "I will teach you better than that." He called to a young man who attended in the store, and who had happened to be out collecting all the morning. He sent him for a police officer, had me taken to the Mayor's Office, swore that I had robbed him, and had me sent to the House of Refuge.

The officer to whose custody I was entrusted, was a humane man, and moved by my distress, he consented to take me to see my mother on my way out to my prison. To tell you of her agony at the sight of me in the custody of an officer, and on my way to a place of confinement, would require some one far more gifted with language than I. She wept bitterly, tore her hair, implored the officer to let me go, and what was dearer still to my heart, declared that she knew that I was innocent. I told her she was right; that I was innocent, and that Sam had no doubt taken the money. The officer hurried me, and I tore myself away from her, and trudged along with a heavy heart, beside him. Arrived at a large stone building about a mile out of the city, and enclosed in walls of the same material, my companion rang a huge bell, and when the door was opened, conducted me into a parlor. I was placed in the hands of a keeper, and conducted to a lonely cell, where I might have time to think over my past wickedness. So suddenly had all

these things happened, that I felt like one in a dream, and the full misery of my situation never appeared to me till the keeper turned the key in my door, and left me shut out from all the world. At first I was womanish enough to cry, but when I remembered that I was innocent of the crime for which I was being punished, and when I felt that the really guilty party was abroad enjoying himself, and spending the money, I began to question the justice of God. I asked myself why I should not have the game as I had the name, of a thief, and I inwardly resolved to be revenged upon my prosecutor, who, unwilling to injure his child, had been regardless of any wrong he might do me, and through me, my poor desolate mother.

I spent the afternoon thus, and at six o'clock received a plate of mush and molasses. I was not hungry, but tried to eat it, but the briny tears was all I could taste in my mouth. The next morning I was taken out of my cell, taken to a wash-house, and dressed in the clothes of the establishment. I was then called into the parlor, and the superintendent of the establishment proceeded to ask me many questions of my past life. I was, however, in no humor to answer them, and wearied his patience so much, that he was going to have me locked up again in my cell, when a new incident occurred which changed the current of opinion in my favor.

I had a brother two years younger than myself, a delicate little fellow, that loved me with his whole heart.

He was not at home when I paid my last visit to my mother, but when he came in from school, he heard all the particulars of my arrest. He started off and went to the residence of the mayor of the city, and told his sad tale, asking with tears in his eyes permission to share my confinement. The mayor was a kind-hearted man: he pitied my poor brother, and gave him a written paper, permitting him to become an inmate in my prison. The next morning he started out early, and walked to the House of Refuge, and just as I was about to be ordered to my cell, what was my surprise to see entering by another door, my little brother Robert, attended by a keeper. "Robert," "James," and we rushed into each other's arms; my little brother sobbed aloud upon my bosom. "Dear Jim," said he, "I knew you would be lonely here without me, and I resolved to come and share your prison." "Yes, but my dear boy, you must commit a crime, or rather be accused of one, before you can obtain a ticket of membership here." "See, I have it," and he held out triumphantly, his committal to the House of Refuge. The superintendent was much affected, he took the paper, and told us to go and walk in the grounds, saying in a low tone to the keeper, "there must be something good in the boy, else he would not be so loved."

We walked away, happy, notwithstanding the terrible misfortune that had fallen upon me. Quite a large garden, laid out with pretty gravelled walks,

and planted with flowers, was opened to our view. We went and sat down under a large tree, and there Robert asked me to tell him all the circumstances of my case. He wept at the recital, and his boyish blood kindled with indignation at the cruelty. "I wish I had been made the victim. I will stay here with you, Jim, if they keep you for years." "That they cannot do," I replied; and the sequel proved that I was right. In the course of the day my mother came to see me, and to coax my brother to go home with her; but he pleaded so hard to stay, to be company for "poor Jim," that she was forced to give her consent. She left us with a heavy heart, and returned to her now cheerless home—for dark and cheerless it must have seemed to her, poor thing, with both her boys in a prison.

Days, weeks and months passed away, and I was placed in a work-shop in the prison, to learn to make shoes. I associated with older boys, who had been guilty of every crime but that of murder, and I assure you, I was but too willing a listener to their tales of wickedness. I felt that there was no use in trying to be good, since the innocent suffered the same punishment as the guilty. I knew that my character was gone; that I was branded as a thief, and what had I left to make me desire to continue honest, since having been honest had been no advantage to me. I hid my real feelings from my brother. I could not endure that his little heart should be contaminated by vice.

I felt that I was called to it, but I wanted to shield

him from every temptation, and I coaxed him to go home to my mother. At last, after many tears on his part, I succeeded in gaining his consent, and she came and took him away. A day or two after he left, what was my surprise to see in the face of a new comer, my old friend, or rather enemy, Sam Allan. He had carried on things with a high hand, had stolen money from some gentleman who had employed him, and had been sent, in spite of his father's entreaties, to herd with thieves and rowdies. Gentlemen, no offence—present company always excepted.

Sam greeted me very cordially—confessed that he had taken the five dollars, of which I had been so unjustly accused, and told me that he had since confessed it to his father, but that the old man, unwilling to let it be known that he had brought disgrace and punishment upon an innocent lad, had said nothing about it, and had charged him not to.

A very dangerous intimacy now sprung up between Sam and myself, and some of the oldest and most depraved inmates of the house. We planned a means of escape, and one Sunday morning, when every body in the house was getting ready to go into the chapel, we burst through several doors, and turned the key in the outside one, throwing it open, and rushing forth in a body. We were all caught, brought back, and sent to dark, lonely cells, where we were locked up for weeks, and left on bread and water. You may be assured that the slight taste we had of liberty, was

only enough to make us more eager for it. When we were, at last, released, and permitted to walk about, our minds were made up for another desperate attempt. Accordingly, one winter morning, when it was not yet light, and we had been unlocked, we came forth, all dressed, and descended into the yard. We got over a part of the wall, between the girls' yard and ours, and ran along close in the shade of the stone-work to a far corner, where some rubbish had been heaped up. I scaled the wall like a cat, and then hung a ladder I had made of a blanket, for my companions to ascend. When all were at the top, I made them lie down flat, that their figures might not be visible against the fast brightening sky. I then lowered the ladder on the other side, and one by one, my companions descended. I then ran along the wall to where an abutment in the stone-work presented something to hang the ladder to, in order to facilitate my own escape. In that moment, a hue and cry was raised, and we were missed. Some girls saw me as I stood there, revealed in clear characters, and standing out from the sky, where day was fast breaking. They screamed, and many came running to the spot, but I dropped hastily down, lighted on my feet, and followed my companions, who ran on the wings of the wind. We now distanced our pursuers, and when we got into the heart of the city, we walked leisurely along. Jack Medford knew of a flash crib, where we could go and obtain different clothes, and remain all day. We went there, and

started out at night on an expedition, where I was to earn my first dishonest dollar.

But, as ill luck would have it, just as I turned a corner, I came upon my poor mother, carrying home a heavy basket of clothes, from the washing. She looked very pale and thin, and at sight of me, she dropped her basket, with a cry, that seemed wrung from the depths of her soul. I told my companions to go on, and I would meet them in the same spot in an hour. I went up to my mother, kissed her, and told her I had run off. I picked up her basket to carry it for her, and made her take my arm, which she did in a very trustful manner. O, how my heart burned within me, at that moment, when I thought of all the poor creature had suffered for me. I asked her how she got along, and she told me, poorly enough; that the prices for her work were so cut down, that she was now washing for a family, without doing the ironing, and only washing the big pieces, and that they paid her twelve-and-a-half cents a dozen. Now, to find soap and fire, you can think, boys, what a scandalous price this was for her to work at. I told her that she ought not to do it, and she said she knew it, but that work was so scarce she was glad to get it at any price. After she had left the clothes at their place of destination, I walked nearly home with her. It was on Race street, and I stopped before leaving her, to bid her good-bye, and promise that I would try to make her circumstances better. As I stood there, a

black woman standing at the door of a house opposite, taking me for somebody she knew, threw a brickbat at my head, cutting open my forehead in a deep gash. I seized the brick as it fell, and dashed it back at her. She retreated hastily, and closed the door of the house. At that moment, an officer came along, saw the blood streaming down my face, and accused me of having been fighting. I denied it, and my mother substantiated my word. The officer declared that he would arrest us both. I pleaded with him—he was deaf to all I said. Then, said my mother, come with me just one square up the street, and see what I have got to show you. Something in the palid terror and anguish of my mother's face, touched the man. He consented, and she led the way, while we followed. She went up a little narrow court, about four feet wide, and entered a dilapidated frame house. One single room was all it contained. A small stove stood on the hearth, in which a few coals were burning. The floor was bare, the walls old, and stained with the water which leaked through the roof, whenever it rained. Some large hooks were driven in the walls, and a clothes-line was hung from them, on which was spread a quantity of wet clothing. My three little sisters sat by a pine table, on which stood a tallow candle, with a long, unsnuffed wick. One sister was sewing, while the two others were employed in cutting doll-babies out of a newspaper. Robert was learning his book. All of them were covered with rags. In

one corner of the room stood a low bedstead, covered over with a tattered quilt. At the foot of it was spread a bed, which served for the children to sleep upon. In another corner was a wash-tub, half full of wet clothes, while the wash-board, with a piece of soap stuck in the corner, was laid across the top of the tub. Upon the hearth stood a large wash-kettle full of clothes, ready to be boiled. My mother's employment was evident—she said,

This is my home; these are my children; I am a widow, and have no means to support them, except by washing; if you take me to prison, God only knows what is to become of them."

"Take you to prison, mother," they all exclaimed in a breath, as they came forward. Then seeing me, they said, "brother Jim, come home," and ran to me kissing and hugging me, and begging me to tell them how I got hurt. My mother washed the blood away from my face, and bound my head up. "Come, come," said the officer, "I cannot wait all night." The children threw themselves before him; they clasped his knees; they asked him if he had little children at home; and they asked him what they would do if some one tore their mother away from them, and took her to prison? The man drew his hand quickly across his eyes: said he would only take me, and accordingly I accompanied him, after a hasty good-bye to my family. He took me to a station-house, and locked me up for the night. When

the morning came, I was removed to the Mayor's Office, and was instantly recognized as the leader of the gang of runaways from the House of Refuge. I was sent back again, and when there I was conveyed at once to a dark cell, and was brought from it every few days to be whipped into concessions. I would make none, however, for I felt that I was suffering innocently, and I had a spirit within me, that was goaded to madness by it. I made the most horrible resolves. I felt that mankind and the world were against me, and I determined to arm myself against them in return. I had been honest; naturally so. I had studied my master's interest, and been to him as faithful as a dog. Could I forgive him for casting me into a prison, ruining my character—all that the poor have to value, and all to save his own son. I can answer that I did not, and cannot forgive him; and that I never will.

The goading lash that fell upon my back was a shame, an indignity that I could not become reconciled to. My keeper was a slender man, and I resolved to battle with him. I did it. I handled him as a giant would an infant. I seemed to have superhuman power given to me, and after one struggle of this kind, I was never whipped, except when three or four of the men were collected together to hold me.

Time passed, and I became heartily sick of my narrow cell, and my prison fare. I longed to be free: to breathe the fresh, pure air of heaven; to come and go

as I pleased, and tread the earth at large, and bring upon its inhabitants some punishment for all the wrongs I suffered. My proud spirit never sought relief in tears. I scorned such woman's weakness: my soul burned within me for revenge. The word was music to my ear. I nursed it in my heart, and became what you see me: a very demon.

There was, however, one soft spot in my breast; there was one redeeming trait; one human sympathy that remained to link me to my kind. The thought of my dear mother, so pale, so weak, so helpless; struggling through the world; laboring so hard to get bread for her children; living in the midst of so much wretchedness, and bowed down with sorrow, as she thought of me, her first-born son, her pride, her idol, become a disgrace and reproach to her house. Ah! it was too much; too much. Her agony I would soothe and pacify, and while I swore love and devotion to her, I swore horrid oaths against all mankind but her. I obtained a knife, no matter how. I cut a piece out of my door, and tracing my way through the long corridors, I emerged through the wash-house into the open air. It was night; the boys were assembled at prayers. I took my old course through the girl's yard, scaled the wall, dropped down on the other side, and landed on my feet. I walked quietly away, whistling as I went, but this time, instead of turning into the city, I went towards the open country. I walked all night, and when morning came, you may

be sure I was hungry and tired. There was no house in sight. I went into the woods, sought a place completely shut in by brushwood, and laid down to sleep. The spring of the year had come, and nature was just beginning to put on her dress of varied coloring. The birds sang merrily on the trees. I listened, and wondered how they could be so happy, when I, who had a soul, who was human, was so wretched. Ah! had some kind friend then come forward, and taken me by the hand, and spoken kindly to me, I might have become a blessing; but I knew no such friend; if any one had heard my story, they would have proceeded instantly, as in duty bound, to have given me up to justice. Justice—God save the mark, and then I should have been lashed again, as if a high-spirited boy would ever brook such indignity. I could have been coaxed into anything, but driven, no, never.

Well, I laid down and slept till night-fall: I arose feeling very stiff and sore, but I commenced my walk. As I skirted the woods, I passed an humble cottage where a woodman was seated with his family at supper. I went to the door and asked for a piece of bread. The man came towards me, and made me enter and sit down at the table. I partook of their humble meal, told a plausible story, and thanking them, I went on my way.

I will not tell you all my subsequent adventures. I arrived at a large city, picked a gentleman's pocket, and obtained a large sum of money. I sent one hun-

dred dollars to my mother, but I never hinted from whom it came. I gave her to understand that the money was owing to my father for some work he had done. I fitted myself out in a handsome suit of clothes, bought a beautiful trunk, a gold watch, &c., and put up at a hotel. I went to the theatre, and went on spending my money as if it was going to last forever; when one night who should I meet in the lobby of the opera house, but Sam Allan. He was wonderfully cut down, or in other words, hard up. He told me a pitiful tale of his sufferings, and his father's refusal to assist him, and I offered to lend him some money. I took him to my room at the hotel, gave him some clothes, and did everything for him I could, and yet the rascal, knowing there was a reward offered for me, went to the city authorities and informed against me. The officers were in the hotel lying in wait for me, but I fortunately escaped their clutches, through the warning of a pretty chambermaid who had taken a fancy to me. I left the city at once, and visited some others not so large, but in each one of them I followed my profession with so much advantage to myself, that I was never without money. I sent my mother many letters, purporting to come from the same source as the first one. I enclosed money in all of them. I requested her to write to me and tell me of her health, &c.: she wrote often. She began to suspect, I imagine, that her unknown correspondent was her son. One day I got a letter that filled me with

anguish, my mother was sick—dying. If I knew aught of her dear son, would I not bid him hasten to her bed-side to receive a mother's blessing.

I hastened away; I travelled day and night; I lavished gold upon the drivers: I reached home, drove up to the door, entered the house, but, alas! it was too late—she was dead. The eyes that had never rested on me but in affection, were closed forever, and I felt that the only link that made me human, was severed. The children greeted me tenderly; called me their only protector; told me that my mother had never spoken of me but in love, and had died invoking the blessings of heaven upon my head. The evil spirit within me was moved. I did a thing rather unusual *for me*—I wept. They laid her in the ground and covered her from my sight, and I went back to the house oppressed with a grief I could not shake off. I resolved to take care of my brothers and sisters. I found that my mother had not spent any of the money I had sent her, but had carefully saved it. I constituted my brother Robert cashier, and left the house in care of my oldest sister. I walked forth into the still, calm night. I went to my mother's grave and wept there. I wandered through the city till near morning. I walked through the market, and overcome with an intolerable sense of weariness, I laid down upon the stall and slept; a watchman aroused me, and conveyed me to the watch-box, where he locked me up. In the morning I was taken before the mayor,

a new one by-the-by : I was committed as a vagrant, and sent here for thirty days, and here you see I am fulfilling my destiny.

* * * * *

A feeling of intense interest had kept the boys quiet during the recital of this history, and even after it was concluded, they remained silent for some minutes ; but when at length their admiration found vent in language, the noise was deafening, and all concurred in saying that Jim Smith was a hero and a martyr.

The life of Jim Smith is no fancy sketch. It will show to the thinking mind the danger of unjust accusation, and it will also show that reformation cannot be effected by cruelty, while kindness might do wonders. In the character of poor Jim, thief and pick-pocket though he has become, may be seen many beautiful traits which he himself is not artist enough to polish. His fear of the evil effects of bad company upon his brother, his love and tenderness for his mother, his oft repeated remembrances of her, his sorrow for her death, and his acknowledgment of the tears he shed for her ; tears which his own sorrows had never been able to call forth, and his tender resolution to provide for his brother and sisters, all show an unselfish disposition and an affectionate heart. How bright a diamond might be cut out of that rude shell ; how gifted a soul might one day wing its flight to heaven, if man was as forgiving, as merciful, as loving as God.

CHAPTER XX.

HARRY HAS A HEARING BEFORE HIS HONOUR, AND IS ACQUITTED. HE FINDS FRIENDS WHERE HE LEAST EXPECTS THEM. HE SAILS FOR CHINA.

I will take your friendship up at use,
And fear not that your profit shall be small ;
Your interest shall exceed your principal.

TOURNERM'S ATHEIST'S TRAGEDY.

Early on the morning succeeding the night when Mrs. Harley had taken her lonely walk by the lime-box, she started out in an agony of mind not easily described, to seek for her son. It was not long before she discovered he had been arrested, and taken to prison, though he had not as yet been committed fully. She hastened to the landlord of the inn in Third street, and told her story. He promised to interest himself for the child, and said that the horse was in his stable, and was in perfectly good condition. He left his business, and accompanied the widow to the Mayor's Office. That functionary had not as yet arrived, but was expected every moment, and our friends entered the office, resolved to await his coming. There were many strangers there already. Some were friends of prisoners, some lawyers, and others, only drawn

thither by curiosity. The landlord, whom we shall call Mr. Russel, succeeded in obtaining a seat for Mrs. Harley, and soon after, the Mayor entered. The minister of the law was a tall, portly man, with a large nose, and a red face, and in every line of his countenance, one might have read the kindness of his heart. The prisoners were now brought in from the different station-houses, and several cases were disposed of: some white, and others black. Some for drunken and disorderly conduct, others for the crime of vagrancy, they having *no home*, either in a cellar or a garret, to lay their heads to rest. There was an excitement now at the door, and the young horse thief was ushered into the presence of his honour. Little Harry stood pale and trembling before the desk: his mother started from her chair, and was about to take him in her arms, but the friendly Mr. Russel kindly restrained her. At this moment another form started up beside the prisoner, whose face was not a very welcome one. It was Timothy Hardgripe, Harry's master.

"Of what is this child accused?" asked the Mayor, in a kind tone of voice. To say truth, his honour had a heart to feel for the sorrows of the poor, and he read in the ragged misery of the destitute boy before him, a whole history of suffering. What a pity it is, that the citizens of Philadelphia did not always retain in office this man, who not only filled it with credit and honor, but mingled all his judgments with a sense of mercy. But to continue.

"Of stealing, your honour," said the squeaking voice of Mr. Hardgripe. "That child, as you call him, is one of the most wicked boys you ever saw. He is bound to me till he comes of age, but I can't do any thing with him. He committed an assault and battery on my oldest girl, and then he ran off with the best horse on the whole place."

"Can it be possible," said his honour. Then addressing the child, "What is your name?" Henry Harley, sir." "Where were you born?" "In the City of New York." "Have you parents?" "Only a mother, sir: father is dead." Here a low suppressed cry of anguish, as if wrung from the depths of a bursting heart, reached the ears of the boy, and he turned suddenly, and beheld his mother. She sat with her hands clasped tightly over her heart, rocking to and fro, while her face, from concentrated suffering, was pale as ashes. "It is my mother," said Harry, and sprang towards her, regardless of law and order. "How now," said his honour, looking very grave. "What is the meaning of this interruption. Prisoner, return to your place." Harry unlocked himself from his mother's embrace, and took his stand, while witnesses were called for the prosecution. They all agreed about the blow he had given to Miss Hardgripe, and his having stolen the horse, and run off. His guilt seemed so evident, that his honour trembled at the thought that he should be obliged to send him to the House of Refuge, or commit him for trial; and

Harry himself, not a little influenced by the history of Jim Smith, began to look upon himself as another martyr, sacrificed to the cruel selfishness of others. His mother meanwhile, unable to speak, sat the impersonation of hopeless misery, watching the faces of the master and his witnesses, and reading there but little of pity or justice. Stubble, numbers one and two, were also awaiting the denouement of affairs, with fifty dollars interest.

The landlord now spoke up, and requested to be heard. He obtained permission, and then proceeded to tell poor Harry's story as he had heard it from the child. He also said that he had the horse, and went on to say that its being brought to him at once, in the open frank manner it was, was proof of the boy's innocency. He went on to say, that as to the assault and battery, it had first been committed on the boy, by his master's daughter, and that he had struck back in his own defence, and that he hoped every native-born American boy would assert his rights, and strike back when he was attacked by the coward spirit that could tyrannize over his helplessness. He glanced at the position of the boy's mother, a widow, with children depending upon her, and having quite enough of the world's sorrows, without being persecuted by such heartless tyrants as Mr. Hardgripe. He wound up with a confession that he was quite easy upon the subject, as justice and mercy were both upon the side of the boy. A murmur of satisfaction ran round the

room when he concluded his remarks, and the Mayor, after giving a loud hem, recalled the prisoner to his stand. Mr. Hardgripe, singularly mindful of some certain long black cuts on Harry's back, trembled in his shoes, and heartily wished himself back in Chester County. Harry, with his dark blue eyes fixed upon his honour, awaited his fate. There might have been some tumult at his heart, when he remembered how Jim Smith had been wrongfully accused, and sent to a prison, but his brow wore the open, fearless look of innocence, and something in the face of him who sat in judgment upon him, seemed to speak of human sympathy: and the boy was right. His honour discharged him with some good advice, and Harry, with his mother, and the kind landlord, left the office together. Mr. Hardgripe, seeing his prey thus escape him, advanced to the desk, and desired that the boy should be given up to him, till he was twenty-one. His honour very briefly told him, if he did not take himself off, he would commit him for an assault and battery upon his apprentice; and thus silenced, friend Timothy walked away, muttering to himself, and not particularly blessing either his honour or that "young rascal, Harry," as he called him.

Meanwhile, the mother pursued her way with her son, and soon reached home. She led him up stairs, where for the first time for many months he saw his crippled brother, and his poor sister Gazella. He knelt by her bedside, and wept over her thin transpa-

rent hands. His bosom heaved, and it was in vain that he sought to subdue his emotions; they completely overpowered him. Gazella, on her part, welcomed her brother home, kissed him fondly, and gently passed her hand through the curling masses of his hair. She begged him not to weep, and told him he had more cause for joy than sorrow. She talked to him of heaven, of that bright clime beyond the stars, to which she was sure God was leading her: and many of the gentle words and pious exhortations breathed by those pure lips, are still echoing in the heart of the boy, a boy no longer, but a tall, noble, dignified man. I know he has not forgotten her, for after a long voyage upon the sea, he returned lately to his home, and one of the first places he visited, was the humble grass-grown grave, where slept all that was mortal of the innocent Gazella.

While the mother repeated to her children all that had transpired, and while they sat listening eagerly, a hasty knock sounded below; Lucien ran to the door and soon returned, followed by Mrs. Norton. She had redeemed her promise of a visit very soon, and Mrs. Harley, to excuse herself for not having any of her sewing finished, related the story of Harry's imprisonment. Mrs. Norton listened with all the sympathy of a mother; she called Harry to her, and talked to him kindly, and asked him what he should like to do; and when he said he would choose of all lives, to go to sea, she told him she would talk with

her husband, and try to get him on board of a merchant vessel, which was just about sailing for China. "In case you go in that vessel," said she, "it will be necessary for you to be ready in a week, as I know it is to sail next Saturday, if the river is open." Harry's delight was unbounded, and though his lips refused to speak his acknowledgments, his eyes did so very handsomely, and Mrs. Norton made him promise to come to her in the evening, when she told him her husband would be at home, and have leisure to talk with him.

When evening came, Harry set out to keep his engagement with Mrs. Norton. He was ushered into the dining room, where the family were assembled at supper. Mrs. Norton received him kindly, presented him to her husband,—a tall, handsome man, with the goodness of his heart speaking in every lineament of his face,—and then made him take a seat at the well-spread board. Harry had not forgotten that he had once sat at such a table at home, and he had been so well tutored in all the graceful proprieties of well-bred society, that his behaviour was quite equal to that of the charming children of Mrs. Norton, who sat at the table, from the oldest, a boy of his own size, down to the baby in a high chair, who had only reached the age of eight months.

After supper, Mr. Norton led the way to the parlour, and forbade any of the children following him till he sent for them. In a few moments Mrs. Norton

joined them, and they then asked Harry to tell them his whole history, as far back as he could remember. He did so, and it must not be wondered at if the unvarnished recital of his wrongs drew tears from the gentle woman who heard it, or even moistened the proud eyes of the high-spirited Mr. Norton. He remembered that he was a father, and that this poor boy was fatherless; and he resolved to be such a friend to him, as he would wish another to be to his son if he should die and leave him destitute. There was small chance of such a thing occurring, but still one should remember the fable of the lion and the mouse on such occasions.

It was fixed that Harry should go out in the merchant ship, as an assistant to the captain in his own office. That he should be paid a good salary, one quarter of which should be given to him at once to fit him out. That he should be ready to sail that day week; and that as soon as he was old enough, he should be elevated according to his capacity. Harry then rose to go, but Mr. Norton said "No, not yet; I want you to see more of my children. I want you to have a romp with them." He rang the bell, and the little rebels came trooping in, making as much noise as an advancing army. They ran, shouted and romped, and made the walls ring with that sweetest of all melody, the gleeful laugh of childhood. Mr. Norton, after watching their gambols with the pleased delight of a father, called to him his eldest daughter,

a bright, fairy-like girl, of some ten years of age, whose countenance looked very much to Harry like one he had seen before. He looked puzzled, and the little Juliet drew near and said, "Ah, I see, you are trying to recollect me; but I do not need to try." "Then you have met my young protégé before, have you, daughter?" "Yes, papa, but he does not remember where." "Yes, I do recollect all about it now; it was in that confectionery store where I was the other day, when the officers came to arrest me." "Yes, that is the place; and I don't know why, but you looked so sad and so pale, that I could not help looking back at you after I went out of the store. I did hope so that the man would employ you." "Dear little girl, how I thank you," said Harry. "Well, Juliet," said her father, "since you were already interested in my young friend, it will not need much persuasion on my part to induce you to play for him a little." "Oh! no, papa; I will do it willingly;" and instantly taking her seat at the piano, the room was soon filled with the delicious tones of music. The children, who were all too well bred to make a noise while any one was playing, ceased their romping, and sat listening quietly to their sister's performance. Although so young, she possessed a strength of touch, and a knowledge of the art, that was truly astonishing. One moment the soul was awed and hushed to solemn silence, by the divine music of Haydn or Mozart; the next, a sad, sweet melan-

choly stole over the senses, and the next a glad spirit of joy breathed upon the heart, and all was life and light, and happiness; so sudden were the transitions from grave to gay, from sublime adoration to mournful sorrow. Harry gazed at her with a boyish pleasure, and many times, when afar from home, he walked the deck at night, with the blue sky above and the trackless ocean beneath and around him, he recalled that child-like vision of grace and beauty, as she sat at the piano, shaking back the flowing curls from her innocent brow, and playfully asking what he would have next, till she exhausted all his memory of tunes and songs; and the thought brought joy to the heart of the wanderer, and he formed dreams of the future, so pure and holy in their nature, that he was strengthened against temptation, and remained firm in honour, where many another has fallen.

But other duties, other ties, now recalled him to himself, and he tore himself away from his new found friends, and wended his way homewards. He entrusted his money to his mother, telling her that she could choose his clothing better than he could. Then he went to sleep with all a boy's ambition high in his heart, to dream of the sea and a fine ship sailing upon its briny waves, of which he was the master. But he awoke, and lost in the consciousness of his new hopes and prospects, all past sadness, and strenuously addressed himself to the performance of his new duties on board the ship.

The preparations were all completed, and at the close of a week of unusually mild weather, the Juliet, of Philadelphia, so called after Mr. Norton's eldest daughter, sailed for China. Harry was on board, his eyes a little red, it is true, but hope was big at his heart, and with such friends as God had found him, what might he not accomplish. We will leave him to follow that glorious life of freedom and happiness which insensibly draws the pious heart nearer to its God, and return to those less favored objects of our story, to whom the blessings of a sailor's life could not be known.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LILY GETS HERSELF INTO NEW TROUBLE, BUT FINDS A FRIEND IN A CLERGYMAN. A NEW CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED, AND A LITTLE COURTSHIP IS BEGUN.

Out, out brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH.

For a long time we have left Lily in her hard place, seeming to care little how she fared. Let us look in upon her now, and see if time has made any improvement in her appearance. She is now about eleven years old, six years of her servitude have been worn away, and she is still the drudge of the family, performing the labor of at least two hired servants. She is tall of her age, but has grown very thin, and resembles a May-pole dressed up in clothes. Her hair is cut short, so short indeed, that it is impossible to keep it smooth. Her large dark eyes are seldom raised to look at any one, and are veiled by long black

lashes that rest upon a cheek of marble whiteness ; but when you do catch the expression of those lustrous orbs, you read of a spirit well nigh crushed by a life of hardship, and of a pride that has been laid in the dust. She has become indeed the veriest tool, the most complete slave of an iron will, that ever belonged by purchase to a master. "She does not earn her salt," had been repeated in the child's ears so often, that she now looked upon herself as a complete child of charity. Her ambition was gone, and she felt the hand of fate upon her. She moved through the house like an automaton, performing her many duties, and trying hard to keep from the garret that contained the case of skeletons.

Mrs. Anson was a very *religious* woman. She belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and every Sunday found her seated in her softly-cushioned pew, with her head and eyebrows raised, and mouth settled into an expression of the most devout piety. "Ah, what a good woman ! How much of Heaven is expressed in that sweet face !" often dropped from the lips of her friends, who feared that their own religion had not the same exalted stamp as her's.

Now, it so happened, that there was to be a meeting of the Presbytery, made up of clergymen from different parts of the Union, and it was mentioned in an evening prayer-meeting, and those persons who could accommodate any of the brethren, were requested to hand in their names. Mrs. Anson, with her usual

liberality, agreed to take three ; and, accordingly, in a few days, there were fixed in her house, two ministers from the West, and one from the South. They were all men of fervent piety, and judging of others by themselves, they thought Mrs. Anson one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian Church, and consequently indulged with her in that holy converse, which is the privilege of those who are journeying together to the promised land. Every evening was a sweet season of spirit-communing and devout prayer, and even Lily was not forgotten at such times, but was permitted, (O ! wonderful condescension !) to sit down in the corner, and hear the word of God read, and hear the men of God pray.

For a child, crushed as Lily had been, with every bright hope and aspiration of her soul destroyed, and with no kind Christian spirit to pour into her heart the balm of love, the services of the evening came as a punishment. Mrs. Anson in a garret, standing over her with a lash, while every feature expressed the most diabolical rage, and Mrs. Anson in the parlor, in the midst of ministers and religious people, talking with apparent humility, of a dear Saviour, and of her own unworthiness, were, to the discerning mind of Lily, two very different persons. Let the intuitive nature of abused childhood alone, for distinguishing the false from the true. Lily felt that Mrs. Anson was a hypocrite, and she learned to hate religion, because her tormentor assumed it. No thinking mind

will be surprised at this, but will, on the contrary, see the great importance there is for every professor of religion to avoid making that religion a reproach and a dishonor. Lily did not take the slightest interest in serious things, and above all, she could not endure to be in the same room with Mrs. Anson. The fact that she professed to be pious, was enough to make a child shrink from piety. Any thing that Mrs. Anson liked or did, became the child's especial aversion. Now, when the ministers would engage in prayer, and all the family would kneel, Lily would take that opportunity to slip out of the room, and down stairs, where she would take her seat in the chimney corner, and listen to the low, obscene talk of the cook and the house-maid. Mind, I do not mean to say, that all servants are of a necessity low and vulgar; but these were so, and their conversation and manners were moulding the mind and character of one of the loveliest children I ever knew.

"Where did Lily go to?" was asked one night, by Julia, who, by the way, generally managed to be out visiting, or entertaining company in the parlor during prayer time. On the present occasion, however, she had joined the family, and as they rose from their knees, gave expression to the above mentioned inquiry. The bell was rung, and Lily made her appearance. Mrs. Anson, in a tone of wounded Christian feeling, said, "come here to me, child." Lily drew near, her eyes cast down, and her hands nervously twitching.

"How came you to leave the room during prayer time?" asked Mrs. Anson, in a sanctified tone. "Because —" said the child, timidly. "Because what?" said Mrs. Anson. "I was so sleepy," said the child. Mrs. Anson raised her hands and eyes to Heaven. "Sleepy! and during *such* a prayer? Oh, Lily, I fear for your immortal soul. Mr. Vinton, pray do talk to her. Perhaps you may have some influence over her. I, alas! find all my exhortations unheeded." Mr. Vinton called the child to him. "Lily," said he, "how is it that you can be so wicked; you, who have so many privileges, who have so good and pious a friend to watch over you?" "I don't know, sir," answered the child. "To whom do we talk when we pray, Lily?" "God," she answered. "And do you not think it makes God angry for you to get up and go out, when we are speaking to him?" "Oh no, sir. Mrs. Anson says, I'm of no consequence. She says, I was give up of God, long ago." "Lily, for shame," interposed Mrs. Anson, with an expression of injured goodness. "I never said so. I told you God would give you up, if you did not repent." "Well, he don't care for me, anyhow. I'm nothing but a bound-girl. Bound-girls ain't nobody. Mrs. Anson says I am not fit to sit down before respectable people—so God don't think nothing of me." Mrs. Anson became very red, and ordered Lily out of the room; but Mr. Vinton interposed, and drew the child closer to him, and as he passed his fine white hand over her short hair, who

knows but that he thought of his home in the West, and his motherless children, three of whom were girls, near Lily's size. At all events, a soft feeling of pity stole into his heart, and looked forth from his eyes, and when he softly pronounced her name, the child looked up and saw it, and remembered her father. I do not imagine that she did so. I know that it is true, for she told me herself that she saw in Mr. V. a likeness of her dead father. Mr. Vinton talked to her about her soul, and told her of its value. Gently and kindly he strove to lead the mind of the child to the Fountain of Love ; but the soil had been too long neglected to be easily cultivated, and the most he accomplished in that one interview, was to awaken a feeling of interest and kindness for himself. When Lily left the room, much to Mrs. Anson's relief, Julia was called up to answer questions, and her quick manner of doing it, showed she had been well instructed. "Ah!" said Mrs. Anson, "Julia's mind is no rank garden. She loves her Bible, and never gives me any trouble. She is very quick at learning, and she is a dear, good girl." She patted her cheek, and then sent her to bed, saying, as she did so, that it would not do to praise her before her face, as it might spoil her. Julia retired, very much pleased with herself, and wondering why in the world it was, that Lily was so bad. During the remainder of the stay of the clergymen at the house, Lily was kept out of the way. Perhaps she was busy about the house, or perhaps Mrs. Anson, fearing the

blunt speeches of the child, had locked her up in the dreaded garret, with the skeletons.

There was a dog in the house belonging to one of the young gentlemen. His name was Fido, and he and Lily were inseparable companions. The poor child found in the affection of the dog, something to make up for the loss of all human sympathy, and she loved the animal as much as if he had been human. Now, when Lily was locked up in the garret, he spent many hours lying at her door, and oftentimes he would paw and scratch, and utter his plaintive cries, which went to the heart of the grateful child. That the dog should love her, a poor despised bound-girl, that every body hated, was a source of infinite gratification to her. One morning Mr. Vinton remained at home, owing to a head-ache, and as he sat in his room in the third story, he heard poor Fido's cries and scratches. Mrs. Anson was out, and he went to his room door and called the dog. Fido came running to him, and looked up at him with eyes seemingly full of human intelligence. "Poor Fido," said Mr. Vinton, "what troubles you?" The dog wagged his tail. "Fido," asked he, "where is your little mistress, where is Lily?" The name was like magic to the dog: he sprang towards the garret stairs, and as he was about to ascend, turned and looked anxiously back, as if to say, "come with me: I will show you where they have put her." Mr. Vinton, actuated by feelings of the purest Christian character, followed the dog up the

stairs. Fido ran to the door of the back garret, and gave a joyful bark, as much as to tell Lily that a friend was near. Mr. Vinton tried the door; it was fast. He saw a hole in the wood, through which he looked, and took in at a glance the contents of the garret. The case of skeletons, the bed of straw, with its tattered quilt, and tied hand and foot and seated on the floor, the little Lily with her face turned towards the door, as if anxiously expecting her deliverance. By the side of the child stood a rusty tin cup half full of water, and on a brown dish was laid a piece of dry bread.

"Lily," said Mr. Vinton. "Who's there," asked the child. "It is a friend, Lily. Can't you come closer to the door." The little one crept across the floor, and then looked intently at the hole, vainly trying to discover the face of the speaker. "It is I, Lily," said Mr. Vinton. "Fido brought me up here. I am very sorry to see you here. What have you done to be so severely punished?" "I don't know as I did any thing," sobbed the child, softened by the tones of kindness. "I try to keep out of here; but some how or other I always get here, whether or no." "Lily, my child, do you remember what I told you the other night, about the goodness and the love of God?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I wish you would think about it now. I wish you would look through the window of your prison up to the blue sky, and remember that the good God reigns up there, and that he

loves you, and looks upon you as you sit here, feeling so lonely, and that he has promised to be the friend of the friendless. He will never forsake you or leave you to suffer, Lily, for he will be your comfort and your support in the hour of trouble." "Why don't he take me out of this garret, then? I did nothing to be brought here, and yet I must stay till you are all gone. I am sure I do not know what for." A suspicion of the truth now, for the first time, gleamed across the mind of Mr. Vinton, but he did not give utterance to the thought. He went on talking, and only left Lily when he heard footsteps approaching. He returned to his room profoundly affected, and sat down to think what was best to be done. He felt that he would be taking an unwarrantable liberty with his hostess, to interfere in the matter, and he finally resolved to say nothing about it to any one. He went several times to the door of the garret and talked to the little prisoner, but he left the house and returned to his home in the West, with his lips closed upon the subject.

The coast once more cleared, Lily was released, and went about her ordinary duties, and often as the friendlessness of her position presented itself to her mind, she recalled the tall handsome man, who had spoken to her so kindly, and told her of another, brighter home, beyond the stars, and hope once more blossomed in the heart of the forlorn child.

There came one Monday morning to the house of

Mrs. Anson, a young girl about seventeen years of age. She was a dress maker, and was hired for some weeks, to make dresses for Mrs. Anson and Julia. She was a stranger in the city, and had an aged grandmother to support. She was an orphan, and her mother had died in giving her birth. Her grandmother had reared her, and now as she had become old and infirm, the faithful girl determined to provide for her. She removed to the city, learned a trade, and was now trying to find employment at it. Mrs. Anson hired her because she could get her cheap; and what do you think, oh! reader, the poor girl was to work for. Her wages were to be one dollar and twenty-five cents a week.

She commenced her week's work with a hearty good will, and sewed industriously all day, and until nine o'clock in the evening. Lily was called into the room, and made to officiate in hemming, running and stitching, as the case might be. Miss Julia was called from the piano to have a dress tried on, and after languidly submitting to the operation, she would return to the parlor, declaring that the dining-room was in such a clutter, that she could not endure it.

Very often Lily and the sewing girl, who we shall call Carrie Mortimer, were left alone together, and a certain kindliness of manner about Carrie soon won the lonely heart of the child. She loved to be near her, and did not mind how much she had to sew and rip it out again, as long as Carrie told her, in her mild

voice, to do it. Poor Lily's hands had been so toughened by hard work, "not by knocking niggers down," though, that she felt in handling the needle, as if her fingers were all thumbs. She tried very hard, however, to do her work well, and she really did improve wonderfully. Every afternoon Mrs. Anson drove out in the carriage, accompanied by Miss Julia. Plenty of work was left behind, and often many orders to Lily. She would ahem herself down stairs, through the entry, and into the carriage, whose receding wheels were a source of infinite comfort to poor Lily, whose eyes would brighten and face light up into an expression of happiness. Then as she bent industriously over her work, her short hair falling in her eyes, and Fido lying at her feet, while the soft, gentle Carrie, sat sewing beside her, the poor bound-girl felt almost happy. By degrees the orphan and the fatherless would throw off restraint, and converse together, and each related her history to the other. Carrie listened with eyes full of tears, to Lily's account of her whippings, and of her imprisonment in the lonely garret, while Lily in turn sobbed with true childish pity, when Carrie told her of a father and mother both in the grave, and of her poor grandmother, who was so feeble and helpless, and for whose support she was laboring.

It was impossible for Mrs. Anson to send one so lady-like, so pretty and so gentle, as poor Carrie, into the kitchen to eat with servants. She had a seat at the table, and Lily took good care she should be well

waited upon, for he it known that Lily was waiter-girl as well as scullion, as indeed she was anything to suit the occasion. It will be remembered that Mrs. Anson had a large family of sons, some of them as heartless and unfeeling as herself, but one or two of them was cast more in the mould of their father, who would have been kind to poor Lily, had his wife permitted it. One of these last named sons, whom we shall call Tom, was the oldest of the family, and was doing an excellent business in Front street. He was a fine looking man, about thirty-three years of age; he was an old bachelor, not that there was any scarcity of young ladies who would have accepted him, but simply that he was very hard to please in the choice of a wife. He despised affectation, lisping and near-sightedness, three accomplishments which are more fashionable among the belles of Philadelphia than anywhere else in the United States, and Tom had gradually settled down at home; sent regrets to parties, and given up calling at the houses of his female acquaintances. Quite a number of them, however, were the friends of his sister, and they not unfrequently came to see her, and staid to tea, when dear good brother Tom would be called into requisition to wait upon them home in the evening. Dear Tom, however, soon wearied of this manoeuvre, and when he found any one at the tea-table in like manner, he would eat his supper, go up to his room and stay a little while, then take off his boots, walk to the front door in his stocking feet, then draw

on his boots again, softly open the door, slip out, and bang it after him, and that was the last of Tom till twelve at night. In the meantime, Miss Julia and her company would sit in the parlor, and talk and play and sing, uneasily looking towards the door for the entrance of the eligible beau, till at last the waning hours would warn the disappointed fair one that it was time to return home. Then Miss Julia would fidget and apologize, and Lily would be sent to Mr. Tom's room, and would come back to say that he was out, and then the young lady would set out for home, accompanied by Lily as a protector, but it would have seemed more natural and more like the thing for her to have been the protected; that is, according to my notion. But to come to the point at once, a point so tremendous that it fretted Mrs. Anson into the grave, and for aught I know, has fretted her out of it, for I dreamed of her last night. Mr. Tom had a seat at the table between his sister and Carrie. At first he did not notice her much, but it so happened that a large mirror was suspended on the wall opposite to him, in which he could see clearly all that was going on beside him, without looking round. Carrie one day brought her thimble on her finger, to the dinner-table; she took it off and laid it beside her plate, perfectly unconscious that she was committing an unpardonable offence against good breeding. A tiny thimble it was, too, made of brass, with an indented top of steel on which to rest the needle, as it was pushed through the work. But tiny as

the thimble was, it excited Mrs. Anson's anger, and she was cruel enough to offer poor Carrie an insult about it, which, had she possessed one atom of goodness, she would have shrunk from doing. Calling Lily to her she sent her for the crumb brush and waiter, and leaning over she swept the thimble off the table. Poor Carrie was busy eating, but she turned and saw what Mrs. Anson was doing, and the tears of mortified feeling filled her eyes, while deep blushes dyed her cheeks, and mounted to her brow. Tom saw the tears and the blushes, and he had also seen the cause, and in order to divert attention from Carrie, he reached out his hand toward Lily, and taking the thimble, he deposited it in his pocket, and went on talking, with the most perfect unconcern, to his father, about the coming election for President. The dinner passed off, and when Carrie rose from the table, Tom was about to follow her, when his mother called him back. "What did you take that thimble for?" she asked. "What right have you got, Tom, to interfere in my arrangements?" "The same right, madam, that the strong always have to protect the weak." "Will you give me the thimble, Tom; I will send it to Miss Mortimer?" "I beg your pardon, mother, I will take it to Miss Mortimer;" and so saying, Tom followed her up stairs. She was sitting in his mother's bed room, on a low chair by the window. Her slight, but graceful figure, was bent over her work, and the tears were fast falling on her tiny hands. At the

sound of footsteps she controlled her feelings; but her eyes were too red for her to look up and see who the intruder was. Tom approached her, and holding out the thimble, said, in a gentle voice, "I return you your property, Miss Mortimer; pray pardon the impertinence that prompted me to take it." She received it with her eyes still bent down, and thanked him in low, silvery tones, that told him how much she felt his kindness. She went on with her sewing, and seemed to forget that he was there; and Tom took a seat on the other side of the room, and taking out a newspaper from his pocket, he commenced, or at least he appeared to commence, reading. In reality, however, his eyes rested on the drooping figure in the window seat, with long, wet lashes, resting on her cheek; and as he compared her exquisite modesty and beauty with the gay butterflies of fashionable society, he became interested in a way that was not at all common to him. Mrs. Anson, terrified at she knew not what, hurried into the room, but as she found Tom carelessly sitting one side of the room, while Carrie diligently plied her needle at the other, she began to think she had been needlessly alarmed, and after finding her work, she sat down to it as if her whole heart was fixed thereon, and commenced talking with Tom as if she had not been at all angry with him, a few minutes before.

The feeling which the presence of Carrie Mortimer had inspired in the breast of the bachelor Tom, increased each day in force and depth, and although

he tried various ways to bring her out, yet he strove to hide from his mother the motives that actuated him. Being out late one night at a gander supper, he and another friend started off with the mutual good intention of seeing each other home, each one pitying the other that he had drank so much, and congratulating himself upon his abstinence and sobriety. In this condition they were found by a watchman, holding a lamp-post up, which, in spite of their efforts, would keep falling down. Another singular phenomenon experienced by the friends, was the fact, that the pavement would fly up and strike them in the back of the head. The good Charley took them home, and the next morning Tom experienced the truth of the saying, "drink *champagne* at night, and have *real pain* in the morning." Consequently Tom came into the room about eleven o'clock the next morning, and throwing himself upon his mother's bed, begged her to get him some Congress water, and to bathe his head, for it seemed like bursting. Lily was sent out for a bottle of the far-famed water, and Mrs. Anson, so cruel to others, proceeded gently to bathe the throbbing brow of her son, and nurse him after the most approved fashion. Lily came in with the medicine, and Tom took a long drink, and then, turning over, fell fast asleep. Two hours elapsed ere he awoke. He looked around: his mother was gone, and Lily too; but there, at her seat in the window, plying busily her needle, was the quiet, gentle Carrie, looking all the more lovely and pure, from

the contrast to his previous debauch. "I wonder if she knows what made me sick," he thought to himself, and he turned uneasily and buried his head in the pillows. A soft, gentle voice, breathed in his ear, "Will you have anything, Mr. Anson? shall I call your mother?" "No, I thank you, I shall go to sleep again. Where is my mother?" "Just gone down stairs for a moment; she will be back shortly. She told me to call her if you awoke." "Well, do not call her; she may be busy, you know. Have you a mother, Miss Mortimer?" "No, sir; I am an orphan." "Poor child; and have you no one to protect you?" "Yes, I have God; He has never forsaken me." Ah, then, you are pious, are you?" "I try to be, sir."

Tom closed his eyes, and Carrie returned to her sewing, and in a few moments Mrs. Anson entered the room. Tom was asleep, and she sat down at the bed-side a bowl of soup, and tenderly awaited the moment of his awaking; so kind, so affectionate was this woman to her own children, who was so cruel and unfeeling to others.

Carrie had now been two weeks sewing at Mrs. Anson's, and when the last night of her stay arrived, she received her money, and bidding Mrs. Anson goodbye, she tripped down into the kitchen, where she found Lily; kissing her affectionately, and telling her to come and see her and her old grandmother, Carrie passed on to the front door, and left the house. She had not proceeded half a square on her way, before

Tom, who had been watching her movements joined her, and requested of her the privilege of seeing her home. "Oh! sir," said she, "your mother would be very angry if she knew this." "And what business would she have to be angry? I do not intend any unkindness by offering you my services. I would not let my sister or my mother walk out alone at night, and I do not think it right to let you do so. You are young and inexperienced, Miss Mortimer, and it is a hard thing for one so innocent, to be left in the world without a protector. Do you know I have thought very often of what you said to me the other day, about God taking care of you. Now do you really feel that he cares for you and loves you?" "Oh! yes," said the young girl, as she raised her eyes, glowing with holy trust and confidence, to the starry skies; "oh! yes, he loves me, he cares for me; I know it; I feel it. Has he not promised to love the orphan; are not all his treasures for the desolate, the friendless, and the fatherless? Ah! God is my father, I trust him. I know he will never forsake me."

It was thus that they walked home, and Tom, entering the abode of poverty, was conducted to the room where Carrie's grandmother sat, anxiously awaiting her return. She introduced her companion, and Tom, by his gentlemanly manners and kindly tones, soon won the heart of the old lady, and obtained from her permission to visit her again.

CHAPTER XXII.

GAZELLA IS SLOWLY PASSING AWAY. MRS. HARLEY RECEIVES NEWS FROM HER ABSENT CHILDREN, WHICH CAUSES HER GREAT JOY.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible, even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

Mrs. Harley and three of her children still lived in the house in Quarry street, and though their condition had been much ameliorated since their acquaintance with Mrs. Norton, still they had enough trouble to make their days dark and dreary. The spring of the year had come, and its balmy breath reached the poor invalid, who had for some time been able to sit up in an old-fashioned arm-chair, the gift of Mrs. Atlee. The chair would be placed by the window, and Gazella would look forth at the tiresome brick houses opposite, and sigh when she thought of the fresh blooming

flowers, and grassy meadows of the country, to her, alas, lost forever. There stood, in the sill of her window, a little flower-pot, containing a geranium, whose bright green leaves opened as sweetly, and perfumed the air as fragrantly, as if it had been the inmate of some sunny garden; and Gazella loved the flower with a feeling that coarser natures could not have appreciated. The consumptive was beautiful still, in spite of her decay. Her figure had grown more shadowy, and her face, though ethereal in its loveliness, had a certain brightness about it, that looked like any thing but death. Lucien played about the room, restraining all noisy romps in her presence, with an affectionate solicitude beyond his years. Frank, too, always affectionate and loving, seemed doubly so to his poor sister; but the most holy union, and the most perfect love that ever existed between a parent and child, was that that bound this mother to her afflicted, but patient daughter. They sought each other's approval in all they did and said, and each studied the other's happiness, in all the minutiae of life, seeming to have abnegated self entirely. They talked together of the doctrines of Christianity, and sweet indeed was it to the mother's heart, to find how eloquent her child was in heavenly knowledge. Gazella was too much of a perfectionist, and constantly aimed at living without sin, while her mother maintained, that in our sinful state, and with our inclination to do wrong, perfection was entirely impossible;

but Gazella's answer to this was, that Jesus took upon himself the form and the infirmity of the flesh, and yet he was without spot and blameless. In a word, she had taken the Saviour of mankind for an example, and her life from day to day was a constant aim to be like him. All other affections and desires grew weak beside this one.

Mrs. Harley was not in the least deceived by Gazella's seeming improvement. Doctor Ellis had told her that no earthly power could save her child, and Mrs. Harley felt that she did not live in the time of miracles. She knew that the seeds of disease were planted in that slender frame, and that the fruit they bore was death; she therefore held close communion with her child, and did not hesitate to speak to her of the happiness of an early death. She formed a correct estimate of her character and strength of mind, when she adopted this fearless course. People may say what they please about its being bad policy to tell the dying that their fate is sealed. May God send me friends when the hour comes, to tell me of my impending fate, and let me know what I have to expect. Let me meet death with the full knowledge and consciousness of my coming doom.

Gazella, from early childhood, had never been a great talker, and it was not an unusual thing for her to sit long hours watching every thing that was going on around her, without speaking, but there were times when the seal was removed, and all the prisoned sweet-

ness of her soul flowed forth in pure, bright streams, refreshing the very air around her. She blessed God that he afflicted her, and only regretted that she could not suffer all her mother's sorrows, also. She seemed deeply impressed with a sense of her own unworthiness, and was constantly trying to amend her faults. Ah, how it would have touched your heart, to hear her offer up her prayers of gratitude to the good God who had stripped her of wealth and luxury, and strewn her path with thorns. "Mother," she would say, "I believe if father had not lost his fortune, I would have been very wicked. Little as I was, I took great delight in going to parties and being in gay company, and I am afraid that I should not have found time to make religion my chief study, if I had been permitted to sail in that vortex of pleasure when I commenced my after life." The mother did not contradict her child, but she knew and felt that let her portion be what it might, she was one who had been marked from her cradle, as the Lord's own. The sense of justice which had always characterized the child, had in it something remarkable, and I will relate an instance of it.

When Gazella was three years old, she had a dream one night, which had a powerful effect upon her mind, and which she believed to be reality. She dreamed that her mother took a child smaller than herself, killed it, and opening a place in the floor, deposited the body there. When she awoke, she acted towards

her with a strange sort of terror and loathing, which was the more surprising from its contrast to her usual affectionate manner. This behaviour lasted all day, and when it grew near night, her father, who had been to Albany, returned home, and brought with him a friend, a merchant of that place. The little Gazella ran instantly to him, and climbing on his knee, hid her face in his bosom, and told him she had something dreadful to tell him. "Don't kiss mamma," said she, "don't touch her, she is so wicked." "What has mamma been doing, daughter?" "Oh! something so wicked, papa. She took a poor little child, not as big as me, and she killed it, and put it under the floor." Here the child turned pale, and shivered with terror at the recollection. "What does she mean?" asked the astonished father; to which Mrs. Harley could only reply, that she must have dreamed it; but the child resented the idea, and pulling her father by the hand, took him to the room, where she declared the murder had been committed, and showed him the exact spot under the carpet, where the child had been buried. Then climbing up into his arms, with a strange mingling of terror, indignation and pity, she told her father to send her mother right to prison for killing the poor little baby.

Thus, even at that tender age, we see that dearly as she loved her mother, she loved justice better. I know that there are many persons who are prejudiced against the introduction of such perfect characters as our Gazella into a book. They are inclined to think

them overdrawn, but I will venture to say that no person who knew Gazella at any period of her life, will deny that I might have said still more in her favor. There breathed in her life and actions so much fervent piety, without the vulgar cant that is intended to convey so exalted an idea of the fashionable profession now-a-days, that one felt to their inmost soul that they were in the presence of a superior being. One lady, in talking of her after her death, said to me, "No one could look in that girl's face and not feel convinced that she had held communion with Jesus." Mrs. Norton sent her children, one and all, from their luxurious home to the poor humble room in Quarry street, that they might take lessons of a soul ripening for heaven; and she herself, so gay, so beautiful, so much admired, left oftentimes the society of wealth and fashion, to pass an hour beside that invalid girl, and drink in from her lips the sacred wisdom which God had implanted in her heart. Mrs. Ellis, who had long since ceased to hope for her recovery, came every day to see her, and the more intimate she became with her truthful and sincere character, the deeper was her regret that the doctor had been so sadly disappointed in his affections. She knew that her son would not lightly give his heart to another; that when done, it was for a lifetime, and she knew he could never forget Gazella, living or dead.

Nor must we forget Mrs. Atlee and little Rose, as frequent visitors to our lowly roof, the former gentle

and dignified as ever, with the same goodness enthroned upon her brow, while Rose, now past eleven years old, presented in her full, ruddy face, and glossy ringlets of chesnut brown, so great a contrast to her twin sister, as do the flowers from which they take their name. The early promise of her intellect had been fulfilled, and she still stood head of her school, and in advance of girls near twice her age. But had she not been so bright, Mrs. Atlee would have loved her for the affectionate qualities of her heart. There was something so clinging, so confiding in her disposition, and then she was so beautiful too, and carried with her wherever she went, the impress of a superior mind and fine mental culture. Gazella always received her with love, and gave her a hearty welcome, for the child loved so much, it was necessary to love much in return ; but there were traits in her character that were obnoxious to the discerning eyes of her sister, whose sight seemed to be quickened of later days. Rose would not go to Quaker meeting, and Mrs. Atlee would not go to church, and so between the two, the child did not go to any place of worship. Then, there was in Rose a certain pride, a sense of superiority, which had been engendered in her by too much praise. She did not possess sufficient charity, and Gazella, whose soul was all charity and love, wanted that her darling Rose should feel as she did. To this end she talked many times, till so hoarse that her voice was lost in a whisper, and if she can look down now from her home in

heaven, she sees that Rose has learned that lesson of charity, and has carried it on some occasions to such an extent as to excite ridicule in those who did not understand her motives. So go on, all you who wish to do a good work. "Cast your bread upon the waters, it will return to you after many days:" if it does not in this world, you will be sure to find it in the next.

Poor Lily could not come so often to see her sister as Rose, for the exactions of a hard mistress kept her constantly employed; but she worked early and late, and was so dutiful, submitting without a murmur to the caprices and taunts of Mrs. Anson, that something human at last stirred in her heart, and she would let the child go to see her sick sister, with many charges for her to be home in good season to wait on the tea table. Lily would hasten away, dressed in a coarse frock, a large straw bonnet, which had belonged to her mistress, and which contained enough space for the heads of at least three Lilys, and with her hands encased in enormous gloves of damaged kid, which Mrs. Anson had bought for sixpence a pair; but with a heart naturally as affectionate and sincere, and an intellect as bright and strong as that of Rose; and thus she would go to spend the afternoon, seated on a low stool at her sister's feet; seldom opening her lips to speak, but gradually drawing nearer to that beloved form, as Gazella would softly stroke her short

cut hair, and pat her velvet cheek. The sick girl well knew what a process of hardening Lily must have gone through, to make her the dispirited, sad creature she was, but she never spoke of it to her mother, for she felt that the evil could not be remedied, and she only strove to plant in the child's mind, the seed of good and wholesome fruit, which would bear when she was called away to another home. I have often thought it was a pity that Mrs. Atlee had not taken Lily, and Mrs. Anson, Rose. Great would have been the amount of evil that would have been remedied, for Mrs. Anson never could have obtained a victory over Rose, except through kindness. The battle would have been well fought, and it would have ended in a declaration of independence on the side of Rose, which, if Mrs. Anson had not ratified at once by concurring, Rose would have done by running away, heedless of consequences. Lily was thoughtful, and feared to take her own part, lest her parents should suffer. Rose was thoughtless, and would have rebelled against tyranny, let who would suffer. Lily was high spirited but very affectionate, and self-forgetting; and would bear any torture, rather than pain those she loved. Rose had a proud spirit, too, but she loved herself too much to permit her dignity to be encroached upon, and she revenged any attack upon it, regardless of consequences, even to those to whom she was most tenderly attached. Lily was a very perfect character

and is so yet, but I doubt if we do not love Rose better for her very faults, for it brings her down to a standard with ourselves.

The postman had come twice lately, and brought letters to Mrs. Harley, from her absent children. One was from Harry, and was postmarked Liverpool, where they had stopped on their way to China; the other was from Mrs. Dunlap, and bore intelligence of the health and happiness of little Ida.

We shall go down presently to see her on the plantation, and will not copy her letter, but as it is not likely that we shall have a chance to visit the "Juliet," we may as well give you the one from Harry, verbatim.

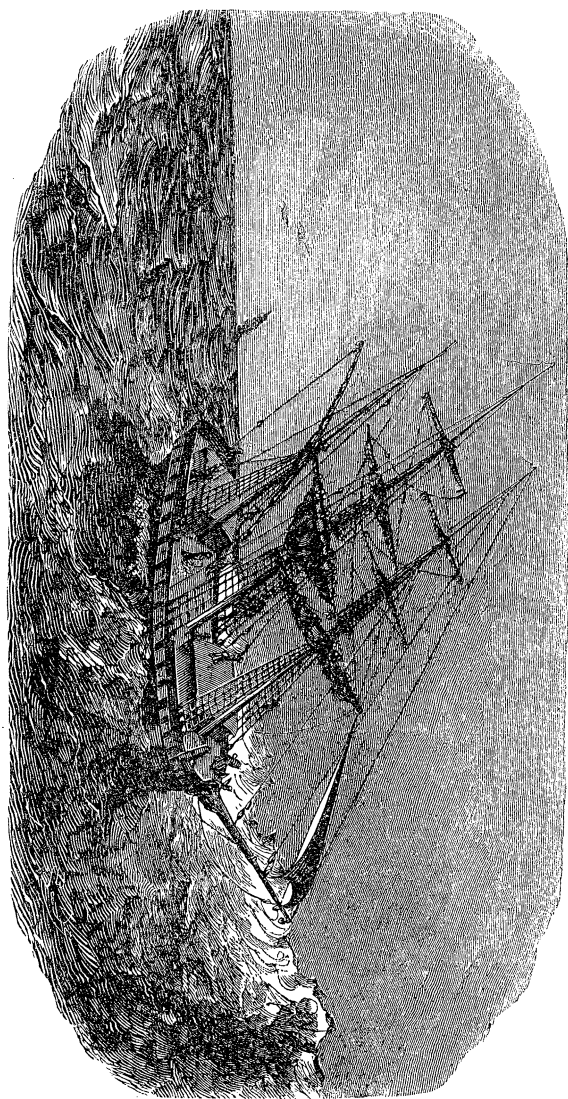
On board Merchant Ship Juliet, Liverpool.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I embrace the earliest opportunity afforded me of writing to you, to let you know that I am so far safe on my journey, and am enjoying excellent health. You would scarcely know me, I have grown so comely, and I am getting, too, to be quite a sailor. I feel as if I had found my native element, and the thought of ever being put on land again to plod along a weary existence, is quite insupportable. I hope, dear mother, you will never express such a wish, for it would be a command to me, and I do not want to be thought a disobedient son. I have written to Mr. Norton by this mail, and told him how grateful I was to him for placing me in this situation, which, although an humble one, is only the stepping stone to better fortunes. Ah! he is a noble man, that good Mr. Norton, and his wife and children are worthy

of him. I cannot tell you how often I think of them, dear mother, just as I saw them in their own splendid home, so happy and so good, and so kind to me, a poor little ragged urchin as I was then.

There is a daughter, mother dear; I suppose you know her; our ship bears her name. Well, although she is so beautiful, and so rich, she sat down and played for me, and sang, oh, so sweetly, and then turned to me for a look of approbation, as if I was worth looking at; but she seemed to think I was—bless her pure innocent heart, and I have been better and prouder ever since; and I feel as if I could endure any hardship to deserve her approval. Does she ever come to see you, mother? Doubtless she does, as Gazella is sick. Ah! how forgetful I am. How is sister, now? Does her health improve—has the spring restored her once more? I wish she was here with me, and was going on our beautiful voyage through the Pacific. I am certain the fresh pure air of the ocean would cure her. How close, how suffocating appears to me the life you live in that narrow street. Every breath you draw must come to you laden with disease. O, there is something in the boundless ocean and its dashing waves, that speak only of life and health. The very storm that lashes it to fury, fills one's soul with an awful happiness. I stood upon the deck one night, when even the captain looked very grave—a hard thing for him to do, as he is one of the most jolly-faced men I ever saw. On the night I speak of there was a tremendous storm. The waves were rolling mountain-high, and while at one moment we would be riding their tops, the next we would be deep down in the trough of the sea. The sky was of an inky blackness, and the wind howled with the most terrific violence. We were forced to take in every inch of canvas, and scud along under bare poles. In the cabin, trunks, chairs, basins, and tables were all dancing about the

LITTLE HARRY ON BOARD THE JULIET



floor; one of the most animated and general quadrilles I ever witnessed. Tumblers, cups and saucers, and bottles were dashed into a thousand pieces, and one could not step without treading upon them. If you entered the cabin at one side at the opportune moment, you were saved all trouble of walking across the floor, for you were immediately precipitated, willy-nilly, to the opposite end. Stout men, unable to stand up, crept along the floor in the vain hope of securing some flying trunk or bounding carpet-bag. One old gentleman, in the vain hope of securing a rolling brandy-bottle, had tumbled out of his berth and rolled after it. It was really amusing to see how, like a coquette, that brandy-bottle distanced its pursuer. First, it would roll away as the ship careened on one side, and the old man would roll after it; but, oh, unpropitious fortune, just as his hand was outstretched to grasp it, another lurch, and he would roll back again, the bottle following in his wake, but keeping just sufficient distance to maintain its independence, and so on the race went, 'till completely exhausted, the old man crept into his state-room and shut too the door to keep from falling out of it again, and the brandy-bottle, ashamed of its feat, even though victory had crowned it, broke itself, and wept a flood of spiritual, not penitential tears, all over the cabin floor.

Then there was a lady lying on the sofa, looking very white, and clinging fast to the arm of the lounge, and begging every body that came near her to throw her into the sea. There were her little children too, all sick, and scattered about the floor, as helpless as if they had been dead. I preferred to weather it out upon deck, and up I went again, holding on to a mast to keep from being dashed overboard. The boiling waves washed over the deck and lifted me from my feet, but I clung fast, and they receded, leaving me wet to the skin, but not taking from me one atom of my

enjoyment of the wild beauty of the scene. Oh! mother, how shall I tell you how happy I was with the loud roar of the ocean around me, drowning every effort of the human voice. The black sky above me, without a single star, and nothing between me and death but a plank. Ah! I felt at that moment more confidence and trust in the God that made me, than I ever dreamed of before. I knew that he was in the storm,—that his hand guided us. I felt his presence, and I knew he would protect us. No sense of fear, for a moment, clouded my heart, and it was thus that I could enjoy all the wild, dangerous beauty of a scene I had so often read of when seated snugly on land. In that hour I recalled the past—my life with Mr. Hardgripe, my whipping when tied to the tree, and the exquisite torture I suffered when he bathed my gashes with lemon-juice; and then my thirst, my intolerable burning thirst, I lived them all over again, but for the sake of contrasting them with my present free and happy life, and in the exulting sense of liberty, that swelled my heart almost to bursting, I actually sang aloud for joy. No one could hear me, for the tempest howled too fiercely, but God did. My hymn of gratitude arose even on the storm-cloud, and the heavens parted, and far up in the dim vista of Heaven, I saw the calm bright stars, looking so pure and holy, shining on me, just as they were shining above you, my dear mother, and above all I love at home, and I wept tears of joy—and the captain saw the stars and knew the wind had lulled, and that danger was past, and he took me by the arm and led me to his room, and we sat down together, the master and the servant, and ate our suppers, and then went to a calm, quiet sleep, from which we awoke with the bright sun shining around us.

Now, you must not think, dear mother, that I, of myself, have written all this letter; for my good friend,

the captain, has helped me considerably. He says that I have got the ideas, but that he has more command of words, and he is kind enough to place them at my disposal.

You will wonder, perhaps, what I find to do, and although my duties are not arduous, still I find enough to keep me out of mischief, that old employment of idle hands. I am, emphatically speaking, the captain's servant boy. I keep his room in order, set his table, bring his meals, and wait upon him, in every way that he can be waited upon. I have several hours every day to study, and he hears me my lessons with as much patience and kindness as if his situation depended upon it. I wonder if all captains are so good and kind? I guess they are, though, for there is something in the sea that brings out all the good there is in a man, and drowns the bad. I think even Mr. Hardgripe would be humanized if he went to sea; though heaven send—if he ever should take such a notion—that he sail in an opposite direction to the "Juliet." I hope you will not think, dear mother, that I am too light and trifling, but will rather rejoice to find me as wildly happy as I was before misfortune was mingled in our cup. It is better to look on the bright side of things always, if one can. Every body has dark days, but why cloud with their shadow the hearts of those they love. I grieve when I think of all the sorrows you have suffered, and all the privations you must yet endure; but I remember with hope that in a few years I shall be a man, and then, when I shall reach a position where I shall be earning money and carving out my own fortune, I will soothe those sorrows, dearly loved mother, and will make your life bright as it has been cheerless. God will bless the effort: He did not give me this yearning soul, this high ambition, without a reason. I will strive, and labor, and toil, and I know that the spirit that is determined

is destined to rise. I remember often your early nursery lessons to us when we said "can't," and you told us that was a word that should be put out of the dictionary, and "I'll try" substituted for it. And so I will try, mother dear: I will, like Macbeth's wife, and like the great Napoleon, know no such word as fail. I ask only for health, and to keep the friends I have made, and I will carve out of the future as bright a fortune, aye, a brighter one, than if I had inherited all the wealth my father lost. Forgive me if I revel in dreams of what I will do for you, and Frank, and Gazella. God grant that I may meet her again, restored to health. Give my love to her, and to all my brothers and sisters, and accept for yourself, oh! mother dear, the devotion and tenderness of your affectionate

HARRY.

P. S.—Write to me, and Mr. Norton will find means of forwarding your letter. We shall not be back for twelve months, as our vessel is not a very fast sailer, and we have much business to detain us in Canton.

Such was the spirited and animated epistle that came to the mother's heart, with all its gentle affection shining through the more boyish and sprightly vein in which it was written. It was like sweet music from the far off sea on which her child was sailing, and it had in it all the novelty and freshness of a young sailor. Above all; she admired the noble frankness with which he avowed the assistance he had received in writing his letter. Her bosom swelled with pride; and the lone, destitute woman, for the first time since her beloved was laid in the grave, admitted to her heart the idea of a protector, in perspective, in the

person of her son. "Ah!" she sighed, as she looked at the stars, and tried to single out those which had shone upon her child on the night of the storm, "if he but fulfill this bright promise of his early years; if he but grow up as noble, as industrious, as soaring as I think he will, I shall indeed know happiness again.

Hope came again to the heart that had long been a stranger to it. Green leaves, young, beautiful and clinging, sprouted out and covered the decaying trunk, and even in the midst of sorrow, joy was born.



CHAPTER XXIII.**IDA IN HER SOUTHERN HOME. THE EFFECT OF MORAL
SUASION IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**

Be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the measure of capacity ;

Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustrations winneth him.

TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

The more I recollect of my own childhood, the more I am convinced that it is far better to gain obedience from children by working upon their affections and judgment, than by inflicting corporeal punishment. In nine cases out of every ten, a child is whipped because the parent or teacher is out of patience, and tired with persuasive measures. The lash cannot fail of awakening in the heart evil passions, such as anger, revenge, sullenness and hatred. Sometimes, too, it gives rise to deceit, for rather than be whipped the child will lie. Depend upon it, the boy or girl who cannot and will not be brought into subjection by gentle and firm measures, will scarcely be good for much in after life. I recollect that when I was a child, my mother's frown had more terror for me than all the whippings she could give. I was never happy till she smiled again,

and told me she forgave me, and I was especially careful to avoid giving rise to such clouds upon her face.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, although very young people, had conceived very excellent ideas of the rearing of children, and they felt the responsibility they had assumed with Ida, even more than they would have done with their own little Rose. It was with mingled feelings of anxiety and affection, that they bore the little creature to their Southern home, and presented her to their mother. Mrs. Connelly soon grew to love the sweet child, and indeed she seemed just formed to fill up the vacant places in all their hearts. Mrs. Dunlap's health rapidly improved, and the days of Ida's infancy passed pleasantly by. At first she talked of dear mamma, and cried to go to her, but with the pliant disposition of childhood, she at length consented to take Mrs. Dunlap for mamma, while she called her husband father. Her mind was of the finest order, and her intellect so keen, that she would have been quite a scholar at eight years of age, but her adopted parents wisely thought it best to restrain her.

When Ida was about five years old, two incidents occurred that had considerable bearing upon her fate ; though we cannot say that either of them were an injury to her. A brother of Mr. Dunlap, who had married an Italian lady of great beauty, and had been for some years residing near Florence, lost his wife. He was inconsolable for her loss, and after a short

time elapsed, he started for home, taking with him his son, who was about nine years old. He paid a visit to his brother William, whose wife he had never yet seen, and he was so pleased with her, that he begged that she and her mother would undertake the charge of his only child Louis. They consented, and the young Italian was thenceforth taught to consider his uncle's house his home.

Louis had been very much petted, and when he first came under the entire control of his uncle and aunt, after his father had left him to go on a journey, he seemed impatient of all restraint, and seemed to promise for his kind relations, a plentiful crop of trouble and anxiety ; but the really warm heart of the motherless boy, at last melted under the gentle persuasive affection, that showed itself in every action. He was taught the reason why certain things ought to be done and others left undone ; and who will not allow, that when the judgment of a child is convinced, and his affections interested in those who have the control of him, that one has a fair chance of victory over the evil of nature. Still it must be confessed, that it was a work requiring a great effort, much patience and forbearance, and above all, help from a higher Power. It was different with Louis to what it had been with Ida. Here, there were evil associations to eradicate and bad habits to be destroyed. There, there was the virgin soul, the unwritten page, and most beautifully did the chaste characters, her adopted parents inscribed

upon it, stand forth and declare themselves in the presence of their petted nephew.

The other incident that occurred about the time that Louis was introduced into his new home, was the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap. Most gladly was the little fellow welcomed by all the family, and it seemed as if Ida was wild with delight. She would learn her lesson and perform every task required of her, and the only boon she craved in return, was to hold the baby on her lap. She would sit in her little chair, with her arms around him, and watch him with as much interest as a mother could have done, and she was inconsolable if the little fellow cried, and she was obliged to give him up to the nurse.

While Mrs. Dunlap kept her room, Mrs. Connelly assumed all the cares of housekeeping, and on a Southern plantation they are not trifling. Every Saturday afternoon the slaves are let off from work, "and after putting every thing in order at their homes, they go up to the house and receive their week's supply of meats, flour, meal, etc. All this duty falls upon the mistress, and where there are several hundred negroes to provide for, it is a considerable job. Every plantation has its smoke-house, and their well-preserved meats rival any thing I ever tasted at the North. There is also, as a general thing, a small building near the mansion, where several women are employed in sewing for the plantation negroes. On Saturday, the day for making known their wants, if they stand in need of

any new clothing, they are taken to this house and fitted from the large supply that is kept constantly on hand. In cases of sickness, the best medical attendance is provided, and every thing is done for the comfort and recovery of the patient. How different is this truth from what Mrs. Stowe asserts in her book of fiction.

I was at one time living on a plantation for seven months. It was away down South, that horrible down South that is held up as such a bug-bear by the abolitionists. There was a little negro taken sick, and the doctor attended him constantly, till he recovered. Every visit that the physician paid to that child was a charge of five dollars to the owner of the boy, but I never heard a regret or a murmur about the payment of the bill. Contrast this with the unfeeling indifference of many of our housekeepers of the North. If a servant gets sick, she is sent home, or if she has no home, she goes to some friend's house, or if she has no friends, she is sent to the alms-house. A very short time ago I read an account in the paper of a lady who went to one of the watering places on Long Island, taking with her a child and servant-girl. The poor nurse was an Irish girl, who had no friends in this country. She was taken ill, and her unfeeling mistress, instead of attending to her and treating her like a human being, packed her off to New York in the cars. The poor creature got so ill that the conductor of the train was obliged to stop and put her

out at a station, and there she grew so much worse, that when assistance was procured, she was found to be in a collapsed state of cholera, and shortly after, she died. The story went the rounds of the newspapers, and the editors, who are indeed almost universally men of kindly feelings and warm hearts, united in their sympathy for the poor emigrant, and just reproaches for her cruel mistress.

Now this is no solitary fact. I could quote a dozen similar ones, although I am not at liberty to state that these all had a fatal end. This was an extreme case, and goes to prove that slavery at the South is not entirely without its blessings, for had that poor girl been the property of some slave-holder, instead of being turned out on the road-side to die, she would have been nursed and watched with the tenderest care, for the strongest of all motives—self-interest. It is ridiculous to suppose that any man owning a large number of horses, will starve, abuse, or treat them badly in any way. Their profit to him depends upon their good feeding and attentive care, and if the Southern slave-holder was devoid of all the feelings of humanity, still he would be good to his slaves, upon the same grounds. I know that many persons, who are tenderly interested in the black population, will cry out against having them compared to horses. Let me refer these ultra abolitionists, these equalizers of mankind, to an able article that appeared a few days ago in the *New York Herald* ; being a just and matter-

of-fact view of slavery and anti-slavery principles ; and also containing very interesting and truthful statistics of the negro race. If I had room in these pages, I would gladly copy the whole of it, but the smallness of space forbids it.

Under the kind and judicious care of Mrs. Dunlap and Mrs. Connelly, assisted by the firmness and decision of Mr. Dunlap, the little Ida and her adopted cousin grew to maturity, and exhibited in the kindly feelings of their natures, all the excellent traits of character that affection had called forth. If a child obeys from love and a sense of right, when he is a child, he will do well when he grows up, for the same reason. If, on the contrary, he obeys because he is forced to, and will be whipped if he is refractory, the chances are ten to one that he will take his own course when he grows up, and feels no longer the restraints of fear. Depend upon it, it is better that a child should love than fear you. Why is it necessary to treat like the brute, that has no reasoning powers, the child blessed with a soul. It will be less effort for your patience and forbearance, to whip than to convince, but depend upon it, you will have the greater reward for the greater exercise of all those faculties God has blessed you with. It will require from you a total and entire command over your own passions. What man or woman is fitted to manage a child, an immortal being, destined to live forever in heaven or hell, that cannot first control him or herself. The first

ebullition of passion, the least temporary gleam of spite discerned by a child, is sufficient to draw you down from your pedestal of command and power, and destroy all confidence in your goodness. The infliction of corporeal punishment almost invariably calls forth feelings of bitterness and hatred in the victim, without any palliating effect. I have met men and women very frequently, who, in speaking of their childhood, have recalled, with a deep seated hatred, the person who had whipped them into obedience. I heard a lady say, once, that she could never forgive the person who had the care of her in early life, for that she had such an ungovernable temper, and used to whip her with so much spite, that it seemed the greatest pleasure of her life to take a ratan and lay it across her back. Ah! if God was as severe with us as we are with one-another, I fear, instead of our being humble believers in his mercy and goodness, we should be hardened and intractable sinners. Let me give a case to illustrate my theory.

Louis had been some few months an inmate in his uncle's house, and though his self-will had already given his kind friends great trouble, yet it was beginning to fall into the regular rules prescribed for it, when a circumstance occurred, to show that his evil disposition were not by any means eradicated.

Mr. Dunlap had given Ida a horse, a pretty little animal, chosen by her parent to carry her little form, on account of his great delicacy of make, and gentle-

ness of disposition. Willie, so called after her brother the baby, was very docile, and would eat out of the hand of his little mistress; and to see his playful gambols on the lawn, one would have thought he had changed natures with the dog. Now, Louis took a great fancy to this horse, and though he had several fine ones of his own, his heart craved this particular one, and he felt that he could not be happy without it. He asked Ida, one day, when they were out riding together, if she would care about giving Willie to him. "Give Willie to you, cousin?" said Ida, her eyes filling with tears. "Oh! no, I cannot do that. See how he loves me: he knows my voice, and comes when I call him, just as if he had sense." "Well, what if he does, you can soon teach Fanny here, to do just like him, and she is worth much more money than your horse." "She may be worth more money, cousin, but then she does not love me, and I do not love her like I do Willie. Oh! no, no; I would give you anything, cousin Louis. You may have my French doll, that opens and shuts its eyes, or any of the sofas in my play-house, but I cannot spare Willie." Here she leaned her head over, and rested it playfully on the neck of her horse, while with her little fingers she played with his silken mane; and Willie, seemingly conscious of her tenderness, turned his head round, and slackened his pace, as if he feared to disturb the little head that rested on his neck. All these marks of affection were noted by Louis, and made him more

eager than ever to possess Ida's horse, and at last he declared that he would have it, whether she said yes or no. Accordingly, when they reached home, Louis ran into the house to look for his uncle, and found him seated in that same room which we first described to our readers. He pleaded his suit with great eagerness, and urged upon his uncle his father's words at parting,—“Remember,” said he, “that my son is to be denied nothing that money can buy him. Poor boy, I want to make up to him in some measure the loss of his mother.” “Ah! yes, Louis, your father said all that, but remember the words, ‘nothing that money can buy.’ Now I doubt if money can buy Willie for you. Come here, Ida, don't look so frightened, poor child. Justice shall be done you. What do you say, my little daughter? Will you sell Willie to your cousin Louis?” “Oh! no, papa, I cannot sell him. I want to keep him for myself.” “Yes, daughter, but is not that selfish?” “I think,” said Mrs. Connelly, whose love of justice was so strong, that it never deterred her from speaking truth, “that it is more selfish in Louis to want Ida's horse, than it is in Ida to wish to keep it. Ask her why she wants to keep it, and see if her motive is not one to do honor to her feelings.” “What is your motive, Ida,” asked Mr. Dunlap? “I am afraid, papa, it is selfish. I love Willie because he loves me, and I feel as if it would be taking from myself a great delight to transfer him, and all his affections, even to my dear cousin.”

"Very good, Ida; now, Louis, why do you wish to get possession of the horse?" "Because he is so pretty and graceful, uncle, and I want to make him love me as much as he loves Ida." "Yes, but don't your own horses love you?" "Yes." "And are they not very handsome?" "Yes, uncle." "Well then, Louis, I think your's is the greatest selfishness of the two, for Ida, you see, is satisfied with her own property, and does not envy you yours. It is a matter of right, my boy. She does not choose to sell it, because she loves it. Now what will you do?" "Oh! pray, uncle, make her sell it to me." "What! force her to sell her own property? Give her a horse for herself, and when she has taught it to love her, by her kindness, take it from her, and give it to you, to indulge you in a selfish whim? Come, now, Louis, I would be too much of a man to cry about it. Come with me to the library, and I will argue the case with you." And argue the case he did, very skillfully, and although the knowledge of wealth and power had somewhat destroyed the boy's principles of forbearance and justice, he was at last convinced that it would be a very cruel thing to force Ida to give up to him a loved object, simply because he was the stronger of the two; and when he returned to the sitting room, and found her pensively looking over her reading lesson, with the book upside down, and her eyes full of tears of apprehension, he approached her gently, and kissing her fair brow, he told her not

to fear, as he would not be contemptible enough to urge his suit against her will. Ida instantly responded to this self-victory, by begging her cousin to forget all she had said, and take possession of Willie; but Louis only kissed her the more, and assured her, that he would not be happy if she gave Willie to anybody; and that he would always love the horse, for the sake of his dear little mistress.



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

Human life is checkered at the best,
And joy and grief alternately preside,
The good and evil demon of mankind.

TRACY'S PERIANDER.

Some years have passed away since many of the events recorded in the preceding pages, occurred. I leave it to a right-minded public to judge if I have not spoken truth, when I declared the existence of *Slavery* at the North. I would now briefly take a survey of my characters, and present them to you as they stand at the present day.

Gazella Harley has long since gone to her rest. An humble stone marks her grave, and contains a simple inscription of her virtues. Doubtless she has met with a reward in Heaven for all her sufferings here. Doubtless she wears a starry crown, and tunes her harp in praises to the good God, who afflicted her here below, that she might inherit a far greater, and more exceeding weight of glory.

Her widowed mother still lives, pale, delicate, and bearing evident traces of the sorrows of her fate, but

some blessings have been added to her life, and she is not altogether unhappy, though she still mourns the untimely death of three children and a beloved husband. Frank Harley, by close application has become a scholar, and although still a cripple, he is the joy and blessing of his mother's heart, and is rich in all the noble qualities that makes man akin to the angels. Let us hope that he will, some day, shake off his frail tenement of clay, and stand erect and proudly at the tribunal of God.

Mr. and Mrs. Atlee both sleep in their graves, but truly, indeed, do their good works live after them. Rose grew up to a beautiful and accomplished woman. Mrs. Dunlap got her a situation at the South, as governess in a wealthy planter's family. She filled her position with great credit for several years, and then a brother of her employer, won by her beauty, talents and virtues, laid his heart at her feet, and she accepted him. She is now the happy mother of a family of children, to whom she is commencing to impart the rich beauties of her mind and character.

Poor Lily lives at home with her mother. The years of her servitude have expired, and left her a spiritless, broken-hearted girl. No one has ever sued for her hand, because she had no education, or amiable powers, to prepossess them in her favor; and yet Lily, if she had been kindly treated, and received the blessings of learning, would have made a brilliant member of society. As it is, her disposition is churl-

ish; and she has been forced to retire so much within herself, that she has formed but few friendships, and passes rather for an ill-tempered old maid, than a girl whose every prospect in life has been blasted by the cruelty of a female tyrant, who hated her for no reason in the world, save that she was both beautiful and proud. With God rests the retribution for thus crushing one of his noblest souls.

Lucien is learning a trade, to which he applies himself with great diligence. He will soon be of age, and he promises to love his mother, and repay her for all she has suffered for him. He is a very dutiful, kind-hearted boy, but has a great fault of telling strangers, to the great discomfort of his mother and sister, of the times when they used to be starving for bread. As he grows to riper years, let us hope that he will improve in this particular, and bear in mind, that according to the present organization of society, a man may as well be every thing that is bad, as to be poor. Poverty, alas! is a terrible disgrace.

Ida grew up in her Southern home, a fair flower of the North, blooming in beauty and loveliness, although transplanted to a stranger soil. Possessed of youth, talents and virtue, accompanied by the gifts of a kind fortune, many suitors sought her hand, but all were refused, delicately, but decidedly. When Louis returned from college at the North, and was made acquainted with the fact, that others had dared to think of appropriating his fair cousin to themselves,

he became very seriously jealous, and this jealousy at length enlightened him as to the nature of his own feelings towards her. He imparted all his doubts and fears to his father, who had just returned from a voyage round the world. His parent approved his choice, and all parties agreed to let the young folks do their own courting in their own way. Louis made himself very agreeable to Ida, and at last the young lady came to the conclusion that she could not live without him, and she has therefore had a yoke made of invisible, yet very strong wire, and they have lately been joined together within its magic circle. A short time ago, she paid a visit to her mother, but the reader may well suppose it was difficult for Mrs. Harley to recognise in the tall, elegant girl, blushing with health and beauty, and radiant with smiles and happiness, the darling infant that poverty had torn from her breast to rest there no more.

Doctor Ellis, although stunned and depressed by the death of his heart's love, rose at length, determined to conquer his inaction, and seek, in the pursuits of usefulness and science, if not forgetfulness, at least submission to his bereavement. The smiles of beauty are vain to fascinate him, save when he meets them accompanied by the sure approach of death, or surrounded by the ravaging inroads of consumption. He has reached a high position in the profession, and is distinguished, wherever he is known, by the goodness and generosity of his heart. His mother is still a

warm friend of Mrs. Harley, nor does the rich physician forget the mother of his lost Gazella. Some people say—mind, I don't vouch for the truth of it—that Lily will not die an old maid, if she will say yes to the doctor's suit. Whether she ever will become Mrs. Ellis, is a matter as yet undecided.

Carrie Mortimer succeeded in obtaining employment in some wealthy families, where the mothers had too much conscience to make her work for the wretched price Mrs. Anson paid her. Although young and lovely, and exposed, without any protector, to all the temptations of city life, she walked in the narrow path of rectitude, and made glad the heart of her fond old grandmother. Tom Anson followed her up for years, watching, with the jealous eyes of an honorable lover, every event of her life. When, at last, he was convinced that she was every way worthy to be the mistress of his heart and fortune, he proposed to her grandmother for her, and was accepted, and referred to Carrie. With all the dignity of woman's nature, and with the determination never to love unsought, our gentle Carrie had, for a long time, successfully struggled with the attachment which, in spite of herself, she felt for the handsome and noble-hearted Tom. When, however, he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife, her happiness overcame her, and she could not speak. Her anxious and ardent lover, alarmed at her silence, entreated for a reply, and it came, at length, characteristic of the modest nature of the girl

he preferred to all others. Had he thought seriously of the matter? Did he remember the difference in their relative positions? Was he willing to bear the disgrace of having married a poor dress maker? Let my readers imagine his answer to all these queries. But one thing I would suggest to any young girl who shall read these pages. Take example from Carrie Mortimer in one particular: be modest and reserved, and never suffer your lip to speak the words, 'I love you,' till you have a holy right to do so. You will be prized far more tenderly for your delicacy; and your virtue will have a safeguard which, if you are poor and destitute, will be essential to your happiness. If many fair and lovely girls in our country could hear the remarks made upon their excess of tenderness, and could hear, as I have, their love-letters read and laughed at, they would be more careful of their dignity, and more sparing of their vows of ill-requited affection. A word to the wise, dear girls, is sufficient. Well, Tom Anson married Carrie, and took her to an elegant home, furnished in a style surpassed by no one in the Quaker City. Mrs. Anson died soon after, but she never forgave her son for his plebeian choice. The idea that a poor dress maker should rule his household and his heart, was insupportable to her. Carrie's grandmother lives with them, and receives, every day, proofs of the exalted goodness of her child's heart. Carrie bears all her honors meekly, and yet with dignity and grace. I saw her, not long since, descend

the steps of her house, and enter her elegant carriage that stood at the door. With one foot on the carriage step, she turned and kissed her hand, and smiled one of her sweetest smiles upon her aged relative. One could have seen, both in the motion and the smile, a being born to be loved and honored.

Julia Anson comes often to see her sister-in-law, not that she loves her particularly, but then all the gay and fashionable society of Philadelphia, circle around Carrie Anson, and Julia has still some hopes of changing her name, which, to say the truth, she has been born *long* enough, to make such a wish quite natural. But where is Harry all this time, do you ask. Harry, with his noble dreams of the future, and his pride and spirit and energy. Harry, dear readers, still sails over the deep blue ocean, slowly but surely winning for himself a position, fortune, and honor. He is beloved by all that know him, and he is in constant correspondence with his mother, and a portion of all his earnings he expends for her comfort. Juliet Norton has grown up, and is now a beautiful and charming woman. Harry corresponds with her, and she with him, and some folks whisper that they are to be married as soon as he returns from this trip. Be that as it may, a very beautiful new merchant vessel will soon be launched from a certain ship-yard, bearing the name of the Juliet, and a friend told me in confidence, it was intended for a young protégé of Mr. Norton, who was to be called Captain Harley. But all this is only

circumstantial evidence, and if it were not that I know from another source that the union will certainly take place upon the return of the young sailor, I should not place any confidence in the report.

Jim Smith is abroad, living a life of vice and crime, doubtless forgetting in his mad career, the one holy love that shone a beacon light upon his pathway, amid the low companionship of vice, and in the cells of a prison. He lives a mournful monument of the inhumanity of man to man. Let his sad fate be a warning to you, oh, reader! lest at some time you should wrongfully accuse your brother man. Remember that the character once gone, you take away all motive to be good and honest, and that but few have courage to bear up against the scorn and contempt of their fellow-beings. Bear in mind that we are all human, and seek rather to benefit mankind by the exercise of all christian virtues, with charity at their head, than by a rigid and self-righteous spirit of pride.

Above all things, consider the poor; the poor that are in your midst; those who starve and die around you, in the vile dens of your own enlightened cities; who are shut out from the blessings of the gospel—who believe themselves utterly worthless, and so give themselves up to vice and crime. If from the ruin and degradation of our northern land, I shall have succeeded in drawing forth one human soul, and in having restored it to its original brightness and purity, I shall not have written, nor you read in vain, “The Contrasts of Slavery.”

NOTE.—In illustration of many facts contained in this book, I quote a few lines from an ably written article in the *Sunday Dispatch*, relating to the Alms-house :

“Before going into the building, we will pause to look at a miserable female who has just been brought into the Receiving Ward, upon a litter. The poor wretch is very sick ; she was found by the Visitor of the Poor, for the district of Moyamensing, lying upon some straw in the cellar of a wretched hovel in Baker street. We are curious to learn something of the history of this unhappy creature, and so we question her. She was born in Ireland, and emigrated to this country to find a wider field to exercise the vocation of a beggar. Intemperance, exposure and neglect, brought on disease. While she could manage to drag her limbs through the streets, she could procure each day three cents, which was the price of a night’s lodging on dirty straw in a damp cellar ; this insured her a roof over her head. Cold victuals, which could be obtained by begging from door to door, enabled her to sustain her wretched existence for a time. At last her disease attained a violence which precluded the possibility of her going abroad to seek for bread. Then came fearful want—the poverty of rags she had already experienced—and absolute hunger now brought the victim near to death’s door, and impelled the pro-

prietor of the hovel to send for the Visitor of the Poor, by whom she was dispatched to the Alms-house. When we saw the miserable woman, her body was covered with filth, and clothed with squalid rags.

“We were afterwards curious to know what had become of this object, and learned that she had died in a few hours after being admitted into the institution. Her hair had to be shaved from her head, to destroy and remove the vermin which infested it. We were assured by the physician who attended her, that her condition was not an extraordinary one—that it was, to use his own phrase, “*rather a pleasant case!*” A pleasant case! Good heavens! What must a *bad* subject be, if such as we have attempted to describe be a *pleasant* one?

We assure the reader that the foregoing is no fancy sketch, but sober truth, every word. In the purlieus of Moyamensing, and in many other places throughout this great city, there are hundreds of men, women and children, who are dragging out a wretched existence in hovels which are not fit to be the abiding places of dumb beasts.—Great numbers die from cold, want, neglect, and even of starvation; while well-meaning philanthropists in our midst spend thousands of dollars annually, in Quixotic efforts to christianise the heathen. We often think of the sagacious remark of John Randolph, who encountered a party of beggars at the door of a lady whom he was about to visit. ‘Old Roanoke’ found the lady busily engaged making

